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# Jade

BY SIR HENRY NORMAN

"A friend is one who knows all about you, and loves you just the same."

MARY SENNOT had never been so nervous in her life. Her hand trembled as she held the match to her cigarette. Such a lack of self-control was a new and a painful experience to her. Her marriage, the death of her husband, the birth of her daughter—even the experience which ever afterward she had sought to wipe completely off her memory—had not affected her like this. For, while she had decided to take a step that would vitally change her life, she could not bring herself to feel sure that it was a wise step, that she wanted to take it, or that she might not slip in the act of taking it. She was about to say "yes" to the man who was coming, as she knew, to ask her to marry him.

Lord Delaware was middle-aged in years, yet he had the vitality of younger manhood; a man who had made his mark in many fields of activity—travel, politics, science—he had written a remarkable book on social development as affected by biological research; his opinion on any new controversy, as expressed in his inevitable letter to *The Times,* was always expected and respected; in short, he was one of the personalities of the day. He was a bachelor, but no woman's name had been coupled with his, even in gossip. Mary had known him for years, but of late it had been clear to her that he was seeking to become more than an acquaintance or even a friend, and the effect of this was that she did not feel she knew him well at all. Their recent meetings had placed his desire beyond doubt. She had managed so far to prevent him from saying the committing word, but the last time they had met his emotion had been so strong, and suppressed with so much difficulty, that she realized the moment for her decision could not be much longer postponed.

Of course she did not love him, but she did not attach importance to that. She knew love well, and knew from many experiences that on the whole it made for embarrassment and unhappiness—that its joys were brief and its regrets long. Life without love—without its revelations and its suspicions, its demands and its disappointments,



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its intoxications and its awakenings—was easier and quieter, and afforded scope for wider impersonal interests. Life with him would be easy and peacefully happy. Dangerous adventures would be ruled out. It would be full of intellectual and social interests. She would know everybody worth knowing at home and abroad. Her salon would be famous and brilliant. He was rich, while her own income, with the taxation and the demands of to-day, was ceasing to meet her needs. Physically he was unobjectionable — perhaps something better. So, turning it over and over in her mind, walking in the sun or communing with her pillow in the dark, she had decided to marry. She did not say to herself "remarry," because her first marriage had left no mark on her and hardly a memory. This decision, she assured herself a dozen times a day, was an act of wisdom, and was irrevocable.

But human nature is dual, which fact explains many of its tragedies. Conscious reason reflects, weighs, and decides; subconscious emotion is wholly indifferent to these superior proceedings and goes unconcerned on its own way to its own goal at the end. So, while the one Mary knew she was right, the other Mary felt she was wrong. While she was satisfied with her wise choice for the future, she was aware, in some half-conscious depth within herself, that she was about to say good-by forever to much that had been joy for her in the past. And as she waited she became horribly conscious of her body under its thin green coverings. It was an apprehensive relief—as when the dentist's servant opens the waiting-room door and invites you up-stairs—when the maid announced him.

He walked straight across to her, took her hand in both his, and pressed his lips long upon it. She noticed how thin the hair was, and streaked with gray, on the top of his head. Middle-aged lovers, she reflected, should keep upright.

"Come and sit down. Shall I ring for tea now, or will you wait a little?"

"Wait, please," he replied. "Quite seriously, I think you are more beautiful every time I see you." He took a leather case from his pocket, opened it, and placed it in her hands. It contained a necklace of delicately tinted pearls. "May I ask you to accept this?" he said.

Mary looked at the pearls gravely. She longed to have them, and hated to take them. "I think they are the most beautiful pearls I ever saw," she said. "Their color is too marvellous." She hung them round her neck and held them up to see them from every angle. "But I'm sorry—you must not give me such a valuable present."

"We'll discuss that later," he said. "I'm very glad you like them so much. I knew you would—I think I know very well what you love—except in one case."

Mary's heart gave an alarmed beat. She sprang up. "Let me ring for tea now."

He put out a hand to detain her. "Do you mind if we don't have tea?—it would seem an interruption. I haven't asked you where Marietta is. I had an amusing talk with her in the park yesterday."

"Oh, she is very well and likes her school so much. She told me how nice you were to her—she is very fond of you."

"I love the child. By the way, do you notice that that curiously shaped red mark on her cheek seems more conspicuous? What is it—a birthmark?"

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"Oh, no; the doctor says it is only due to a tiny blocked vein. When she gets a little older I shall have it removed with an electric needle—it can be done in a moment."

"She is going to be a beautiful woman—as beautiful as her mother, if that were not impossible. But I didn't come to talk about her—except indirectly. I came to talk about you—and me." He took her hand again. She said nothing—she was listening to the thumping of her heart.

"Mary, you know I love you—I must have told you so in many ways. You don't know, however, how much I love you. My love for you has become my life. My happiness is bound up with it. But it is a love which places your happiness before my own. Will you trust your happiness to me, and make me happier than I think any man can ever have been? Will you marry me—but not unless you can give me love, too? For my love asks everything of you, as it will give you everything—you understand me—everything?"

Still Mary could not speak. She was so pulled hither and thither by conflicting emotions that no words formed themselves on her lips. She let herself sink into his arms, and her head on his shoulder. He continued to speak, but she did not hear what he said. Her mind was a whirlpool in which memory and doubt and desire and fear chased each other round and round. She had forgotten where she was until she felt him gently turn her head to bring her lips to his. Then she snatched herself away.

"No, no. Not yet. There is so much to say first."

"What can there be to say? Only one little word."

"No, there is very much to say. Don't press me for the word yet. I feel that you don't know me as you should. You think me beautiful, and you love my beauty. You know how much we have in common in thought and taste and interest and view, and you think that is enough for our common happiness. I don't quite know what I mean, or what it is I feel, but somehow I want you to know more about me. I don't feel quite safe yet."

"But I don't want to know more about you. I'm not in love with what you have been; I love and I want to marry what you are."

"Yes, I understand what *you* feel. But I am trying to tell you what *I* feel. You know nothing, for instance, about my marriage."

"I know enough. I know you were married rather suddenly during the war, and that your husband went out to the front and was killed there. I have always supposed your marriage was a mistake."

"It was, but the man I marry again must know the kind of mistake it was. It is rather hard to tell, but can't you understand that I want the man to whom I give myself now to know that I have never—that in my first marriage I did not really give myself at all?"

"Well, of course, if you wish to tell me anything, do so. But remember always that I have not asked for it—that I only ask you to give me yourself as you are."

"I met Pierce at a dance for officers early in 1915. He was what is called a 'typical Englishman.' You never saw him. He was tall, fair, athletic, had been at Eton and Christ Church, hunted in Leicestershire, was the sixth baronet, knew no man whom he didn't call by his Christian name, and was

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quite sure that the war would end as soon as the cavalry could be pushed up. He expected his regiment to go out immediately, and then, after a few hard weeks, he would, with luck, come back to his club and his hunters and possibly to Parliament."

"I see him. There were many good fellows like him."

"Well, before the evening was half over he was desperately in love with me—I want to be perfectly frank with you. Then he became tragic. The war was a horror. It would last for years. It would call for every ounce of manhood in the nation. Every Englishman's place was in the fighting line. Few would come back. There was nothing to say about it—a man's job was out there, and what happened to him was of no consequence—in the end England must be victorious, as she had always been. Little time was left for any happiness in this world. You know how men talked who felt like that."

"I do, indeed. Small blame to them. Emotions were very near the surface in those days."

"He seemed to me a big, beautiful child. My emotions were near the surface, too. My own little bit of war work kept the war always under my eyes. I had cheered the men in their new khaki marching to Waterloo singing 'Tipperary.' I had cried, as most women did, at the last frantic embraces on the leave platform at Victoria. I thought of this big, gallant fellow galloping, sword in hand, against the Germans at the head of his troop—for me, for England, and I felt sure he would never come back. So when I saw that he wanted me above all things left to him on earth—well, strange as it seems now, it was natural enough then, and when we were sitting out a dance and he kissed me and implored me to marry him, there seemed only one thing to do, and I kissed him back and said I would. We were married in a week." She paused for a moment, and then: "Very soon the conventional view of woman peculiar to his race and class asserted itself. His 'love' was just an athletic Englishman's embrace. He was jolly and friendly and greatly interested in other things than myself. Of course I had soon realized my own foolishness. I knew my surrender for what it was—an act of emotional charity—as one impulsively empties one's purse into a beggar's hat. Not the month we spent together—hardly even a day—had been needed for this revelation."

"Must you tell me all this?"

"Yes—let me finish. Then his call came. He went, not to France with his regiment, as he had expected, but with another unit to Mesopotamia, and I never saw him again, for he died just as I had envisaged him, gallantly and childishly waving his sword at the head of his men. He left me his title and all the money he could dispose of, about a thousand a year, and I put up a tablet to him in his country churchyard, with the arms of his regiment above his name and the usual text from Job underneath it. . . . But this is what I really want to tell you: I was extremely sorry—for *him,* not in the least for myself. It was dreadful to think of that abounding life, full of so many possibilities of simple pleasure, being snuffed out like that. I did not dare to think of myself—if I had, my feeling would have been one of relief, and that would have been horrid. I expect by now you are thinking me a heartless beast, anyway."

"Indeed, I'm not. I understand it

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all perfectly. My feeling is one of real sympathy for you."

"Thank you. You are very understanding. But I still haven't got quite to the point. It is this: my whole experience of marriage soon shrank to a mere incident—or less. When I came out of mourning I often found myself wondering if it had ever really happened. I usually know myself very well indeed, but I could never understand how marriage could leave me so wholly unaffected—even physically so, it seemed. I felt myself to be exactly the same as before it happened. The gates of time had shut together, as it were, and when sometimes my thoughts strayed to the many men I had known, and how well I had known them, my husband of a month played no part in my memory. It may seem incredible to you—it may seem heartless—but it is true. That is what I want you to realize."

"I can't tell you how touched I am that you should tell me this. It is infinitely good and dear of you. I shall be grateful all my life. . . . Then he was in Mesopotamia a long time—he never saw his child?"

"Yes—no. I forget how long he was there—my memory is naturally not very clear to-day. He could have had leave once and come home—but he didn't. As the men there were without leave, he didn't think it fair to take leave himself. Anyhow, whatever his reason was, he didn't come, and he never saw Marietta. . . . What am I thinking of? Of course he died before she was born."

"Oh, I see, I hadn't understood that. Poor fellow!"

"Yes, but I made him happy while it lasted—I gave him what he wanted. He never knew how I saw my own terrible mistake. He never realized how thankful I was when he went out. He never guessed that his departure meant freedom for me—that it gave me myself back again. Understand that—and sympathize a little with *me,* too."

"Of course I do. Yours was one of the great personal sacrifices women made in the war, and that men never appreciated for what they were. . . ." He drew nearer to her. "Now, that's all you wished to tell me, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is—I don't know."

"Then"—taking her hand—"listen to me now. What you have told me has of course touched me deeply, but it has nothing to do with what I came to say to you to-night. It only makes you seem to me more brave, more truthful, even than I thought you. You are now more than ever to me the best woman in the world. I love you—as you well know. I trust and respect you infinitely. To make you happy and keep you happy would be the greatest happiness I can imagine for myself. Can you give me that happiness? Will you be my wife?"

Mary looked straight in front of her for a moment, with grave face and wide-open eyes. Then she turned and looked at him. "I wonder," she said.

"What do you wonder?"

"I wonder if I should. I wonder if I should be happy, and so make you happy. I wonder if your love for me would always last, whatever happened. I want to say 'yes,' but I wonder if I ought to risk it. Are you sure you have understood all about me?"

"Of course I understand all about you. You have told me all that matters in your life. What on earth is there to risk—if only you love me a little in the way I love you so much?"

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"I am not sure what love can be for me in the future. Don't imagine I doubt my affection for you. I am not thinking of that at all. But life is so uncertain—things jump at you so from round corners—you never know—oh, dear, I wish everything wasn't so difficult!"

He drew her toward him and took her in his arms. She laid her head on his shoulder, turning her face from him.

"Nothing is uncertain for us, my dear," he said, "except life itself. Nothing shall jump at you. There shall be no difficulties—nothing but happiness. We know each other too well for any doubt. Only trust me, as I trust you. Now is it 'yes'?"

Slowly she turned her face toward him. "Very well. I have tried hard to tell you the kind of woman I am. So—yes."

His lips fell upon hers for a moment. Then she sprang up, and walked quickly backward and forward, stretching out her arms. "Let me think what I've done. I'm really going to be your wife? You are really going to be my husband?"

He sprang toward her. "No, no," she exclaimed, "let me belong to myself a little longer. There is so little time left to me." And she continued to walk nervously up and down, while he sat on the end of the couch, watching her with a smile.

The door opened and the maid entered.

"My lady, Mr. Deverill is here."

"Oh, but I told you I was not at home to anybody. How could you be so stupid? Did you tell him I was in?"

"Well, yes, my lady. Somehow he seemed to know."

She turned a white face to Lord Delaware. "I'm horribly sorry. But I'll get rid of him as soon as I can. I haven't seen this man for years and I can't think why he comes now. Show him up. You don't mind?"

"Well, I wish he hadn't come at this moment, but don't worry. I am too happy to mind anything."

"Mr. Deverill, my lady," and a tall, thin, bronzed, good-looking man strode into the room with the air of one who has no doubt of his welcome.

"Mary, my dear, how are you? How good to see you again! You ought to look six years older than when we last met, and you look years younger. And how is Marietta?"

Then he noticed the other man, and Mary introduced them. "Mr. Monkton Deverill, the famous traveller—my friend, Lord Delaware. I am sure you know each other by name."

The two men shook hands formally, and Mary continued: "Where do you come from now? It is years since I even heard of you."

"I have been wandering round Central Asia, exploring and shooting. I had a slight misunderstanding in Bokhara, and so stayed there a good deal longer than I wanted to. I only got back this morning."

"It is kind of you to call so soon. Of course you will be staying in England now? I shall want to hear all about your adventures another time. I'm awfully sorry, but as a matter of fact Lord Delaware has just come to take me to a party, and we have to go at once."

While Mary and Deverill were talking Delaware had stood perfectly still, staring at the other man. Not for an instant had he taken his eyes from Deverill's face since the latter entered the room. The other two became aware of this curious behavior, and there was a moment of embarrassed silence. Dela-

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ware turned and looked at Mary. Then he looked at Deverill and again turned to Mary. Then suddenly he raised both hands in a gesture of helplessness, exclaimed, "My God!" and strode straight out of the room, letting the door slam behind him.

"In Heaven's name, what's the matter with the man?" said Deverill. "Has he gone mad?"

But Mary understood. Delaware was a man of acute perception, a trained scientific observer, and she realized, in a flash, that, looking at Deverill's face, he had seen that this man was the father of her child.

Deverill stretched out his arms to her. "Mary, my dear," he exclaimed, "what's the matter? What has happened? Tell me. Are you ill?"

She thrust him from her. "Go!" she cried. "Go away—get out of here!"

"But—Mary—" he said, "what is it? I've come back to you—to both of you—what do you mean?"

"Oh, don't talk," she said, "only go! You were out of my life forever. I only wanted to forget my folly. What did you come back for? I hate the very sight of you. You are less than nothing to me. Go—and never come near me again!" And she ran and pressed the bell-push.

Deverill looked at her a moment irresolutely, and then the maid opened the door. "Good afternoon," he said, and walked out.

When the door closed Mary sank into a chair. Slowly she raised her arms with a deep breath. "That's all over at last," she said slowly. "Thank God!"

With a sudden impulse she ran to the telephone. "Kensington 7051. Is Mr. Farleigh at home? Oh, is that you, John? Mary speaking. I want to speak to you—at once. You once said you would help me at any time. Could you come across for a moment? Thank you. Good-by." She rang the bell. "I'm expecting Mr. Farleigh. When he comes, tell him he will find me in the drawing-room."

"Very good, my lady."

On her table there was a pile of unopened letters, and she began nervously to tear these open, glancing at their contents and throwing them aside. A few minutes later John Farleigh entered.

"Here I am," he said cheerfully. "I'm thankful I was at home. You're in some trouble. Tell me all about it—we'll soon put it right." And he took her hand to lead her to the couch.

"No," she said; "sit over there. I have several things to tell you, and I need your advice. Probably they will be the last things I shall ever tell you."

"Rubbish!"

"Well, you'll see. I must blurt them out, or I could never tell them. Lord Delaware came here to-night and asked me to marry him, and I said I would."

"The deuce you did! What on earth did you do that for?"

"Never mind that—it's off, anyway. And directly afterward the maid let Monkton Deverill in, though I had specially told her I was not at home. He had got back from Central Asia this afternoon and come to see me as soon as he could."

"That was unfortunate. He ought to have known you wouldn't want to see him."

"What do you mean? Well, I introduced them to each other, and Delaware never took his eyes off Deverill's face—you know what an observant creature he is. Then he suddenly understood, and turned and walked right out of the room—and I told Deverill I

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hated the sight of him and ordered him out of the house."

"Yes? So all that's over."

"Why do you say 'yes' like that? I haven't told you the chief thing yet."

"You have nothing to tell me. It was certainly very clever of Delaware to see so quickly that Deverill was Marietta's father."

"*John!* Do you mean to say that *you* knew?"

"Of course I knew, my dear. Will you never learn that I know all about you?"

"How long have you known this?"

"Oh, for years—I don't remember how long."

"You've known that I've lied to you about her all this time?"

"Certainly. No intelligent man expects a woman to be always truthful. She simply can't be—the dice of life are loaded too much against her. She must use what weapons she can in self-defense. But you tell many unnecessary lies—at least to me. This was one of them—but it did no harm."

"And you have had this in your mind during all our—relations?"

"Oh, dear, no! I didn't have it in my mind at all. It didn't interest me."

"I don't think I understand," said Mary helplessly.

"No, I see you don't, but it is really quite simple. Whether we like it or not, and in spite of anything we can do, we are all built up upon our past lives. Your past life has made you the woman you are. No woman could be what you are if she had not had experience of almost every side of life—if her life had not held joy and sorrow, and struggle and wisdom, and love and passion, and folly and remorse—if she had not laughed much and shed many tears. Many women such experience destroys. You are one of the very few whom it creates. Therefore to wish that any of your experiences had not been would be to wish you different from what you are. And that, of course, I could never do."

Mary looked at him in long amazement. "John," she said slowly at last, "I think you are the most wonderful man that ever lived."

"Not at all. I am just the man who loves you—loves you more, I think, because he understands you better than any man ever has understood you and loved you, or ever will. Now, as regards those two men. You will not see either of them again. They have passed out of your life—let them pass out of your mind. 'The incident is closed,' as the diplomatists say. . . . Where did you get those pearls from?"

Mary looked down and suddenly realized that she was still wearing the pearl necklace. She snatched it off, and flung it angrily across the room.

"Good," said John. "But it leaves a gap, and that reminds me. Shut your eyes—don't be afraid; you can trust me."

She did so, and he hung round her neck a heavy string of jade beads, with a big flat jade plaque and two curious pendants formed of jade rings on a gilt thread. "There," he said; "all over."

As soon as Mary saw what it was she jumped up and ran over to a mirror. "What a lovely thing! It matches my dress exactly. How extraordinary! Wherever did you find it?"

"It's of no great value. I unearthed it in a Chinese importing-house in a back street in the city, and I saw at once that it was made for you. But I hadn't hoped to be able to give it to you so soon."

"I simply adore it. I never want to

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take it off again. I never wore anything that suited me so well. I could look at it for hours. How clever of you to find it! I think I love jade better than almost anything."

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Wear it, my dear, whenever you can, for the Chinese, who know strange secrets, have a proverb: 'Who wears jade, wears joy.' "

"John," she continued, in the tone of subdued fervor usually reserved for the utterances of religion, "now I shall always have to have a green dress to wear it with."

# The Vanishing Clergy

BY JOHN RICHELSEN, D.D.

"Frank conclusions with little more than fig leaves left on them" by the pastor of the Kenmore Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, whose "What's Happening in Protestantism" appeared in the July number.

THERE may be more than one side to most of the present-day exhibits of Protestantism. Viewed from all sides, some seemingly inexplicable facts about the churches become at least half-way understandable. But the clergy problem may be turned around like a worm, and like a turned worm it looks the same on every side. So far as the supply of Protestant clergy is concerned, the latest statistics show the condition to be worse and more of it.

The Protestant clergy supply has vamoosed. A monkey-wrench has been thrown into the machinery which formerly pumped clergy recruits into the ecclesiastical reservoirs. The puffing of high-powered bishops and the snorting of denominational secretaries cannot start even a little trickle where until recently there flowed forth a sizable stream. Every year, now, more clergy are drained out than are pumped in.

Differences of opinion naturally develop when attempts are made to explain the reasons for the existing facts; in this article some frank conclusions will be set forth with little more than fig-leaves left on them. But, first of all, are the facts really clearly established? For the past three or four years occasional voices have cried in the wilderness that the axe was being laid at the root of the clergy supply tree and that unless Protestantism could hand her clergy something else than the sour apples increasingly offered, the tree would soon be cut down and cast into the fire. Such voices hitherto were silenced with renewed hallelujah shouts by the-gates-of-hell-shall-not-prevail-ers. But since the 1927 church statistics have come out even the ecclesiastical calliope-players are being forced to admit that they can no longer drown out the notes of

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the funeral march which the facts are sounding forth.

The figures presented by Doctor Carroll, whose reliability as statistician of the American churches is unquestioned, display the following freakish facts as the ecclesiastical history of 1927:

truth shown by this summary of facts:

| PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (U. S. A.) | MEMBERSHIP | CLERGY |
|---|---|---|
| 1925 | 1,873,857 | 10,017 |
| 1926 | 1,909,111 | 9,990 |
| 1927 | 1,927,268 | 9,961 |

| DENOMINATION | MEMBERSHIP | MEMBERSHIP GAIN IN 1927 | LOSS IN CLERGY FOR 1927 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Baptist (14) | 8,712,607 | 41,712 | 451 |
| Lutherans (20) | 2,656,158 | 67,879 | 68 |
| Presbyterian (U. S. A.) | 1,927,268 | 18,157 | 29 |
| United Brethren | 413,818 | 3,454 | 95 |
| Reformed | 553,641 | 6,617 | 13 |
| Scandinavian Evangelical | 48,590 | 5,332 | 20 |
| Unitarian | 62,240 | 3,527 | 16 |
| Brethren | 162,034 | 5,266 | 29 |
| Total of above | 14,536,356 | 151,944 | 721 |

These bodies represent about one-half of the entire Protestant membership of the country. All religious bodies including Catholics, with gains of 1,211 clergy, show the following facts:

Carroll, 1927: Membership, 48,594,163; gain 1927, 573,723; loss in clergy for 1927, 1,387.

A typical Protestant denomination like the Presbyterian Church (U. S. A.) presents these challenging comparisons for the year 1926 in contrast to the figures for the year 1899:

| | 1899 | 1926 |
|---|---|---|
| Membership | 983,907 | 1,909,111 |
| Contributions | $13,777,717 | $61,186,722 |
| Men ordained | 267 | 236 |
| Seminary students | 226 | 179 |
| Ratio seminary graduates to membership: 1 to | 4,353 | 10,664 |
| Ratio of ordinations to membership: 1 to.. | 3,685 | 8,089 |
| Ratio seminary students to membership: 1 to | 1,171 | 2,202 |

There is no possibility of ducking the

To maintain the ratio of clergy to members as in 1925, there should have been, in 1927, 10,306 clergy instead of 9,961; to maintain the ratio as it existed in 1899, there should have been, in 1927, 14,382 clergy instead of 9,961. This denomination actually had 18 fewer clergy in 1927 than it had in 1921, although it increased in its net membership during that period by 204,907.

Consternation was created when the statistics gathered by Doctor H. K. Carroll for the year 1926 were given out, covering all religious bodies in America, and it was shown that, in spite of the gain of half a million church-members over 1925, there was an actual net decrease of 647 in the number of clergy. Now the statistics for 1927 prove an additional net loss, and this time of 1,387 clergy, a total loss in two years of 2,034 ministers, while there has been a net gain of over 1,000,000 members in the same period.

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Also it should be made clear that these losses become far greater if the Catholic Church be taken out of the computation, for this body gained 360 clergy in 1926 and 1,211 in 1927. If these offsetting gains of the Catholic clergy are taken out of the calculation, the remainder of the American religious bodies show a total loss in clergy for the last two years of 3,605.

Some plain unvarnished statements seem justified by these statistics, which are beyond dispute and which relate almost entirely to those bodies known as Protestants.

Young college men and their parents are now doing their thinking before ordination rather than after taking holy orders. There is a growing consciousness that Protestantism has ceased to support its clergy either financially or morally. So far as money is concerned, it is granted all around that a man ought to be kept half-starved in order to be spiritually healthy. Poverty has its exhilarations and its recompenses. A man truly devoted to the propagation of the principles of religion does not concern himself overmuch with what he shall eat or wherewithal he shall be clothed: the birds of the air and the lilies of the field are still his comforting illustrations of trustful living. But there are limits, even to spiritualizing the clergy through hunger; that limit has been passed. And Protestantism, in addition, will no longer support its clergy morally, any more than financially. Increasingly Protestantism is making her clergymen feel themselves abandoned and left to shift as best they may.

Elmer Gantry, as a matter of course, was made a Protestant minister. Labelled a priest, the book would have proven a boomerang to Lewis and his publishers. Protestants grin instead of rising to the indignant defense of their clergy. The average Protestant would think that he was stultifying himself if he treated his spiritual leader respectfully. In place of doffing his hat to his pastor, he more likely thumbs his nose at him. The Protestant minister has been cut to the heart by the lack of morale, of esprit de corps in the constituency of the churches. The clergy themselves are the recruiting agents for young clergymen. They are no longer working at that. Educated young men are no longer entering the Protestant ministry as before.

The test before the Protestantism of to-day involves the question whether it still has the inherent vitality to adjust itself quickly enough to the necessities of the grave situation with which it is confronted. No claim is made here that the facts represent as yet more than a symptom, or a trend, which this review has treated. But that this symptom is of a tremendously serious nature, indicating the Protestant state of sickness unto death, must now be beyond question for any one capable of making a diagnosis.

Merely as an illustration in contrasts, with no thought of invidious comparisons or implications of any sort but nevertheless in striking juxtaposition to the Protestant facts, let one glance at this official tabulation of the situation of the past few years in the Roman Catholic Church in America, not including the Philippines, Porto Rico, or other island possessions:

| YEAR | CLERGY | GAIN |
|---|---|---|
| 1919 | 21,019 | ..... |
| 1924 | 23,697 | 2,678 |
| 1925 | 24,352 | 655 |
| 1926 | 24,712 | 360 |
| 1927 | 25,923 | 1,211 |

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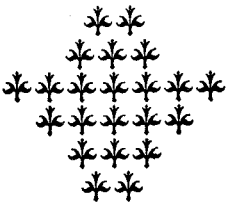
Those who care to do so may write their own tickets on these facts.

Slapping together great bunches of church organizations into a so-called union, as the solution of the Protestant predicament, is Pollyanna nonsense. Protestantism needs more serious attention than that. Protestantism needs something more than cod-liver-oil-ing. It needs a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Educated young men are no longer going to submit themselves to the unnecessary limitations on their usefulness caused by the increased splits of Protestantism. The bitter strife and rivalry displayed between two organizations of different denominations in the same vicinity are not lessened but increased when two organizations of the same denomination contest a field large enough for but one of them. "United" Presbyterian and "United" Brethren are essentially misnomers. The so-called "United" Presbyterian church is a small dissenting sliver of Presbyterianism which has thirteen factions in America. These "united" bodies are precisely the opposite of what their names suggest. And all the Protestant organizations of America might be marshalled together under one denominational name without having such a name of union mean more than the name Protestant means to-day as a denominational ensign or unifying symbol. The separatist temper of groups of Protestants must be changed or nothing is accomplished by unions. Such a change cannot be forced upon Protestantism. Protestants, if Protestantism is to be saved, must learn to love one another instead of spitting fire at each other. Having preached humility, repentance, and regeneration to others, will Protestantism be able to adjust its own self to bring forth fruits meet unto repentance that it may be born again of a new spirit?

There is no thought of presenting here a sob-sisterly plaint. This résumé of the Protestantism of to-day is offered without apologies. The clergy have been the strength of Protestantism: on their loyalty, zeal, and increasing numbers the prosperity of Protestantism in the past has been built. Now the clergy supply is vanishing. If the strength has departed from the Samson of Protestantism, the spirit of divisiveness and the disdain of spiritual leadership have been the Delilah shears which did the irreparable damage.



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# The Passing of the Wooden Indian

BY JOHN L. MORRISON

With Illustrations from the Author's Collection

A lively article about the static cigar-store braves who have almost become only a memory and a simile. Well-known sculptors have carved them, curious people such as Ed Hen have owned them—and Mr. Morrison collects them.

Everybody knows what a wooden Indian is, but nobody knows where a wooden Indian is. A survey of the home town will confirm this. If the home town be Chicago, Brooklyn, Minneapolis, or Baltimore, there is only one red brother in wood keeping lonely vigil, while in New Orleans, Cleveland, Washington, Los Angeles, Boston, Pittsburgh, Denver, Atlanta, Louisville, or Detroit not a lone chief or squaw stands in stolid dignity and beckons the devotee of the weed. Manhattan has two, San Francisco and Cincinnati a few, St. Louis proper three, Kansas City two, Milwaukee two, Philadelphia three, and London a corporal's guard.

Reference is to cigar-store Indians on duty on the traditional spot, the sidewalk. A few are kept inside tobacco-shops as relics. Some are safe in museums. Others, but not many, are cached by hopeful dealers in antiques.

The zero hour for cigar-stand Indians in the big cities struck years ago, as the most casual observer knows, but a popular impression obtains that tobacco-shops in the smaller towns and villages are still sentinelled by Indians galore, bearing the open box of solid-pine cigars and gazing thoughtfully toward the nearest ocean—there only a few years ago, possibly, but gone now—gone so quickly and silently that no one has missed them.

Wooden Indians are not indigenous to American soil. As early as the reign of James I the wooden Indian was a familiar sight in Merrie England. There's pictorial evidence he was no novelty in 1617, the year Pocahontas died, the year prior to Sir Walter Raleigh's beheading, and only twelve years after the well-known and justly celebrated Gunpowder Plot of Mr. Guy Fawkes. The figure has character, though the cigar looks more like the horn of plenty on the old court-house façade or in one of those symbolic things about labor, commerce, and agriculture. The sculptor doubtless never saw an Indian. Little wonder that a writer, two hundred and fifty-nine years later, described it as a "negro." Europe had settled down in the belief that the American Indian wore no clothes except a kilt of tobacco-leaves—a wonderful triad of utility when one thinks of it, at once nether apparel, currency, and the makin's, to be drawn on at will, up to certain limits of decency. The London types were so Africanic that the public dubbed them "black boys" for two hundred years or more, although there was a nearer approach to anthropological accuracy in the "Vir-



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ginie-man," both types later superseded by the "Highlander."

The woodcut of this ancient Indian shows him against a background indicative of an apothecary's shop. Tobacco was first sold by apothecaries, and the thrill of edging quietly to the prescription desk is nothing new; in 1617, on presentation of proper prescription, one could get genuine pre-Gunpowder Plot Old Hispaniola leaf for family and medicinal use. The figure stood on the counter and not in front of the shop. Nearly three hundred years later this was still the custom in the Netherlands; indeed, figures twenty-two to thirty inches in height, generations later, were to be seen occasionally in tobacconists' windows in New York.

Far be it from me to cast the slightest aspersion on our European ancestors, especially the Nordic; but from all accounts, while everybody in the 1500s believed in signs, those which were to be seen rather than read were most esteemed, such as the signs of the zodiac, exemplified, for some unaccountable reason, in almanacs by a rather comely gentleman with a recent major abdominal section, the ends neatly turned back, exposing his internal economy to the vulgar gaze.

It would be too encyclopædic to record the Old World history of collateral and variant tobacco signs and figures, such as the tobacco rolls, the quaint, painted boards proclaiming the joys of snuff-taking, smoking, and "drinking" (chewing). While the Indus americanus woodensis originated in England, it was on the American soil he reached his grandeur of lineament and war-paint. Of the early wooden Indians, an odd, cupidlike Pocahontas that once stood guard on Hancock Street, Boston, dates from 1730, admiring friends say. The pioneer authenticated appearance of a cigar-store show figure was in 1770, when Christopher Demuth opened his little tobacco-shop in Lancaster, Pa., not likely the first of its kind in America but among the earliest and today the oldest. While the pioneer Demuth vended both cigars and snuff, the latter was the more popular; therefore it is not surprising that the figure he selected was not that of a noble denizen of the trackless forest but a delicate minuet-type gentleman extending a snuff-box invitingly. For a century and a half this figure, made by an unknown American wood-carver, stood vigil, a familiar figure to Revolutionary soldiers, Conestoga-wagon crews, and travellers on this old highway to over the Alleghanies, the Far West of that day. The figure, in recent years, has stood inside the shop.

Baltimore had cigar-store figures before 1780, according to local tradition, but, excepting an importation in 1830, there is a hiatus in the history of wooden Indians until the forties. D. H. McAlpin's tobacco-store, Catherine Street, New York, was sentinelled by a short, swarthy, dignified Indian as early as 1840; he followed his owner to 77 Avenue D in 1866 and, in the eighties, to the "up-town" factory at Avenue D and 10th Street, finally retiring from the tobacco world to the hostelry bearing his master's name, spending his time in the lobby, almost invariably near the cigar-counter.

In the fifties there were three outstanding men in the tobacco business in New York: Peter Lorillard, D. H. McAlpin, and Edward Hen. Lorillard, a French Huguenot, established the first tobacco-factory in this country, a small snuff-mill on the Bronx River, "a few miles above New York." He

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had a store at 42 Chatham Street and later at 60 Wooster. Featuring snuff and then, one hundred and ten years later, "plug" tobacco, and never cigars, this concern had no need nor place for wooden Indians.

Lorillard and McAlpin are famous names; Edward Hen is unknown, but for three decades this vibrant personality was a familiar and a striking figure. Born in Alsace; emigrant at twenty, in 1837; selling combs, toys, and toilet articles in New York streets during the day; making the deliveries at homes in the evening—in 1852 he was going strong in the tobacco business at 2 Liberty Street, later and for seventeen years at 23 Liberty. In 1856 he advertised "Indians," the first advertising of its kind in the scope of my research. The year 1871 found him at 43 Liberty, a shabby five-storied brick building opposite the post-office. There Hen assembled the largest congress of wooden braves the world has ever seen or ever will see. An octogenarian cigar-maker tells me it was an awesome sight, these hundreds of wooden red men with their fresh war-paint.

Hen was unique. One faithful overcloak trailed at his heels for his last twenty-six years. He was a bachelor and took his three nephews as apprentices. Hen permitted each nephew to run the business a year, with the net result that at Uncle's death every nephew was cut off without a cent. As Uncle left more than $1,500,000 in 1887, when a dollar was a dollar, that was some cut-off. It was no reflection on the nephews; it was just Ed. Hen's way.

His subsistence budget was twenty-five cents a day. He once said his breakfast cost was eight cents, except that when he used butter on the single slice of bread or roll the cost of high living rose to ten cents. Hen's only luxury was snuff. Between his intense frugality and his remarkable business acumen he became a factor in the financial world and his was a familiar figure in Wall Street, usually at Vermilye & Company's or J. P. Goodheart & Company's, his favorite brokerage houses. Just to mention that he once lent Jay Cooke & Company $500,000 cash, and only two weeks before their historic failure got his money back, is enough to say for both the financial standing and the alert mind of Edward Hen.

He slept in his store and hoped he would die there—and he was found dead back of a counter. He had a superstitious aversion to 7 and died in 1887—"Old Man Hen Is Dead" was *The Herald's* head-line. Possibly his most picturesque incident was his once tardy arrival for the Staten Island ferry-boat. The crew was obdurate to his signs and shouts as he ran across Battery Park. As the guard-chain met him amidships and threw him back on the stone platform, he cursed the boat and crew. And the boat's boilers promptly blew up—this by oral tradition.

A fourth name in the heyday of the wooden Indian was William Demuth & Company, 801 Broadway, who dealt chiefly in pipes and in tobacconists' supplies. So completely has the wooden Indian vanished that no one in that concern (just prior to the recent change of ownership) could recall or tell from records when Indians, if ever, formed a staple line of their business; but Leopold Schwager, of Brooklyn, still alert and merchandising the weed in the Borough Hall district, remembers well when he sold Demuth's Indians as an important side line. Samples were impossible, and prospects were shown an attractive illustrated catalogue with descriptions,

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prices, and the latest discounts in XXX chiefs and *extra special* Pocahontases (or whatever the plural may be).

Mr. Schwager is my sole find as a distributer of wooden Indians to eager tobacconists and admiring public. No evidence of a factory has come to light nor information regarding the methods dealers used to acquire and replenish stocks. The metal Indians which came on later and disputed with the wooden tribe for possession of the sidewalks of New York and elsewhere were certainly cast from standardized moulds, but as to where and when and how and by whom history remains dark and silent.

Wooden-Indian carvers were not addicted to hall-marking their product by symbol, initials, or name; but in all probability the first wooden-Indian making in this country was done by ship-carvers, then a distinct calling. There were not many of these carvers, only five in New York in 1857.

That cigar-stand Indians were allied with the ship-figurehead industry is strongly evidenced. An Indian in the Historical Society museum, Reading, Pa., was a figurehead on a ship when purchased at Philadelphia by Charles Brenheiser and made a landlubber brave. The workmanship and some peculiarities of this figure suggest the handicraft of William Rush, who was the foremost sculptor of Philadelphia if not of the entire country in Revolutionary days and later. His figureheads were world-famous. The tradition that Rush, Samuel MacIntire, and other figurehead-makers put chisel to pine and carved wooden Indians is wholly believable. Further research, I believe, will show them caught with the wooden goods. A wooden Indian in those days was a serious form of commercial art, not "property" corpses for collegiate travesties nor subject of raucous laughter by those denied education in its higher forms.

The trail of wooden Poor Lo next leads to the studio of Julius Theodore Melchers, of Detroit. Melchers has gone from this life, but his spirit still moves through the impetus he gave art, in Detroit particularly and the West generally. Melchers was born in Doest, Westphalia. His innate gift was guided and moulded in the best traditions in the Beaux Arts, from which famous institution he graduated, to fare forth to Detroit. His pupils included Gari Melchers, famous in our day, Rolshoven, and others of note.

When the demand for the nobler forms ran into the doldrums it became necessary to drag Art to the marketplace, quite strip her of the conventions, and all but "sell her down the river." This is why Melchers made wooden Indians now and then. The Denmark lad Herman Matzen learned about Indians from him.

So far as my research goes, Mr. Matzen is the only man living who made wooden Indians. Doubtless this will elicit claimants to damn this assertion, using the expletive in its scientific and literary sense. There may be others, but the most enthusiastic and painstaking search for knowledge anent wooden-Indian sculptors among the great of the tobacco world — distributers, editors, veteran dealers, and aged cigar-makers —failed to disclose the slightest clew leading to the discovery of another man now in the flesh who chiselled Indians out of "enduring white pine."

A visit to Matzen's Cleveland studio gives no hint of his one-time experience. The bronze of the pensive "Lincoln,"

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Buried for years, this Indian was exhumed under dramatic circumstances at Cleveland.

An Iroquois chief was living model for Me-Smoke-Em, Chicago's sole survivor.

Surviving in Detroit—once a wooden Indian centre—though originally from Cincinnati.

New York's only sidewalk chief, near "the Avenue," gazes toward the Northern wilds.

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Inmates of a home for old wooden Indians.

A. Oldest authenticated tobacco-trade figure in America, obviously not an Indian.
B. Pocahontas, regardless of size or figure, was always benign of countenance.
C. The first wooden Indian in history—time of King James I.

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More inmates of a home for old wooden Indians.

A

B

C

A. Italy's conception of a fierce Indian chief.
B. And here we have the spirit of Pocahontas carved by French sculptors.
C. Metal Indians—cast zinc—had their good points, too.

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A king of England tried, unsuccessfully, to buy this Norwich cigar-sign.

"Phineas," oldest tobacco-trade sign in London—a typical "Highlander."

A

B

C

A. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow often stopped to admire this bronze tobacco-shop figure.
B. Sir Walter Raleigh, most popular among "white men" cigar figures.
C. This Seminole scared women and children, so Washington, D. C., police removed gun-barrel.

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the symbolic "Cain and Abel," stately "Moses," and his great "War and Peace" group at Indianapolis, his training in Europe's best art schools, and thirty years a teacher of sculpture, with the noted in art circles in Europe and America his friends and confrères,—these facts seem to cry out against the possibility.

Another Detroit sculptor who made his contribution to this form of useful art was Theodore Crongeyer, designer and carver in the seventies at 55 Farmer Street.

J. Lesser, a veteran tobacconist of Brooklyn, never carved a cigar-store Indian, but has seen it done many times when as a boy he frequented the wooden-Indian shop of one Cobb of Canal Street, New York. Cobb was a fast, expert worker and never used a mallet, driving the chisel with the palm of his hand.

Fritz Decker, who died eighteen years ago, was the last of the Philadelphia wooden-Indian makers, and one of the best.

Before 1870 there was activity in wooden-Indian making in the Milwaukee sector. A. F. Miller, Watertown, Wis., in the sixties bought a used "Indian," really a Turk, in Milwaukee, made by a group of Swiss or German wood-carvers lately migrated thither.

There were some importations of cigar-store figures, perhaps not many. The Maryland Historical Society museum at Baltimore contains a contribution to wooden-Indian sculpture by that country of sculptors, Italy. This figure, which stood in front of John Foble's cigar-store, Cambridge, Md., from 1830 to 1926, has a face benign and strongly Latin, and habiliments such as a noble Roman would wear at a martyr-eating-lion matinée. His crown of feathers, or tobacco-leaves, the coil of tobacco at his feet, and the welcome-stranger cigar-offering save the day for the best traditions.

La Belle France's idea of an Indian maid stood exemplified in wood at the foot of South Street, Philadelphia. James LeNoir, French and twenty-two, purchased an ancient tea-warehouse and became possessed of the half-pound key which operated the ten-pound lock; and the same year opened a tobacco-shop, placing in front thereof a Pocahontas he had imported from France, her ocean journey taking three months' time. She smoked a pipe and there she stood, "for t'l see and for to be wondered at" for eighty-five years. Her physiognomy was of the Champs Elysées rather than the trackless forests about Lake Huron.

Among Indians still on duty in America the longest continuous outdoor service is that of the red man at the Maltzberger tobacco-shop, Reading, Pa. Charles R. Maltzberger bought him in New York when he opened his shop in 1847, and this Indian has stood there ever since, except Sundays and that day he was once kidnapped and carried in the Order of Red Men parade.

Envisaging the world, as the inspirational speakers say, I nominate as dean of tobacco-shop figures the Highlander, "Phineas the Second," of A. Everard & Company, Ltd., 10 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1. Phineas is in an excellent state of preservation, despite his one hundred and sixty years of fluctuating fortune, which includes twenty years' solitary confinement in a dusty attic, relieved by adventurous excursions with boisterous medical students to football-fields and to bait the rival team's supporters to unacademic combat. Unmarred by modern paint, he

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glories in the rich mellow coloring reminiscent of an old-master oil-painting. His stern but classic features reflect the skill of the unknown carver who shaped the mass of oak into a lifelike semblance of a snuff-taking Scotchman. Despite the repeated importunities and offers of antique hunters and buyers from museums Phineas remains with Everards, as Mr. Harold B. Thorpe, secretary, says, "to live out Milton's adage —'He also serves who only stands and waits.' " For one hundred and sixteen years Miller & Company's Highlander has stood in their doorway, 37 London Street, Norwich, England. Like his London brother, he was carved from oak by an unknown sculptor. There have been many unsuccessful offers for this effigy, including one from the late King Edward when Prince of Wales.

Mr. R. Chapins Comoy, 72 Roseberry Avenue, London, E. C. 1, tells me there are many finely preserved figures of Highlanders still to be seen in England. Most present-day Londoners will remember the old Highland figure which stood outside the shop door of W. Lawrence at the top end of Tottenham Court road. During the celebration of the South African War this magnificent old figure was seized by the University College hospital students and carried shoulder-high around the West End, and it was only with great difficulty and by the assistance of the police that Mr. Lawrence was able to secure it. When the premises were demolished, about ten years ago, the figure moved to the doorway of Messrs. Catesby's, Ltd., thereby losing caste, being now "in linoleum" and not the traditional snuff and tobacco.

Another figure is a giant with fixed and stony expression which has for many years met the gaze of passers-by at Frederick Wright's, 112 High Street, Cheltenham, while an equally characteristic one adorns an old tobacco business in Whitefriars Hall, near to the street bearing that odd name, "The Land of Green Ginger." The only Sir Walter Raleigh the writer knows of is a splendid specimen at the doorway of the Keystone Tobacco Company at the Holborn end of Kingsway, W. C., London. A fine "black boy" sign more than one hundred years old can be seen at the shop of Messrs. Wilson & Company, 21 Barbican, E. C. However, the sign of this house has always been the ancient three tobacco-rolls. The roll sign is frequently to be met with.

The wooden Indian reached his greatest vogue in the late fifties, the sixties, seventies, and eighties. Bull's head or steer-horns proclaimed the butcher's shop, menacing bears furriers' showrooms, and no saddlery-shop sidewalk was without its piebald or calico horse. There were watches, boots, and shocking stockinged legs, the clothier's dummy, bedizened by a twelve-dollar non-shrinkable suit. A gigantic hat frequently made known the hatter's place of business. Pedestrians had no right of way on sidewalks; his path was disputed by vegetable offerings, displays, and show figures, while sides of beef hung outside, ghastly and naked, whereon flies held conventions, enormously attended, with only a small proportion of the delegates falling victim to the fly-paper offerings. It was the era of the fly-brush but not the fly-swatter, as crystallized in the epochal classic of the grieved customer who bought a wedge of apparently black-currant pie only to find it custard. The Chicago, San Francisco, and Baltimore fires took nearly all the wooden Indians of those

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cities to the happy hunting-ground. Then came on regulations as to sidewalk obstructions, and this, coupled with the advent of the chain stores, was the greatest blow the wooden Poor Lo ever received, and drove him from his picturesque duties.

The latter days of the vanishing tribe have brought varied fortunes. Some, as that Bleecker Street giant—more than nine feet—have found good homes on country and suburban estates, standing majestic amid the rhododendrons, and a few watch in city back lawns. Juvenile Wild West attacking forces have done some to death and others to disfigurement for life. College humor is responsible for not a few absent faces; as are "Sweet Adeline" homeward-bound groups. Marble-hearted owners have occasionally sold their braves for money. A striking, six-foot-eight metal figure, made by Henry Dibblee, Chicago, faces the Black Hawk trail at Rockford, Ill. The noble Indian with shield and spear at Bush & Trexler's, Philadelphia, A. D. 1840, was, in 1914, sent to the happy hunting-ground through fire, after being cruelly hacked to pieces, by his owner. A centenarian welcomes visitors to *The Tobacco Leaf* office, New York; another adorns a Philadelphia club. The Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Historical Society museum houses twenty.

Resting peacefully in the museum of the Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, is an Indian that once disappeared from view and knowledge of all men. Years later workmen employed in the excavation for the Union Trust Company building uncovered a hand and, shocked by the ghastly sight, stampeded. The foreman and volunteers completed the exhumation and brought to light a wooden Indian, who proved to be none other than the old Erie Street warrior of Gregor Albert.

The lone Indian of Chicago, "Big Chief Me-Smoke-Em," is a splendid specimen of wooden-Indian sculpture. He has background, having been modelled from an Iroquois chief. Henry Hand, son of the original owner, declares his father told him the Indian was made by one of the world's greatest carvers, and that thousands of real Indians have testified, with looks, nods, grunts, words, and purchases of tobacco, to Me-Smoke-Em's resemblance to the chief who served as the artist's model. Descendants of these Indians, when they come to Chicago, never fail to pay the big chief a visit. Me-Smoke-Em went through the great Chicago fire, rescued from time to time by his owner, and he now holds a rifle that was used by one of the pale-faced sharpshooters against the savage Indians in the massacre at old Fort Dearborn.

Manhattan's sole chief—Phillips B. Thompson's—was saved from the police by a recessed property line, 45th Street just east of Fifth Avenue. It was recently moved to Madison Avenue. He's an outlander from Great Neck. Annie Barrett's Pocahontas, forty years on Water Street, is a native of Cherry Street.

Chief Semloh, America's farthest-West, and California's oldest, Indian, sentinels the tobacco-shop of S. E. Holmes, San Francisco. He is a Manhattan and a Forty-niner, setting out via Cape Horn for Maryville, stage centre and outfitting point of the gold-rush, where he arrived in 1850. After sixty-seven years he left the gold-fields for the bright lights of Powell Street.

Wooden Indians were almost invariably carved out of clear pine and usually from one stick. Sometimes extra

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blocks were glued on, and a Fritz Decker Indian, owned by Charles Seiders, Philadelphia, is made entirely of small blocks. The sculptors originated designs or copied book illustrations or prints. I have never seen duplicates, and only one pair approaching close resemblance; they are seven hundred miles apart. I have found no duplicates even among metal Indians. The carvers must have exercised much originality, or there were so few makers that their work was scattered. It was customary for the sculptor to paint his creation, but repainting, of course, was beneath him. It seems almost incredible now that there were itinerant painters making a business of reapplying war-paint.

The designs fell into four groups: (1) chiefs, (2) squaws or Pocahontases, (3) blackamoors or Pompeys, and (4) "white men." The fourth class included Sir Walter Raleighs, Uncle Sams, Lord Dundrearys, Forty-niners, policemen, Punches, Highlanders, and scores of others, including cigarette-smoking girls! In the early seventies Champagne Charleys were popular, tall figures with a Scotch physiognomy; the name came from a popular song of that day: "Champagne Charley is my name," etc.

These Indians brought various prices. Small Indians sold in New York for $20 to $30. It was a low, full-sized brave that did not fetch $25 or more. Canal Street, New York, was a mart for bargains in Indians, and the prevailing price $25, but most of these were trade-ins and used chiefs, reconditioned and repainted. Proportionately, the trade-in feature in the wooden-Indian industry was as active as in motor-cars to-day—in fact, Leopold Schwager accepted so many trade-ins he finally found himself, similar to the used-car dealer, with a non-unloadable stock when the demand faded away. Demuth Indians sold for from $50 to $75 and $100. Edward Hen had them slightly cheaper and his stock was larger. In Baltimore good figures were sold at $75, Pompeys brought $25 to $200. Detroit Indians sold for the biggest prices; Melchers' Indians brought him from $150 up—in one instance, $700.

A dealer on Flushing Avenue, near Graham Avenue, Brooklyn, specialized in little Indians about thirty inches high for window use. Fifty years ago Morris Hirsh's cigar-store, 65 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was fronted by the figure of a white man, cigar in mouth, with hands pressed at sides of his head, porous plaster on back. Prominently displayed was the legend: "Oh! How hard this cigar draws!" People came from all over the United States, even from California, to see it and laugh. People went far for their amusement in those pre-comic-strip days. Not so far away from Hirsh's and on the same street, near Clark, Tobacconist Haslam displayed in his window an Indian made entirely of cigars rolled expressly for this purpose, some of them large and some as small as one and one-half inches long. It took Haslam months to make it and the populace years to talk about it. A dealer on Myrtle Avenue, between Pearl and Jay Streets, Brooklyn, displayed a coil of tobacco above his door after the early European method.

Italians in New York made small-size window Indians of plaster and peddled them. These were about two feet high, as a rule, and no large plaster Indian is reported.

The metal Indian competed successfully with the wooden from about Civil War time. They were attractive in design, not easily kidnapped by boys or by men possessed with a low form of

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humor and expressing themselves in their own way, but cost more and were virtually non-repairable. Though called "iron," this metal was usually cast zinc. A good metal Indian, with a genuine custom body, cost from $125 to $200 and even $300.

A Seminole chief, standing at Samuel Willard's, on F Street, was so life-like that he frightened women and children in Washington, D. C., forty years ago, whereupon the police made Willard saw off the barrel of the chief's musket. Present police regulations have relegated him to D. Ochsman's back room, gun or no gun.

Bronze was used in making at least one cigar-store Indian. It stood at Alles & Fisher's, Boston, from 1874 to 1918, when the building was demolished and the figure taken down. It is the most pretentious of show-figure Indians, but neither the present Alles & Fisher firm nor the American Tobacco Company, in whose general offices the statue now stands, know the name of the man who designed or cast this gem, which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow often stopped to admire.

An Erie, Pa., wood-carver has made the only contribution to cigar-store sculpture in three decades. I'll not say wooden Indian; it's a Malay demon.

One novel, one play, one song are the inspirational achievement of the cigar-store Indian in literature—the drama and music, and he recently flashed in and out of a slap-stick movie.

The cigar-stand Indian has played his part and vanished. He will not probably ever be with us again in his full size and commanding presence on our sidewalks, but some of these days we may have an era of trade-symbols, or guild-emblems, and the small-size window Indian may return.

Poor Lo, in wood, metal, or what-not, has been literally and figuratively a figure in the life of the world for at least three hundred years. He might well lament with that great chief of the school reader: "Who is there to speak for Logan? No one." Possibly it is that haunting lament, lingering from school-days, that has compelled this word in behalf of the wooden Indian—meagre and fragmentary result of considerable research and outlay for grass-root facts about the origin, rise, and fall of the cigar-store brave.

# Minuet in G

PADEREWSKI

By Elizabeth Matthews

Lilacs in the early Spring,
Silver of a calling flute,
Rustle of the gracious gowns,
Laughter that is long since mute,
Liquid eyes in candle-light,
Click of heels in courtly dances
Come again through wistful fingers,
Dreaming through these old-time fancies.

Also come low words of parting
After candle flames are dead;
Just a whisper, then comes silence—
Now the last gay ghost is fled.

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# Railroads, Politics, and Prosperity

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN
Author of "The Railroad Problem Up-to-Date," etc.

The editor of the *Railway Age* analyzes the apparently anomalous position of the railroads, with stocks high and earnings low, meeting unprecedented competition from truck and motor-bus, being increasingly made the football of politics.

PRESENT conditions and trends in the railroad industry are a study in contrasts. If we should judge by the market prices of railway stocks and the character of the transportation service being rendered, we should conclude the railway situation was never better. If we should judge by the percentage of net return recently earned by the industry, its losses of business to other means of transportation, the demands upon it for higher wages and lower rates, the extent to which politics lately has been injected into government regulation, we should conclude the railroads are going to the bow-wows.

It is more necessary the public should keep itself informed regarding the railroads than almost any other industry. Good and adequate transportation is essential to sound industrial, commercial, and financial conditions. The railroads still furnish probably four-fifths of the transportation upon which such conditions depend, and public sentiment, through government regulation, exerts an influence upon them such as it exerts upon no other large-scale industry.

The stocks of many railways recently have attained the highest prices in history. For five years railroad service has been adequate, and is now safer and otherwise better than ever before. These are naturally accepted by many as proof of a healthy and prosperous condition. But the percentage of return earned upon the investment in the railroads since the first quarter of 1927 has been the smallest since 1922. Indeed, excluding the three years 1918–20, when, owing to our experiment in government operation, their net returns were guaranteed, there have been only four years since 1899 when it has been as small.

Where, then, are the railways now, and in what direction are they heading?

The developments in the industry since 1920 have been unprecedented. Perhaps the most remarkable has been the improvement in freight service, which has been revolutionary in degree and in the effects produced. The country at the end of 1920 had had five years of almost continual "car shortages." Business concerns of all kinds had tied up an excessive amount of capital in inventories, largely because of fear that slow and inadequate railway service would delay the filling of orders for raw materials and other commodities. The shortage of cars throughout 1920 averaged more than 80,000 weekly.

There was no inadequacy of service in the depressed year 1921, but when,



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in the latter part of 1922, the nation-wide strike of railway-shop employees and a large increase in traffic occurred simultaneously, the shortage of cars became the largest in history, and lasted through the spring of 1923. While this condition still existed the presidents of the railways, stimulated by fear of public sentiment, and also by hope due to the rate-making provisions of the Transportation Act and the revival of business, met in New York and adopted a comprehensive programme for bettering transportation. The investment subsequently made has exceeded $4,000,000,000. There has been no "car shortage" since, although in 1923, 1925, 1926, and 1927 the freight business handled was larger than ever prior to 1923. Railway facilities have been made so adequate, and the distribution of the two and one-half million freight-cars has been so perfected, that the millions of shippers throughout the country are now regularly furnished virtually 100 per cent of the cars they order just when and where they want them. The speed of freight service has been increased almost as much in proportion as its adequacy and reliability. Never before the war did the railways give a performance which approached that of recent years.

The effects produced upon economic conditions have been numerous and important. Probably it has occurred to few that, for example, the improvement in freight service has been one of the principal causes of the recent high prices of railroad and industrial securities. But the relationship of cause and effect is easily traceable.

Following the disappearance of the last car shortage in 1923, business men began to learn they could reduce their inventories because they could rely upon the railways to deliver freight promptly. As the service has continued to improve, "hand-to-mouth" buying has increased, and reductions of inventories have become larger and more general. Every reduction of an inventory not only reduces the expenses of the concern making it but releases capital that seeks investment in some other form. The reductions of inventories made are generally conceded to have aggregated billions of dollars. A large part of the capital thus released has sought investment in corporation securities. Probably this is the principal source from which has come the superabundance of capital that has poured into the stock-market within the last four years, caused a "bull" movement unprecedented in duration, and forced up industrial and railroad stocks to record prices. The earnings of the railways for more than a year have been less on their investment than in 1923. The prices of their stocks have been 50 per cent higher. Thus apparently is demonstrated the paradox that railway service, not railway earnings, has had the greatest influence in boosting the prices of railway stocks.

Hardly second in significance to the improvement in freight service has been the betterment of the railway accident record. The Safety Division of the American Railway Association in 1924 set as a goal to be reached by 1930 an average reduction of 35 per cent in casualties. This goal actually was reached in 1927. The accident record of our railways until within recent years was bad. It can now be compared without embarrassment with that of the railways of any other country. In 1927 only 91 passengers were killed—one in each 9,100,000 carried, or only one-third as many in proportion as ten years

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before, and only one-sixth as many in proportion as twenty years earlier. The number of employees killed was only one-half as great in proportion to the total number as ten years before, and only one-third as great in proportion as twenty years before.

The safety achieved has been due partly to improvements in railway physical plants, but more to a nation-wide campaign in behalf of "safety first," which has been carried on among officers and employees for almost twenty years. It illustrates, among other things, the improvement within recent years in the morale and the increase in the efficiency of a large majority of railway employees. The bad accident record of former years was mainly due to the carelessness, or even recklessness, of the personnel. An employee who so obeys operating rules and uses his head in other ways as to be a safe employee is pretty sure also to be an efficient employee in all respects. The introduction of labor-saving improvements has been the main thing that has enabled the railways to handle an increased freight business with a declining number of employees, but the increase in the loyalty and efficiency of the average employee has been an important factor in effecting savings of labor, fuel, and materials.

Among the developments affecting the railways to a much more important extent than anybody anticipated a decade ago has been the increase of competition in transportation. One principal assumption upon which our policy of regulation is based is that railways are monopolistic, or at least quasi-monopolistic, and must be regulated to protect the public from the power of monopoly. But never were they subjected to so much competition as recently, and the competition has been no less real or effective because principally from other classes of carriers—those operating by highway and water.

Before the war increases in the passenger business of the railways occurred as regularly as in their freight business. Between 1910 and 1920 the growth was 45 per cent. The decline since 1920, owing to the competition of motor vehicles, has wiped out the entire preceding ten years' increase. Their passenger earnings are now $400,000,000 a year less than they would be if they had as much business as in 1920, and $800,000,000 less than if the increase in business had been as large as before 1920.

The traffic lost has been chiefly local business for short distances entirely outside areas of dense population. Urban and suburban commutation business has increased somewhat, and the increase in the amount of travel in sleeping and parlor cars has been about 25 per cent. There has been no great difficulty in meeting the increasing demands of sleeping and parlor car patrons, but how to reduce local service to offset the loss of local business has presented an insoluble problem. Enough local trains must be run to handle mail, express, and such passengers as want to go by rail, especially in bad weather. Consequently, there has been no reduction in the cost of handling passenger business comparable with the loss of earnings from it. Numerous railways have substituted motor-cars running on the rails for more expensive steam-trains, where circumstances have favored this method. Numerous others have engaged more or less extensively in the operation of motor-coaches on the highways. But the question is still unsettled whether the

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railways are to continue to lose passenger business.

Contrary to what might have been expected, the losses have been largest in the more thinly settled territories—about 20 per cent since 1920, for example, in Eastern territory, and averaging 35 per cent on lines west of the Mississippi River. The explanation is that the greater congestion on the highways in the East prevents such constant and untrammelled use of motor vehicles as prevails in the less densely populated West and South.

Fortunately for the railways, competition of other means of transportation for freight business has not been as effective as for passenger business, but they have had unprecedented competition even in freight-carrying. Motor-trucks have taken a substantial amount of short-haul business. Usually this has not hurt the railways, as their short-haul freight business commonly has been unprofitable. More important have been the effects produced by the competition of carriers by water, especially those operating through the Panama Canal.

Before the canal was opened it was the policy of the railways—a policy for years approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission — to make lower rates to the Pacific coast to meet water competition than to intermediate points, such as Spokane and Salt Lake City. Since 1920 the commission has forbidden rates to be made in this way, although there has been much more competition by water than before. In consequence, the traffic moving to the Pacific coast by water has greatly increased, while that moving from the Middle West to the Pacific coast by railroad has correspondingly declined. This, together with the agricultural depression in the West, resulted in the Western railways handling less freight business for five consecutive years following 1920 than in that year. This is the longest period since the railroad was invented throughout which any large group of American railways has failed to report an increase of freight business.

The railways now have, among others, no less a competitor than the government of the United States itself. Under the name "Inland Waterways Corporation" the government is doing a transportation business. To test whether barge service could be successfully conducted the government, eight years ago, established such a service on the Mississippi and Warrior Rivers with a capital of $5,000,000. The legislation contemplated that if the experiment was a success the business should be transferred to private ownership and operation. Private enterprise has as yet manifested no disposition to take over the service, but at the recent session of Congress an additional appropriation of $10,000,000 was made for its extension. Provision is again made for remitting it to private enterprise if it is a success, but nothing is said as to what is to be done if it is a failure. Numerous municipalities along the Mississippi and other rivers are constructing water terminals, and, whatever the results of the experiment, it is certain to be practically impossible to abandon any part of the service that is once established. The rates the railways may charge in competition with the barge service are fixed by the government; the through rates and routes they must make in co-operation with it are to be fixed by the government; the competing barge service is to be enlarged, owned, and operated by the government; losses incurred, if any, will be paid by the gov-

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ernment. In these circumstances, it does not seem highly probable that the railways will get very much the better of their competitor.

While improving their service and meeting unprecedented competition, the railways have been carrying on a hard struggle with operating expenses. When they were returned to private operation early in 1920 their operating expenses and taxes were greater than their earnings. Their return was soon followed by a large advance in wages, which was awarded by the government's Railroad Labor Board, and by large advances in rates, which were granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Owing to a decline in traffic and terrific retrenchments in the depressed year 1921, operating expenses were reduced more than $1,000,000,000. Soon afterward general reductions of both wages and rates were made. The reductions in rates made since 1921 aggregate about a billion dollars annually. When a record-breaking freight traffic became available in 1923, the railways began not only to try strenuously to improve their service, but also to hope they might, in due time, make their net operating income equal to 5¾ per cent on their valuation, to which the Interstate Commerce Commission had held they would be entitled under honest, efficient, and economical operation.

All the methods known to modern railroading have been used to effect economies. Capital has been invested in strengthening bridges and tracks, enlarging terminals, installing block-signals, purchasing more powerful and faster locomotives and bigger freight-cars. The average number of cars per freight-train was increased from 37 in 1920 to 47 in 1927; the average speed of trains was increased 20 per cent; fuel consumption in proportion to the service rendered was reduced 20 per cent. The average number of employees in 1920 was more than 2,000,000; in 1923 less than 1,900,000; in 1926 about 1,800,000; in 1927 about 1,760,000.

As long as freight business increased, the economies effected in operation caused increases in the net return earned. In 1921 it was only about 3 per cent on the Interstate Commerce Commission's tentative valuation; in 1922 about 3.9 per cent; in 1923, 4.8 per cent; in 1924, 4.7 per cent; in 1925, 5.22 per cent; in 1926, 5.5 per cent. Throughout these years operating expenses averaged $1,200,000,000 less than in 1920, in spite of increases in freight business.

But the railways as a whole never reached the 5¾ per cent average return to which they had been held entitled. Meantime, there were forces at work the effects of which, it seemed certain, would give them a financial setback if there should be a decline in freight business. Such a decline occurred in 1927, and their net operating income dropped $150,000,000 and the return earned on their tentative valuation declined to 4.72 per cent. As the tentative valuation is smaller than the total reported investment in their properties, the return earned on property investment was only 4.3 per cent, and thus far in 1928 has been still less.

Among the influences which contributed from 1923 onward toward keeping down net operating income, and the annual amounts their cumulative effects had cost by 1927, were: Increase in the average hourly wage of employees, $170,000,000; reduction in freight rates, as indicated by the decline

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in average revenue per ton per mile, $150,000,000; loss of passenger business, $104,000,000; increase in taxes, $44,000,000. If we include interest upon the investment added during these years, we have an aggregate effect of $650,000,000 attributable to influences tending to reduce the percentage of return earned which had to be offset by economies in operation. It is significant of the progress made in railroading that this feat was almost accomplished, and that the percentage earned in 1927 was almost as large as in 1923, although substantially less than in 1925 or 1926.

Confronted with a decline month after month in their net operating income, the railways began in the latter part of last year to add retrenchments in their maintenance expenditures and capital expenditures to other efforts to effect economies. Economical operation and retrenchments in maintenance are two quite different things. The former saves money. The latter merely postpones needed expenditures, and if long continued results in deterioration of properties and service. They laid off employees until in the earlier months of this year they had fewer of them than since the nation-wide strike of their shop employees in 1922, and 400,000 less than in 1920. They reduced purchases until manufacturers of locomotives and cars and of the devices used on such equipment almost ran out of orders, and there occurred an unprecedented decline in the aggregate capacity of locomotives and freight-cars which made them less than in 1925. In spite of these retrenchments, the percentage of return earned continued to be the smallest in six years.

To the student of railway affairs these symptoms seemed to give warning that prevailing tendencies in the industry were becoming unhealthy. But the stock-market registered optimism, and for the first time in history the average price of railway stocks became slightly higher than in 1906, when the railways were enjoying the greatest prosperity they ever knew. However, if the stock-market was registering prospects, it was less optimistic regarding railway than industrial earnings. While the prices of railway stocks became about 2 per cent higher than in the previous record year 1906, the average price of industrial stocks became more than 100 per cent higher than in that year. Both later declined.

Arbitration boards and public men who concern themselves especially with railway regulation followed the lead of the stock-market. One arbitration board after another organized under the Railway Labor Act awarded advances in wages, until now the wages of several classes of railway employees are higher than when average wages reached their peak in 1920. In Washington there were numerous manifestations of a stronger tendency to cause rates to be regulated almost regardless of earnings, and to subject regulation to class, sectional, and political pressure, than for fifteen years.

Our policy of regulation of railway rates is based—or at least was generally understood to be until recently—upon three fundamental principles: first, rates should be made just and reasonable in proportion to the cost and value of the service rendered and fair as between different shippers and communities; secondly, they should be so made that, under honest, efficient, and economical management, the railways as a whole, and each important group of them, will be able to earn a "fair re-

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turn" upon a fair valuation of their properties; third, regulation of rates requires expert knowledge and impartiality, and freedom from political pressure, which makes Congress unfit for the task, and it should therefore be delegated to a permanent quasi-judicial administrative body, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Never in history have so many things been threatened, or actually done, in disregard of these principles as recently. In 1920 the commission made a tentative valuation of the railways and subsequently held that, to carry out the provisions of law relative to rate-making, and to assure the furnishing of adequate transportation, the railways should be allowed to earn 5¾ per cent on this basis. Under the rates fixed the railways actually have earned, since 1920, an average annual return of only about 4¾ per cent on the tentative valuation. The commission, in its decision in the famous O'Fallon case, announced its adherence to methods and principles of valuation which the railways claim are economically unsound and contrary to the decisions of the Supreme Court and the LaFollette valuation act. The principal controversy is over the weight that should be given to present cost of reproduction. The railways contend it should be given "effective weight." The commission holds it should be given no weight, but that valuation should be based upon the actual investment, less a large deduction for depreciation which it claims has accrued in railway properties. The question is plainly one of constitutional law and property rights which should be determined without political pressure. There is, however, a "National Conference on Railroad Valuation" composed of men in private and public life most of whom advocate public ownership, and which favors a method of valuation that would make it much less even than if the commission's method were accepted. The Senate recently adopted a resolution asking the Supreme Court to permit the counsel of this organization to appear before it and present its views. This is believed to be the first time in history when either house of Congress has taken a step apparently intended to influence the Supreme Court in respect to important litigation involving rights of property.

Early in 1925 Congress passed the Hoch-Smith resolution enjoining the Interstate Commerce Commission, in regulating rates, to consider the conditions existing in our various industries, and especially, in view of the "prevailing depression in agriculture," to make the lowest possible lawful rates on farm products. The law already required the commission to make rates that would be just, reasonable, and non-discriminatory. The reference to "conditions" in industry could mean only conditions of adversity or prosperity. But the prosperity of any industry is determined by many influences. Freight rates are but one of these, and usually a minor one. Therefore, the Hoch-Smith resolution, in effect, enjoined the commission to fix rates largely regardless of previously accepted standards of justice and reasonableness if thereby it could help some industry that was in distress.

When, in the Lake Cargo coal-rate case the commission did this, it stirred up a row. The coal-mines in Ohio and Pennsylvania had become unable to compete successfully with those in West Virginia and Kentucky mainly because they were paying union wages which were higher than the non-union wages

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paid by the Southern mines. The commission rendered a decision intended to help the Ohio and Pennsylvania mines by reducing their freight rates while forbidding a reduction in the rates of the Southern mines. The commission was attacked for this by senators from the Southern States upon the ground that it was regulating rates with the purpose and effect of "equalizing prosperity" adversely to their constituents. The reappointment of Commissioner Esch, who had voted for the decision, came before the Senate while this outcry was going on, and his confirmation was defeated. Thus Congress passed the Hoch-Smith resolution for the purpose—if it had any definite purpose—of causing freight-rate regulation to be used to equalize prosperity, and the Senate voted Mr. Esch's official death because, in a particular case, he voted in accordance with what he understood to be the announced policy of Congress. The action of the Senate caused astonishment, dismay, and resentment in the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and also among well-informed shippers and railway officers throughout the country, who foresee the speedy destruction of the independence, prestige, and usefulness of the commission if its members are to work under the threat of decapitation if they vote in particular cases contrary to the political and sectional views and interests of influential senators.

Meantime, the Hoch-Smith resolution has been left in effect. Ostensibly it contemplates that the rates of depressed industries, and especially of agriculture, shall be reduced—and also that the rates of prosperous industries shall be advanced if this is necessary to enable the railways to provide adequate transportation. The question naturally arises as to why regulation of freight rates should be used to equalize prosperity. If the agricultural industry, for example, needs help should it not be given by the national government at the expense of the taxpayers, rather than by arbitrary readjustments of the charges of the railroads alone? But after President Coolidge vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill the Senate unanimously, and without a word of discussion, passed a resolution practically enjoining the Interstate Commerce Commission to reduce the rates of the northwestern railways on farm products. The commission, in obedience to the Hoch-Smith resolution, for three years had been taking literally millions of words of testimony regarding the entire freight-rate structure of the country to determine whether freight rates on farm products should be reduced; but the Senate deemed it expedient to adopt another resolution to apply pressure to it. The northwestern group of roads for seven years has been making poorer earnings than any other group in the country.

Numerous other illustrations of a tendency to cause rates to be regulated in disregard of heretofore accepted standards and of the claim of the railways to a "fair return" might be cited. The prevailing tendencies in regulation are the same now as they were before the war, although the tendency to subordinate economic principles to considerations of political expediency, and to put pressure upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to cause it to regulate contrary to its own judgment and regardless of the effects upon the railway industry, is much stronger than ever before.

We know what were the results of restrictive railway regulation before the

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war. The net return earned by the railways declined, their development declined with it, they became unable to handle the country's commerce, and we had five years of car shortages, which were brought to an end only by the collapse of general business in the latter part of 1920. Did the nation learn a lesson from that experience? Formerly it seemed that it had. The railways were returned to private operation under legislation which apparently assured a different policy of regulation.

The greatest progress in history has since been made in effecting improvements and economies in railway operation. Herbert Hoover once estimated that every large car shortage cost the public a billion dollars. What, then, has it been worth to the country to be free from shortages of transportation and to have such railway service as it has had for five years? How much would it cost to have the railways get into the condition they were in ten years ago?

With the service as good as it is now, and the stocks of railways selling recently at the highest prices in history, it is hard to believe they will ever get into such a condition again. But the law of cause and effect cannot be repealed even by resolutions of Congress. Railway regulation, railway earnings, and railway conditions, it is plain, are now drifting in the same direction as fifteen years ago, and the final results will be the same unless the tendency to disregard the need of the railways for adequate earnings, and to make a political football of railway regulation, is arrested.

# For Youth

By S. Bert Cooksley

Earth will not ever weary of your speech,
Earth will not ever mark a pace for you—
Nor need you fear the Elders will impeach
Your right to rule the many and the few.

Go where you will. Do what you will. Be cruel
Or kind or vain. Be humble or be bold:
You shall remain the measure and the rule
Which keep an ancient world from growing old.

(All Wisdom is a flower in your hand,
And Passion will have none but you for guide.
And Beauty—though she search the leanest land—
Will find you out at once and keep your side!)

The exquisites shall be your drink and meat,
And I? I shall be always at your feet.

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# The Etchings of Childe Hassam

BY CARLO BEUF

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY MR. HASSAM

Master of sunlight, leading exponent of French impressionism in this country, this artist reveals his peculiarly American quality and his individuality in his etchings.

I DO not know if Childe Hassam has a favorite motto, but were he to bid me choose one for him, without hesitation I should propose the old legend of the sun-dial: *Sine sole sileo* (Without sunshine I am silent!).

For Hassam, the man, is solar, dynamic as the rays (less dazzling than our suns of Italy, but of vibration more potent to stimulate and quicken) that illumine the New England hills. Then, since Art is the projection of a temperament on the screen of the future, the art of Hassam is a Hymn to Light.

This American painter, powerfully built, with bull neck and torso of an athlete, is generally considered the exponent *par excellence* of French impressionism on his side of the Atlantic. This, however, does not prevent him from being one of the most representative North Americans, one of the most Anglo-Saxon types, that I have ever met.

Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, some sixty-nine years ago, Hassam is descended on both sides from old English stock. He received his schooling in Boston and also some of his art training, completing this in Paris, where he remained for several years. Then, feeling an insistent call, he went back to settle in his native land, and only now and then gives truce to his tireless activity by the respite of a brief sojourn in Europe.

His interest in etching belongs to his later years. Indeed, but for two plates done in Paris in 1898, his work in this field only dates from 1915. But of the highest order from the outset, this work places him directly at the head of the host of excellent American engravers.

He starts with a style of marked individuality, and, while certain of his methods are open to discussion, no one can question the absolute originality with which Hassam expresses himself. His etching is a sequence of his painting. He has changed his instrument, but the burden of his song is ever the same, gay, buoyant as spring itself.

At no time in the chronicles of art has the attention of painter and public alike been turned toward etching with greater zest than from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present date. To-day etching is an art that is an end in itself, by its inherent qualities being peculiarly adapted to the nervous sensibilities, the syncopated rhythm of modern life.

"The engraving of the nineteenth century," so notes Loys Delteil, "plays an important rôle in the history of art by its brilliant flowering of works



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which present, even to uninstructed eyes, qualities at once rare, diverse, and precious. Unquestionably many painters of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth have given the best of themselves to the graver's art, their work on these lines in many instances far surpassing their canvases, both in strength and feeling."

To this branch of art America brings a contribution of exceptional importance. Whistler, by every title, must be ranked among its greatest exponents. Since Rembrandt no other has attained a more vigorous expression, a higher lyricism, with the simplicity of means that conceals consummate craftsmanship.

It is customary to recall this master of nocturnes when speaking of Hassam's work in black and white; many, indeed, professing to find in him the source of the younger man's inspiration. I am not of this opinion. Even a superficial acquaintance with Hassam's painting should carry with it the conviction that his etchings could never have been other than they are. Whistler, both in painting and in drawing, presents masses, delicate, transparent, and diffused. (See, for instance, the Venetian series.) Or else he constructs a framework, outlining his pattern with meticulous hand, and getting his effects by vividly contrasted light and shadow. (See, for instance, "Limehouse" and "Rotherhithe.") Hassam, on the other hand, loves to reproduce the play of sunlight across foliage, and these prismatic refractions, shown by strokes now light, now forceful, whose gilded gamut constitutes the distinctive characteristic of his paintings, reappear with convincing testimony in his etchings. Whistler's line is continuous; that of Hassam broken. The forms of the one are cleanly outlined, those of the other are faceted like prisms in the sun.

One of Hassam's earlier plates, "The Athenæum, Portsmouth," is a delightful conceit. Here the artist has amused himself in boyish vein by depicting the play of sunbeams on the window-panes of Bulfinch's fine old building, presenting it in the guise of a benignant graybeard on whose serenely smiling countenance is written a faith in the future that neither the weight of years nor experience can destroy. This is a work of delicate restraint. In some places the needle has not left more than the imprint of its own shadow. Elsewhere, lingering, its strokes of velvety black give the solidity and sense of volume needed to balance the composition.

Of the same year, 1915, is "Old Lace"; justly rated by Royal Cortissoz one of the most finished of modern etchings. And, indeed, though among Hassam's earliest, it is a masterly achievement. Here we have an old bridge, dwellings, trees, water, all bathed in a luminous atmosphere of diffused sunshine sparkling with golden motes. Every stroke has a purpose, and what is not stated is skilfully implied with a reticence that is far more telling than detailed description.

I have spoken of Hassam's Americanism, and this is far more marked in his etchings than his paintings. In order to create he has to be moved, nor do his emotions respond merely to form and color. Not alone are hand and eye the instruments participating in the creation of a work of art; a whole complex of sensations is involved, whether the medium be painting, music, verse. Accordingly, the etchings of Childe Hassam are pregnant with the spirit of

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*Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.*

Bonnie Moore.

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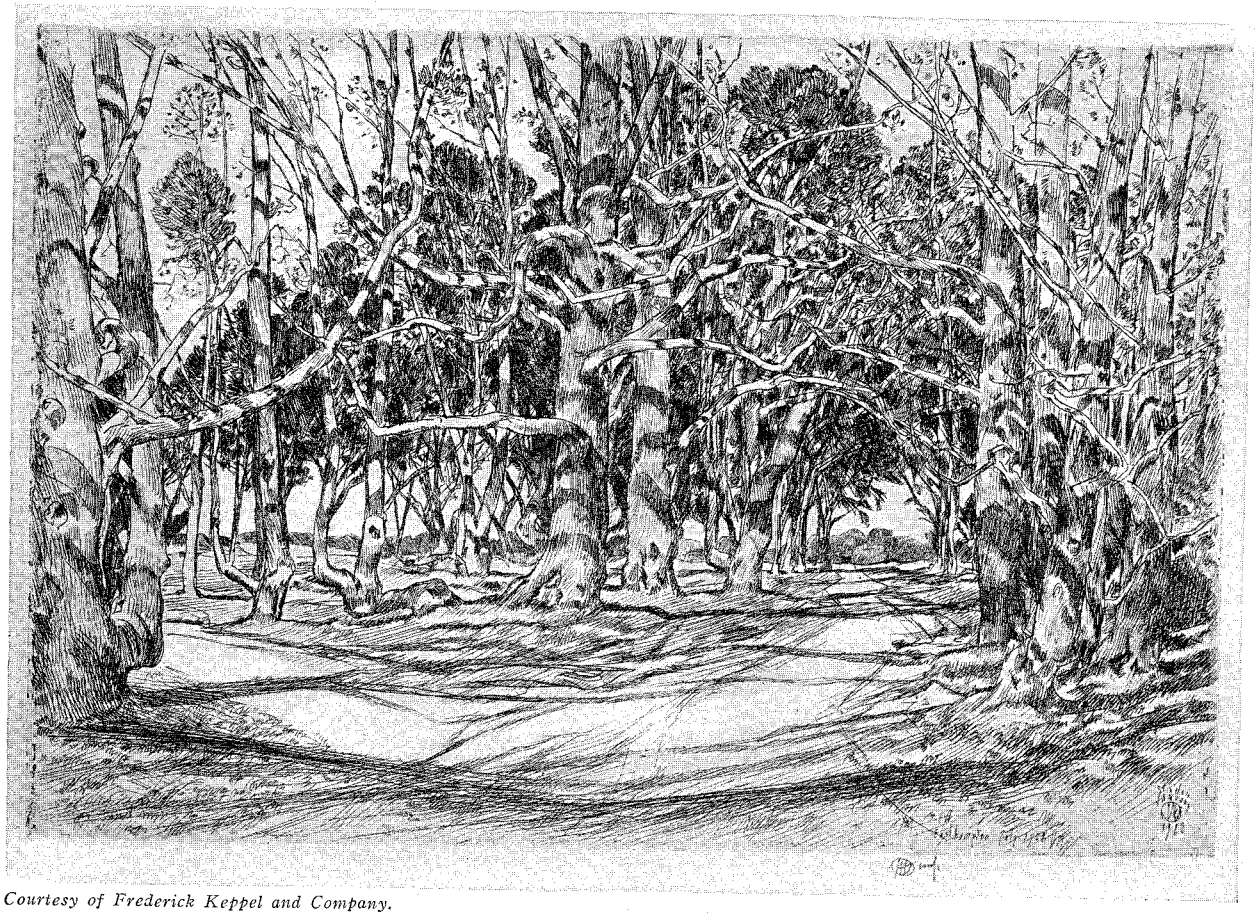

*Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.*

Road to Promised Land.

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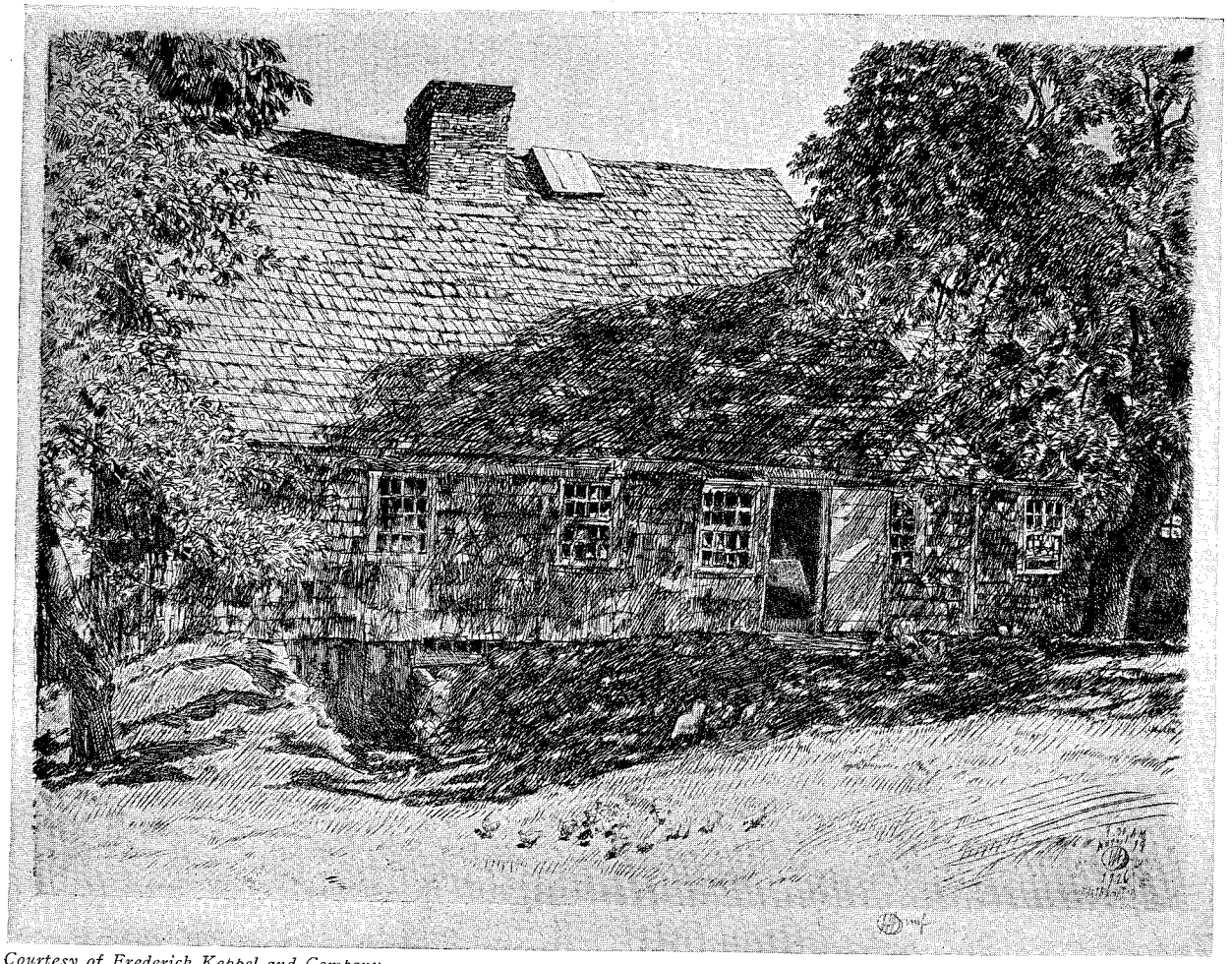

*Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.*

Old Mulford House, Easthampton, Long Island.

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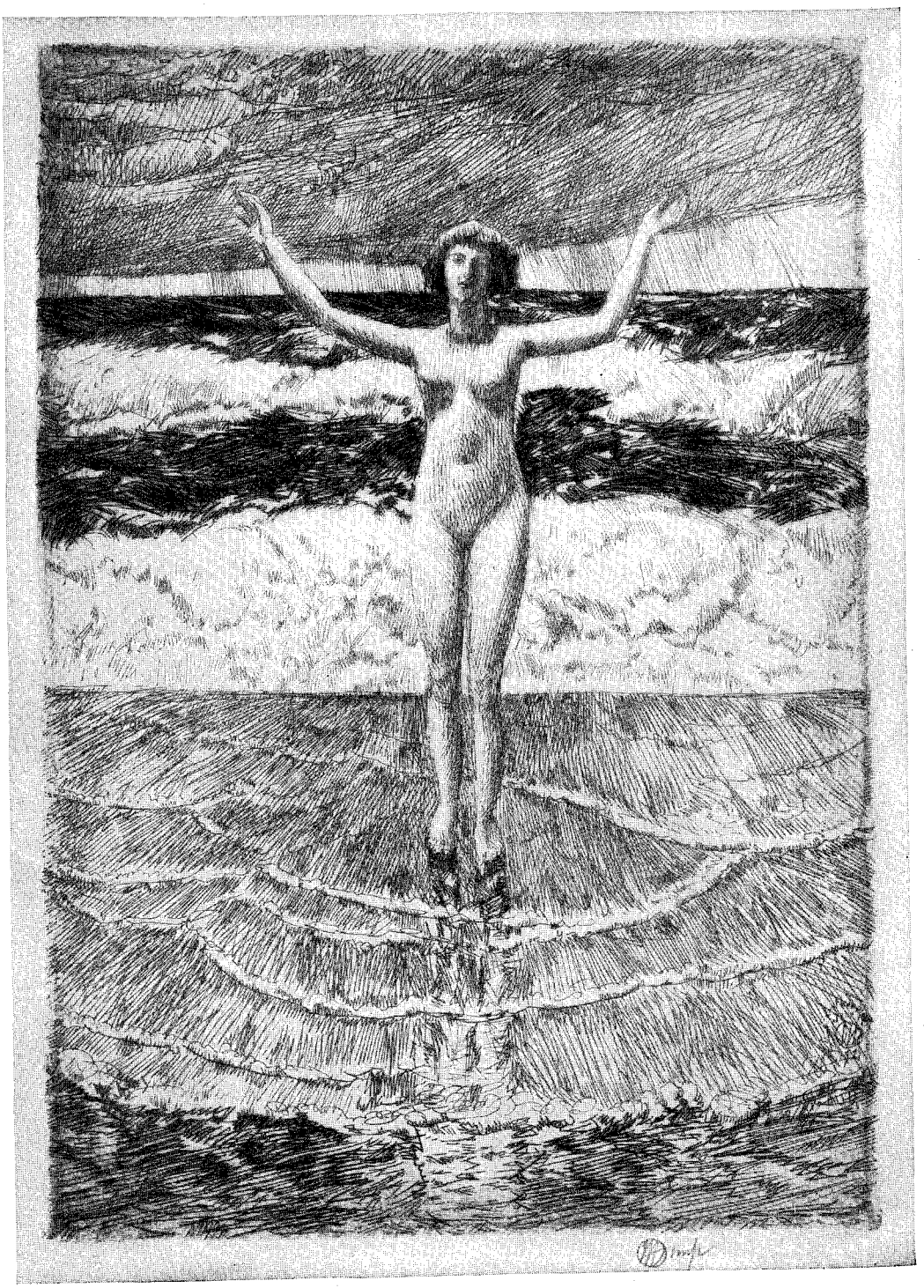

Rain Drops and Surf.

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America, traditional and youthful, severe, domestic, qualities rooted deep in the temperament of his inheritance.

These qualities are strikingly evident in the two etchings "The Lion Gardiner House, Easthampton" (1920), and "Easthampton" (1917). How the old wooden house nestles in the bosom of the great trees, protected alike from torrid suns and wintry blast! An air of sweet intimacy pervades the scene. We do not have to refer to the style of the house to know that we are in America, for the genius of the place is here, alive and breathing, just as it is under the shade of the mighty elms in the main street of "Easthampton."

To my thinking, the genuine worth of the etchings of this artist lies in his faculty for making us participants, without apparent effort on his part, in the emotional state in which he created them, complex and many-phased, the result of his own most personal temperament.

"The Church Tower, Portsmouth" (1921), in which the characteristic wooden dwellings of rural America, grouped about a modest belfry, are mirrored in the still water of a pond, and the earlier Portsmouth view, "The Chimneys" (1915), give proof not only of Hassam's exquisite sensitiveness but also of a rare technical skill.

New York, that vast and turbulent metropolis, having already furnished Hassam with matter for some splendid oils, could not fail to win him to etchings of equal significance. In "Fifth Avenue at Noon" (1917) the psychology of the crowd in that famous city artery is described with the intense realism and clear vision that presents the scene as unique and unmistakable.

It is interesting to note that this artist employs a severer technic, a rhythm more constricted, when portraying people rather than scenes and things. This restraint is apt to become well-nigh geometric, even to recalling the architectural simplicity of the Primitives, and, indeed, as in the case of "Raindrops and Surf" (1921), at times degenerating into a dry, wooden effect that is far from gratifying.

Among his figure-etchings my preference is for those in which light is called on to play a decisive and predominating part. In these the alert forms of women, a favorite subject with him, melt into an aura of exquisite poetry, transforming them, in spite of modern garb, into Athenian maids of old, spiritualized in the warm breath of spring.

One such, "Helen Burke" (1917), is a pure joy to eye and heart, from the poetry it emanates and the clear light enveloping it.

To 1920 belongs the magnificent self-portrait, pregnant, intense, powerfully constructed, and drawn with nervous force.

To name all Hassam's etchings would be a lengthy task. For full information the art-lover is referred to the beautiful volume prepared by Royal Cortissoz: "The Etchings and Drypoints of Childe Hassam."* In this are listed 236, put out between 1915 and 1924, or, with the two examples of 1898 done in Paris, 238 all told. When it is remembered that at no time has Hassam ceased to work in oils and water-colors, this affords a remarkable instance of artistic productivity.

Critics there are who charge Childe Hassam with negligence, or again with inexpertness. And in truth at times he has a way of throwing down his lines somewhat cavalierly, piling them up,

* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925.

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crisscrossing them, so as to form a solid mass without definite framework. Also his habit of indicating shadow by furious scratchings of the metal, accentuated by the sharp bite of the acid, affects us with a momentary discomfort as of a harsh taste on the tongue. By degrees, however, this very roughness attracts, and ends almost invariably by convincing us.

To his drawing one may well apply the words of Jean François Raffaelli when comparing Delacroix with Ingres: "Delacroix's design has a constructive quality. Ingres, with every stroke, bounds some aspect of nature, while Delacroix sets it free. Drawn from every side, all nature is blended by his hand."

Childe Hassam is richly endowed in equipment. Across his brain, his vision, emotions pass hurrying, with cinema-like rapidity. He halts them, registers them, but does not delay them for elaborate or minute description, for then one image would overlap another; each new sensation would crowd out its predecessor and neutralize it. In the very intensity of his feeling lies the justification of his method. His apparent carelessness is in reality the logical outcome of his artistic personality.

Hassam's place in modern art is most important. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to compare his etchings with those of his contemporaries. While technically deriving from the French impressionists, all of whom, by the way, almost without exception, were admirable etchers, he managed to differentiate himself, rounding out for himself a distinct individuality. Nor among the great modern specialists in this branch of art, English, German, Scandinavian, or Italian, is there one whose style is akin to that of Hassam.

Surely not in the nebulous arabesques of Latour, the nervous, polished line of Degas, the ultra-Parisianism of Toulouse-Lautres, nor the facile virtuosity of Anders Zorn, or the refined preciosity of Seymour Haden, can we trace any resemblance, either in form or spirit, to the manner of this most genial of Americans.

Originality is not the least of the causes that have contributed in a short span of years to render Hassam's etchings noted and beloved. Americans in particular cherish a justifiable tenderness both for this master and his works, finding in the one a shining champion of their youthful and dynamic race, and in the other the lyric interpretation of that race in a form as sincere and forceful as the songs of a people that persist, a living symbol of its youth, through the cycles of history.

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# Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

SHOULD they go to The Dells and picnic, or should they go to Madison? And three words from Marfa Manchester, spoken on impulse, with detachment, without real choice, result in the expedition to The Dells, result too in the drowning of Ben. A telephone question from Max Garvin—might he bring the calendulas to-morrow night?—and a reply from Marfa: why not bring them to-night instead?—and there is Max Garvin with a severed spine from a motor accident, occurring while he answers her summons, given on impulse, with detachment, without real choice. And these occurrences follow the death of Paul Barker, who had contracted an infectious malady and died of a toxin administered for its cure, after making a visit with Marfa, on an invitation given by the way. Marfa recalls others whom she has touched with disaster—of late there has been a young negress whose life Marfa has not dared to condition, fearing that evil would be the consequence. Her father and Marcus Bartholomew leave for China, and she is torn because she might have prevented their going, through their love of her; and she fears the ill of her inaction not less than her action. She calls herself accursed, dispenser of disaster, and leaves for the pleasant country home of her cousin, Malvina Beach.

THERE spread a wash of clear blue over sky, of green over earth, of August morning sun over green and blue.

The lawn of Cousin Malvina Beach's home sloped to its little lake. Marfa, dutifully making talk, said that this was heaven, and after Mrs. Beach's inconclusive depreciation, Marfa added that at any rate it was quite heavenly not to be told of the neighbors, the servants, and the operations, or whatever kept the place from being perfect. Mrs. Beach countered that it was admirable of her not to wish to be told, and Marfa explained, "No one wants to be told. But most people want to tell," and thought that only by her replies could one be sure that Cousin Malvina heard anything that one said. Her look was withdrawn and calm, her look was ordered.

Marfa had arrived the evening before, in a summer tempest that beat at the trees and walls, as if some free flight resented any thwarting. From turmoil of water and wind, Marfa escaped into the calm of the house, and was met by the calm of Mrs. Beach! This woman, Cousin Malvina Beach, who had been living abroad since Marfa was a little girl, seemed to be intensely aware of herself, of every person, every object, everything said, so that nothing any longer required her attention. She herself was like her lungs that breathed, like her feet that walked, without any one's regard. For every possible moment she seemed practised. Marfa thought: "She isn't human. What is human? Is it turmoil, confusion, desperation?"

They had dined alone together in a room whose one wall was set with wide



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glass doors, open to the lake. This was northern country and, the storm having passed, at eight o'clock the light was still drenching the sky. A blue sail bent to the white water. The food was unwonted and delicious. "Her cook is more human than she," Marfa thought, and her thought ran on: "But her cook must be ordered and unconfused to make food like this. . . ."

Mrs. Beach then said:

"I thought that Lawrence and Maude would be here before you. They're detained until to-morrow."

Some voice within Marfa cried out: "It's nobody whom I need see?—I beg your pardon . . ." and again and swiftly: "Oh, it's nobody whom I need see!"

"You know him," Mrs. Beach assured her, undisturbed. "Lawrence Brand. He told me that he used to be in love with you, at college."

"I remember. He took me to my first freshman party. But I can't see him—I can't see any one."

"Charming things," Cousin Malvina went on. "At least he is. I picked them up at Biarritz. Lawrence is perfect. The sister has been an invalid for years. I'm afraid he, poor dear, has a quite fearful time with her."

Marfa leaned forward, looking tense and terrible, looking almost old. "I cannot see any one," she said; "I wrote in my letter that I cannot see any one. . . ."

"Your mother wrote something of the boy's drowning," her cousin said, "and that you blame yourself—of course that is natural. Of course it is. But that had nothing to do with these two friends, or with me." She touched at a point between her eyebrows, as if she were sealing it over.

Marfa relaxed, felt ridiculous, thought: "I cannot tell her that I bring disaster to every one I touch—that probably she herself will not be free of it . . ." and thought: "I'll go. I can go in two days."

Now, waiting on the terrace for the car to come back from the station, she was wretched, sat silent. She thought: "I'm like a plague-sufferer—I'm like a leper—only I look innocent." They had told her not to be morbid, her mother and Luna. But who was called morbid who knew in himself the marks of the plague . . . She moved away from Cousin Malvina. She thought: "Perhaps I'm dead—only my body walks on, moves, poisons everybody, brings death. . . . Perhaps I never have been alive—they might have forgotten to give me the spark, as one forgot to put the eggs in a cake . . . then it's a dead cake. . . ."

"We'll have bouillon and biscuits out here as soon as they come," Cousin Malvina was obliviously saying.

A woman, wrists, veins, breath; hollow cheeks, slender body, all so calm. All that she had locked up in her appeared to be nothing. She paid no attention to all that, appeared to have forgotten that she carried in the long white box of her the power to love, hate, sin, regret, to make others suffer. These powers she no longer attended. Or perhaps these had gone. Perhaps her fifty years were enough to leave her, too, like a cake with no eggs—but yet Cousin Malvina didn't kill or maim anybody. She lived decently, sewed prettily, served bouillon and biscuits on the terrace.

Marfa abruptly turned from her, looked down over the lake where white clouds had been stirred into blue and white water. Beyond the shores rose, yellow with stubble, green with alfalfa, fluttering with corn. All were honest, simple; serene about being isolated. All

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were guiltless. Nothing over there had cost any living thing its life, its sight, its power to walk, its freedom. . . . The sky innocent, the lake innocent, the field beneficent. "Man is the malady of earth," she thought, and paused. Whose was the voice which of late occasionally spoke up in her like that, saying things of which she never had thought? She watched a robin pulling at an absurdly flexible worm. "He and I," she thought, "we prey. But it's his nature." She stared down at it. "Maybe it's mine. Maybe I'm not even human —not even a malady. . . ."

"It's so warm this morning, I almost wish I'd planned to serve iced drinks," Cousin Malvina said.

Her beautiful car rolled smoothly to the door, and she hurried round to meet the three who alighted. Her exclamation of surprise was evidently to celebrate the arrival of Anthony Beach, her husband, whose return she had not expected. He came quickly along the terrace, met her with an ardent air of taking account of her, body and spirit. Of him Cousin Malvina took account by her surprise, by her arched brows, by her question, but a question quickly passed over in favor of the two who walked with him. But Anthony Beach, with his bright-eyed and touching confidence, believed himself to be still a part of this ceremony.

"Maude, darling," said Mrs. Beach, "*Lawrence*, dear," and such things. She kissed them both, brought out her murmurs as if they had been waiting, dressed and ready in some background, and turned to Marfa, who now, detaching her gaze from the corn, the alfalfa, and the stubble, gave the three her scrutiny, as light and fixed as a bird's, and as swiftly wavering away.

The sister Marfa hardly saw, Maude Brand—not only on account of her sex but because this young woman had instantly seated herself in a deck-chair and closed her eyes. This woman was young and ill, looked old because of her pallor, because of her frown. She was plain, and there was in her dressing a despair which showed that she was aware of her plainness.

"In a moment," went Lawrence Brand's voice, with a curious effect of three words flying and alighting from him. He attended his sister with an air of routine, more frightful than any boredom.

"Marfa Manchester!" he said only.

She had no impression of anything save of light and of quiet. It was true that he spoke, looked, moved like another. But there came from him an air of unconquerable quietude; and it was as if human restlessness being gone, a soft flow of light filled the vacuum and rose and outrayed from him. And this Marfa caught briefly, like a signal. In another moment she was aware only of his physical presence, his fineness, his inattention, his gruffness. There were chairs, luggage, confusion, bouillon, and biscuits. After her greeting, Marfa said nothing.

But there they were, and she saw them, clearly, as she was not meant to see them. Anthony Beach, sending to his wife pleased glances to which his wife was unopposed. Lawrence Brand, mechanically serving his sister, who was herself luxuriously aware, who was uneasy until she could get back some central position from which the arrival, the hostess, the confusion had shaken her. No bouillon? Then a drink of water? A fan? A sunshade? To lie down? To be quiet? Oh, no, no, she cried. No, none of this seemed for Maude Brand the expression that she

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wanted. Not until Lawrence said crisply, "Are you in pain?" did she rise to irritability, cry that nothing, nothing was the matter, and then at last appear content.

Good, kind Anthony Beach, sipping his bouillon, now felt that something was due to Marfa, of whom, it appeared, he had heard recent news. Her father had gone to China! How could she let him go? Her little cousin Ben had been drowned? Now how in the world could that have happened? Vina had said something of a delay in her visit because of a friend in the hospital, whom he trusted was now quite all right once more? The kind fellow talked, perpetually touching at his clipped mustache, which was nowhere near the bouillon at any time. His wife hung over Maude Brand.

A few minutes and all was over, they had gone to their rooms, and Marfa, with her untasted cup, was left staring at stubble, corn, and alfalfa. She thought:

"Was he, then, in love with me at school? Perhaps he could have saved me—saved Ben and Mr. Garvin and Mona. Saved Marcus Bartholomew and father. . . ." She reminded herself with impatience that Marcus Bartholomew and her father at least were quite all right.

"I must not even speak to him when it can be avoided," she thought, "or I shall do him some harm, too."

Bartholomew's amused eyes came before her: "You feel that way instead of feeling other emotions," he had told her.

She ran up to her room to get into her riding things, and wept as she changed. She wondered if there were people already in the world inevitably approaching for a meeting with her, whom she would injure. Perhaps people unborn. Arrested, she stood imagining that long procession, coming from distance, and she, meaning to be so right toward them all and yet dealing out death and disorder because her body was not an instrument that her willing spirit could use; not tuned, not—what was it that Max Garvin had said?—not polarized. Her body acted without her, uttered the wrong word independently of her intention. As a primitive woman dealt disaster by design, so she, desiring the good, did the evil through the physical ineptitude of her machine. But those others—all pacing toward her . . . She watched that imagined procession advance, with Lawrence at its head. . . .

When she came down in her tan togs, Lawrence Brand was alone on the terrace.

"I say," he cried when he saw her, "is there another mount, Miss Manchester? Do you mind if I go too?"

It was twelve miles to the village. The road lay shaded and murmurous. The intense awareness and response of the bays manifested in the broken rhythm of their great glossy bodies.

Marfa thought: "I mustn't talk to him. If I don't talk to him, I can't harm him." So when he said, "It's great to be back on a country road in America," she did not reply. When he praised the country, the day, the mounts, she murmured assent, volunteered nothing. He talked on for a bit about the changes that he found, all for the better; about the horse that he had last ridden, at Passy; about the village, where he must make a purchase. Marfa continued her silence. About the college friends for whom he inquired, she manifestly knew nothing. He glanced over at her, she kept her profile turned to his scru-

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tiny. He gave his attention to his horse and said no more.

But now a procession of charming events began to occur. They met a little gig, its old gray driven by a tiny boy, whose face was bright, taut, alert, like the face of a wood animal. Without her will, Marfa had glanced at her companion and they had smiled. From the deep of the wood through which they rode, a thrush called, one miraculous rebirth of his spring ecstasy. Together they reined in their horses, and sat silent, hoping for an iteration of the call. A tanager burned before them on a bough, and together they saw it. A wandering German band came by, signalled to them, and began to play, so softly that the horses, when they were halted, merely kept time to the music. "Glücklickheit die beide," said the fat leader solemnly over his tip, as if he were pronouncing them man and wife.

In the village they made purchases, and stopped at a stall for cold drinks. And through all this Marfa spoke only when the necessity was pressing; and though he had fallen as silent as she, yet they turned their horses' heads homeward in a certain fellowship, as if the spell of silence had more power than the ways of speech.

From the summit of the six-mile hill the road ran like a river between green shores. On the way down the slope Marfa looked over the face of the fields. The meadows lay bathed in the eagerness with which they had come pressing from below, green stretches of countless seeds in resurrection, poised on pale roots now rummaging beneath them. She had an abrupt sense of the million tiny shoots, spurting upward, crowded, aspiring, individual. And these in turn lay molding and lifting to the unborn year their cups of seed, and all the cool green bodies were already hosts to larvæ and eggs, to life sleeping or already awake and chanting. For no more than a breath, burning and gone again, she felt the life of the fields not as green space but as green multitude, felt its life in her, all seed and no root. With a flash of the sense of the first sea-thing moving from its rock, she saw at the bottom of the hill the empty road leading, gave her horse his head, and when he broke into a gallop, urged him on.

In an instant Lawrence was beside her. They galloped abreast to the long undulations of rock and of sward in the dazzle of noon.

When they reined in, on the low bridge spanning a sleepy stream, Marfa's eyes were bright. She cried: "Wasn't it glorious!" And now Lawrence Brand, looking intently at her, asked abruptly:

"Will you tell me why you've refused all the morning to talk to me?"

She said: "There's a bridle-path along this stream for a mile. I think we've time to follow it, before lunch."

Her heart beating painfully, she thought: "I should never have done that—I should never have turned into the bridle-path. But I'm sure to do something like that again. I've got to tell him the truth about me."

The path edged the stream through a copse of locusts and willows, laced with wild grape. He followed her, in her light immobility, as she met the motion of her horse. When at the end of the path she halted, turned, and looked at him at last, he spoke before she did: "When another woman keeps as still as you do, she's a vacuum. But you —you're something positive all the time." She heard herself say, "You're something positive whether you talk or

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not," and he cried: "But why shouldn't we talk? It's not necessary, but it's mighty nice. Or it used to be, with you."

He heard: "You don't understand about me, and I've got to tell you."

At this he looked disturbed, as if he had no idea indeed what he might be going to hear.

"Please, please!" he said rather wildly, "nothing matters, you know. . . ."

Once she would have enjoyed the sensation that she was making. Now she was in deep distress.

"I bring disaster to every one who comes near me," she said. "I don't want to harm you—I want to warn you away."

At this he stared frankly and then laughed, drawing down his brows.

"Die Lorelei?" he suggested dryly.

She flushed. "Oh, not that," she cried; "nothing like that. And yet death too—or destruction—blindness—misery." She poured it all out to him: Paul Barker, Ben, Lina, Mona, the yacht's cook, Garvin. A small blue vein stood out in her forehead, as if it were the forehead of a woman old or ill.

He listened, rather as if he were thinking of her than of her words. "What a lot of rotten go's," he said only. "No wonder they've made you morbid."

"It's not morbid," she cried violently, "it's the truth!"

"But we all make one another suffer."

"Not like that!"

"Well, in worse ways."

"Have you ever made anybody suffer?" The bright points of light in her eyes pierced him.

"No end of people."

But when she begged him to tell her how he had done that, he was able to recall only trifling instances of having occasioned discomfort to this one or that. "You see!" she cried triumphantly.

"Look here," he said, "if you think I'm going to keep away from you for fear of that kind of thing, you're jolly well wrong."

Instead of replying, she said abruptly: "You've suffered yourself. Perhaps you're one of those whom somebody else makes suffer."

"No, no," he said roughly, "that's absurd." And his horse, either from a thrust of his or from a sense of crisis, wheeled; and she pressed forward to follow. They went on once more in silence. She thought: "I've hurt him by saying that—as if he knew it was true."

When they reached the road, his face was untroubled. "You'll let me take the risk," he begged her, "now that I know the worst?"

"You don't believe me," she said; "I can't make you believe me."

"At any rate, you've warned me."

"That doesn't lessen my responsibility. Every moment I've expected your horse to bolt and throw you over his head."

"Just because I was with you! I say, you poor child!"

At this she frowned, urged on her horse. He followed in silence. At the door he stood beside her as she dismounted. She looked up in his face, saw its adult mask set over the anxious lost look of youth. The imponderable breathed from him, something strong and fierce enough to make itself felt, yet pulsing as delicately as light. And this other influence was so magical that she could hardly bother with his strength.

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"So now you know," she said bluntly, "why I'm rude to you."

He laughed charmingly, said "Thanks," and made no comment.

Marfa came down to lunch with a sense of release, as if, after a night of anxiety, she had waked to hear homely accustomed sounds. The others were already at table. As they entered, Maude Brand turned on her brother a look without rancor, without reproach even —merely a fixed unwinking regard following him across the room, continuing after he had taken his place opposite her. Finally he met her eyes, and it was impossible not to divine that from the moment of his entrance he had been aware of her look. His "How are you feeling?" carried no conviction of the casual, but rather a resumption of a burden which had been for a little while laid down.

Her look did not change. "What shall I say to that?" she asked. Her enunciation was very clear, almost impertinently clear.

"I hoped you'd say 'Immensely better,' " said Lawrence pleasantly.

"No," she said only—a curious "no," slow, short, of rising inflection; a "no" which made her mouth not round but almost closed.

"You look better already," said Lawrence obliviously, but his oblivion carried no conviction either.

Maude Brand smiled—she had a smile, not sweet or kindly, but crooked and mysterious and lingering. "If only I *had* looked better as many times as you've said that," she observed.

He smiled across at her, a smile evidently having no back thought. But she continued to regard him, without eating, and now without speaking—merely that slow-winking, intent stare.

Marfa looked at her, at the long fragile hands, the tips of the long fragile fingers just touching the table's edge, all but a finger of each hand lifted, like butterflies. About the hands there was something eager, terribly expectant, at queer odds with the expressionless watching face, the face that seemed to expect nothing. The face, pallid and fragile too, shadowed, thinly veined, blue-lipped, was lighted by eyes having the brightness of invalidism; the brightness, Marfa thought, of death. But the thin crooked mouth, mobile, sardonic, dominated the insensate face.

She went on with something that she had been relating:

"The mine had been salted, they said—but he didn't know that. He would never admit it while he lived—said the vein had pinched out—oh, he trusted everybody. Then when he knew that all his friends had lost money through him, he turned that land, for which he had paid thousands an acre, into grazing-land. He bought sheep—the wrong kind at first—and the sheds were insufficient. It turned cold and the sheep crowded into the sheds and smothered to death trying to keep warm. But he wouldn't give up, because of his friends' money—so then he bought more sheep and kept on and on. And he got back all their money for his friends."

"And was it some one you know?" Anthony Beach asked, attending to his mustache.

"It was my father," she said, and looked at them all, with something like maternal pride, as if she had been relating the achievement of a loved son. "My mother was like that too," she added.

"But not, alas, her brother," said Lawrence Brand.

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She turned on him a look in which pride and rancor were blended. "I have a wonderful, wonderful family," she said, and burst into laughter.

"My father had power," said Lawrence, "that he didn't pass on. He could charm things to come his way."

"And how could he do that?" inquired Anthony Beach, in his slim staccato, and touched with his napkin at his red lips. He had a wandering eye, as if he had been cut from the general mass and never specialized to any form of attention. He asked "How could he do that?" as he might have asked "Did he fish with a fly?"

Marfa cried: "I think your wife knows. Things fall into order where *she* is. Of themselves, you know."

"Yes," said Beach sadly, "she orders even me. I do as I should, in spite of myself."

Maude Brand, who manifestly never attended to any part of a conversation save to that which she herself intended to say next, went on, as if she had not been interrupted:

"My father *drew* things to himself —the kind of thing he wanted. He had a nose for success. People do. They talk of a journalist having a 'nose for news,' and a man having a collector's instinct —and hunter's luck. Well, don't such people somehow get magnetized to attract the things that come to them? It was that way with him. He was magnetized to success—in the long run."

"In the long run," Lawrence repeated. "But he couldn't seem to make his magnet work until he'd first attracted a lot of rubbish that he didn't want."

"And are you a magnet?" Mrs. Beach asked him.

"Didn't I draw you to our table at Biarritz?"

"It was I who did that," said Maude Brand. "It was the only time that I ever attracted anything good. You know, I'm really magnetized to attract ill luck."

"Darling, how ridiculous!" Mrs. Beach cried.

Again Miss Brand took that poised attitude, her hands alighting on the table's edge as if they had just flown there.

"I attracted to myself all my maladies," she said, in a loud and excited voice. "My accident—bad luck on journeys—ptomaine in my food—friends who have disappointed me—and the most ghastly boarding-places!"

When they laughed, she cried quite earnestly: "I'm not joking! I've watched this for years."

"And look at the brother she magnetized to herself," said Lawrence.

"That's the most extraordinary conception I ever heard in my life," Anthony Beach said rapidly. "Isn't it the most extraordinary conception you ever heard in your life, Vina?"

Mrs. Beach turned her ordered and placid gaze upon her husband and her guests.

"She's a creative genius—Maude," she observed. "She doesn't paint or play, so she invents deliciously."

Into Miss Brand's pallid face had come a flow of color, into her eyes bright points of light.

"Let me ask you," she said, "if these things are invented. We went to Rouen —I had three pension addresses. I chose the one in the middle of my list—in the middle. For no reason. Well, they showed me to a room where a woman had died of a fever. I had an illness of weeks—a convalescence of months. In Clovelly I went to walk. I started down one street, changed, and chose another —tripped on the stones and sprained

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my ankle—I was for three weeks laid up in Clovelly. In Rome we were given a drunken driver—hundreds of cars out and we alone had a drunken driver. We collided with a railing—my back was terribly wrenched—more weeks in Rome, convalescing, you see. I have reached out-of-the-way hotels when the last room had been given to the tourists one minute ahead of us—one minute! I have taken boats that had a terrible passage, when the next week's sailing was calm and I might quite as well have waited. I have made friends who have annoyed me frightfully when I might have made friends at the same hotel who were angels. . . ."

"Good heavens," said Anthony Beach, "but who hasn't?"

"I've done all these things, with her," said Lawrence. "Why wasn't it I who attracted these things to her?"

"Because when you go alone you have perfectly beautiful times," his sister said with an air of triumph. "You always do." Again she regarded him with that mixture of approval and distaste.

"Good Lord," cried Anthony Beach, "but there's such a thing as ill luck. . . ."

"Only to those who attract it," said Maude Brand. "And I do. Look here," she said suddenly, "your wife doesn't, does she? Don't things always come out right for Vina?"

With one finger Mr. Beach pressed his minute mustache each way from his red lips.

"She is incorrigible," he said. "I've never known it to rain when she didn't want it to. Oh, literally! Her trains, her appointments, people she wants to see or doesn't want to see—the stars in their courses fight for things to come out right for her. I've often said so."

Lawrence laughed. "Good fun," he said, "when you two get together. And what about the rest of us, between you?"

Marfa sat motionless, her food untasted. Her eyes were on Miss Brand's face. When she spoke, her own voice sounded faint to her, she wondered if they could hear her, and when she lifted her voice she seemed to be calling to them, with a voice which could not reach them. Her voice—abruptly its tones seemed to her a frail bridge across which alone she could reach them, if at all, from out her terrible isolation. She was aware of Lawrence, watching her with alarm and concern, aware of the others, who were about to slip from this subject and, she thought queerly, never get back to it. She was speaking now and they were all listening:

"But what about all those people," she asked, "who brought you the ill luck? The pension people, the driver, the one who had fever. . . ."

Miss Brand stared. "Bless you," she said, "they had nothing to do with it. It was I—I—I! I attracted it."

"But they sowed all those terrible seeds!" Marfa cried. "Some one was bound to pick them up. . . ."

"To attract them," Miss Brand assented. "And that one was I."

Marfa felt young, impotent, desperate. Their faces swam about her. She addressed herself to Lawrence's face.

"The attraction," she said, "may have been accidental. But the one who created and scattered all the ill luck—the accident, the illness, the trouble—what of that one?"

There was a moment's silence—but no one save Lawrence was really attending. Maude Brand was merely waiting to talk again herself. Anthony Beach was a polished surface over which all contacts trickled with faint chance at

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any reaction. The ordered eye of Mrs. Beach was appraising the dessert that had just been brought in. Lawrence alone was watching Marfa, and with a frown, as if he wished that she wouldn't go on.

"Because," said Marfa clearly, "I'm like that. I bring misfortune to every one I meet. I've always done that all my life."

She sat with eyes downcast, waiting for the confusion which it seemed to her that her words must bring, now that they were out. And she heard Mrs. Beach saying:

"You darling child. Imagine! Have lots of whipped cream on that."

"You bring good luck, Miss Marfa, merely by permitting us to look at you," said Anthony Beach. "Vina, are your cigarettes decent?"

Marfa's eyes went to Lawrence. He was looking at her not with amusement but with a gentleness that suddenly shook her, like pain.

Maude Brand began again:

"And then, I remember, there was once in Normandy . . ."

As they came out on the terrace, Maude Brand asked of Lawrence, "Where did you go this morning?" with a manner of casualness, but with a direct and listening look. Marfa felt astonishment, but Lawrence answered simply: "For a canter—and a gallop, with Miss Manchester."

"I had thought we might finish the chapter . . ."

"I'll get the book now. Perhaps the others would care to join us. . . ." He moved away.

Miss Brand's voice sounded sharp and piping. "But I have had hardly a word with you to-day!" Her voice was sharp, like the voice of some untutored mother to her child.

Marfa went to Mrs. Beach and slipped her hand through her arm.

"Cousin Malvina," she cried, "I'm going home to-morrow—I must go home to-morrow!"

Mrs. Beach stood in the sun, which seemed to shine round her as round a heavenly body, reflecting light but by it unmoved. She stood serene, unsurprised, completely prepared, apparently regarding nothing as unpreventable.

"You can't leave," she said in her mellow alto. "You really must go with us to-morrow to see the charming place I want the Brands to buy—quite close to us it is. Just our little party—with a car and a hamper. You can't resist the lake—and there's wintergreen. . . ."

Marfa faced her. In a sharp effort to force understanding on her, she leaped the generation between them:

"Vina! You mustn't pass over it. What I said at the table is true. I'll bring down something terrible on all of you if I stay. I oughtn't to have come . . . I thought I could get away from it. You mustn't let me bring trouble and unhappiness to this house, too. . . ."

Through the haze of her tears, Mrs. Beach's large serene face smiled out at her.

"Marfa, dear," she said, "we'll have you all over this nervousness if you'll only stay on and let us take care of you."

Marfa cried, as into some space wherein nothing registered: "But I'm not in the least nervous—it's true! It's true!"

"After all you've been through," Mrs. Beach said equably, "I don't wonder at anything you imagine. Go down in the garden and look at my holly-

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# What's Wrong with the United States?

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON WERTENBAKER
Edwards Professor of American History, Princeton University

The Edwards Professor of American History at Princeton defends America—and shocks the intelligentsia and culture-chaser by holding that material comfort is more fundamental than art.

RECENTLY I received a bundle of books for review. They all dealt with conditions in the United States, and most of them were extremely pessimistic. One author believes that the horde of immigrants who poured into the country in the years just preceding the World War have brought us to the verge of ruin. Unrestricted immigration, he says, has filled our cities with morons, criminals, and the physically unfit, has lowered wages, imperilled our institutions, and impaired the racial stock. We have now closed the doors, it is true, and we are trying to keep them closed, but it will be centuries before we can assimilate the conglomerate mass of humanity which we have admitted. It is a permanent disaster, perhaps an irretrievable disaster.

With a troubled mind, I turn to the next volume. But it, too, sounds the alarm-bell. This time it is our tendency toward undirected reproduction which appears as the great peril. The best classes, leaders in every walk of life, we are told, are restricting the size of their families, while the unfit—the lowest classes of workers, the ignorant, criminals, defectives—are reproducing with great rapidity. It is the survival of the unfittest. The race ascends the ladder by centuries of laborious striving, only in the end to cut off its own head. Seeing in this volume only the blackest future for the United States, I lay it aside more troubled than ever.

The next is a volume by a foreign observer—a diplomat who had dwelt long in this country. Perhaps he can see something of good in us. Alas! He is of opinion that we have bartered off our souls to Mammon. "Big profits overshadow liberty in all its forms," he says, "and the exercise of intelligence is encouraged only if it fits in with the common aim. Any one who turns aside to dabble in research or dilettanteism is regarded as almost mentally perverted. . . . In the universities the majority of the students are satisfied if they memorize an array of ready-made facts, and they seek from their professors not culture but the fundamentals of a successful career. . . . The material advance is immeasurable in comparison with the Old World, but from the point of view of individual refinement and art the sacrifice is real indeed. Even the humblest European sees in art an aristocratic symbol of his own personality, and modern America has no national art and does not even feel the need of one."

In disgust I leave my study and wander to the university library. There, by chance, I happen upon a well-known novel, the work of an American. In it the average, middle-class American is pilloried. Self-assertive, crude, ignorant,



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provincial, blind to the better things of life, satisfied with his overdecorated house or his drug-store, with its soda-fountain and marble-topped counter, he brings a blush to the face.

I lay the volume down, and take up a newspaper. It informs me that the United States is the most unpopular nation in the world. In one column there are strictures upon Uncle Shylock, in another complaints from Japan at the abrogation of the Gentlemen's Agreement, in a third accusations from Latin America of international hypocrisy. A fourth column is devoted to the crime wave in Chicago. It states that in the six years ending last spring there were 1,795 murders in Cook County; that in four years 45 policemen have been killed; that crime is open, and criminal gangs in control. Rum-trucks are plying merrily, the city is wide open, bootleggers and bookmakers are prospering, while the mayor is valiantly defending his flock from the British lion, and ordering the Mississippi back to its proper bounds.

What of all this? Is it true? Are we on the road to perdition? Are we incapable of self-government? Are we of low-grade racial stock, criminally inclined, sordid, without national art, vainglorious, aggressive, unjust to our neighbors? I take my hat and leave the library for a walk on the campus. A walk through our beautiful campus is often very helpful. The dignified old trees and the lovely buildings calm the nerves and clarify the thoughts. What is the meaning of America? I ask myself. What part has it played in world history? What lies before it?

I picture the first settlers at Jamestown and at Plymouth. Simple, sturdy folk, face to face with unlimited opportunities, and almost unlimited difficulties. Theirs were the riches of a continent, but only on condition that they wrest it from stubborn Mother Nature. It required courage, physical endurance, and an iron will to desert a safe and comfortable home, to risk starvation, disease, and the tomahawk, to hew out a clearing, build a cabin, and face the task of rearing a family under wilderness conditions. The Virginians and New Englanders of three centuries ago may have contributed little to science, art, and literature, but they did their part in a work no less important. They added a great continent to the civilized world.

In no sense inferior to their fellow Europeans whom they left behind, their talents were of necessity turned into different channels. This man might have been another Milton had he remained in England; in Massachusetts he had to become a soldier in the unending war against the wilderness; this man might have been an artist, this one a statesman, this a scientist. The colonial period of American history produced few great names. Benjamin Franklin alone stands out above the general level of mediocrity. But if Europe, in the years from 1607 to 1775, boasted of its Harvey, Boyle, Milton, Newton, Kepler, Galileo, Molière, and a host of others, the Americans could rightfully claim that they had done their full duty toward civilization by advancing its borders into a New World. To fell trees or to open a corn-field seems an ignoble task when compared with investigation into the mysteries of nature or the writing of epic poems, but the effect upon human welfare may be as great in one case as in the other.

When, with the dawn of the na-

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tional period, settlers began to push along the narrow valleys of the Appalachian ranges, out into the Mississippi basin, a new and rich world opened before America. There were great plains waiting for the plough and the sickle, prairies ready for the ranchman's herd, hidden treasures of coal, iron, and oil, a network of rivers spreading out like a system of natural canals. Was it not the duty of the nation to pour out its energy and its talents in the development of this land, endowed so lavishly by Nature's hand? Wonderfully well was the task performed. In a century the frontier advanced 3,000 miles to the Pacific. In another half-century the frontier disappeared. Where formerly were only prairies, deserts, mountains, and interminable forests, are now millions of industrious people, great cities, fields of wheat and corn, smoke-covered industrial centres, concrete roads, railway lines, hospitals, colleges, schools.

This great work, accomplished in so remarkably short a period, cannot be explained entirely by the abundance of natural resources. Mexico is a land of untold natural wealth, but it has experienced no such development as that of the United States because the Mexicans lack the resourcefulness, energy, and industry of our people. Says J. Ellis Barker, the noted English economist, in "America's Secret": "The country was settled by men possessing the conquering spirit and the spirit of leadership. These men fought among themselves, fought the Indians, and conquered the wilderness around them.... They created a new race, possessed of daring enterprise, of boundless energy, and of the passionate desire for achievement and success. . . . American economic success is less due to the vastness of its natural wealth and to the excellence of its machinery than to the ambition, good sense, ingenuity, and industry of the people and the wisdom and energy of the leaders."

But American energy could not have accomplished so much had it not been aided by labor-saving machinery, which in turn was the product of American inventive genius. In this country there has always been an urgent demand for labor. With natural resources so abundant and cheap, all that has been needed to make them yield rich returns was workers and ever more workers. It was this, as Captain John Smith explained to the London Company, which made it difficult for the infant colony of Virginia to compete with the potash, iron, and glass manufactures of Europe. It was this, also, which brought on the country the curse of slavery. But it brought one great benefit—the urge to create machinery which would economize in human labor.

It became the object of every American inventor to devise machines which could do the work of twenty men. Eli Whitney led the way with the cotton-gin. This device made it possible to multiply many times over the output of raw cotton, with the result that cotton cloth came within the means of many millions who formerly had had to do without. It was Thomas Jefferson who worked out the proper curves for the plough, and his fellow Virginian—Cyrus McCormick—who was chiefly responsible for the reaper. To-day our great agricultural areas are cultivated largely by means of machinery—the tractor, the gang-plough, the reaper, the thresher, the wheat-drill, potato-planters, hay-stackers. In 1850 the value of our agricultural machinery was

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$151,000,000; in 1920 it had mounted to $3,600,000,000. Under present conditions the average farm-worker in the United States produces far more than his fellow laborer in any other country in the world.

At first America was content with exploiting her agricultural resources. But with the opening of the nineteenth century there came an all-important change—the American industrial revolution. To-day not only is the bulk of our wealth created by manufactures but we produce a larger quantity of manufactured goods than all the other nations of the world combined. Six per cent of the world's people produce approximately 50 per cent of the world's manufactured goods.

Here, too, the explanation is found in the use of labor-saving machinery. Eli Whitney is known chiefly as the inventor of the cotton-gin, yet he is responsible for another achievement quite as important. It was Whitney who worked out the principle of standardization, or interchangeability, in manufacture, the very foundation of large-scale production. Turning his attention to firearms, he announced that he intended to make the same parts of different guns "as much like each other as the successive impressions of a copperplate engraving." He was ridiculed by the ordnance officials of France and England. Yet he succeeded so well that standardization began to make its way into the manufacture of other articles, lowering production costs, increasing the output, and emancipating workmen from killing toil.

In the footsteps of Whitney followed other inventors of tool-machines, or machines for making machines. American copying-lathes and American gun machinery became the best in the world. It was a long cry from the day when the youthful Slater stole away from England to set up the first spinning machinery in the United States, to the time when the British Government purchased in America a full set of machines for the Royal Small Arms factory at Enfield and imported American workmen to run them. In the years which followed, American inventive genius carried the use of machinery in industry to undreamed-of lengths. There came new machinery in printing, in shoemaking, in the manufacture of automobiles, of furniture, of clothing, clocks, firearms.

With what result? That one American worker produces to-day about as much as four British workers. That the wealth per inhabitant in the United States increased from $308 in 1850 to $2,731 in 1922. That the annual income of the American people mounted from $62,000,000,000 in 1921 to $90,000,000,000 in 1926. That the annual income of the United States to-day is as great as the entire wealth of Great Britain, and is five times as great as the annual income of England, nine times as great as Germany's, and twenty-two times as great as that of Italy. It is ten times as great as that of China, despite the fact that there are four times as many workers in China as in the United States. In other words, one worker produces forty times as much in the United States as one worker in China. In short, the result has been that in this country to-day human beings have reached a higher state of material welfare than in any other era of world history or in any other nation of the world.

I know that some will say: "It is for these very things that we are criticised. We have been accused of worshipping material gain to the neglect of literature, art, music, and science." But, after

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all, is not the material more fundamental? What boots it if we produce a Shakespeare or a Michelangelo, if there are millions living in misery and degradation? There once lived in England a devotee of beauty. He had the painter's sensibility to color, the sculptor's grasp of form, the poet's gift of language. Regarding beauty as the visible revelation of God, he devoted himself with the apostle's fervor to the task of arousing the British public to a more genuine love of beautiful things. But in the midst of his career he turned aside to become a social reformer. We find him trying to reclaim the slums, organizing a gang of street-sweepers, investing in co-operative enterprises. To many this seemed an unaccountable shift. What connection was there between painting and architecture, on the one hand, and the earning of bread in the mills of Sheffield, on the other? To Ruskin's mind the two were intimately associated. He had learned that a people cannot lift their souls to the clouds while their feet are stuck in the mire of hunger and overwork. "I am tormented," he wrote, "between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of the terrific call of human crime for resistance, and of human misery for help."

After all, as an English writer tells us, "The most precious possession of a nation consists in the productive power of the people." In a country where the masses labor early and late for a bare living, where they have insufficient food and clothing, where there is little time for things of the mind and spirit, the scale of civilization must of necessity be low. The great contrast between China and the United States is that China depends for production upon man-power, the United States upon machinery. Under any form of distribution there will be in the United States hundreds who can be placed in what has been called the builder class—leaders in science, architecture, business, invention, art—to one in China.

If Ruskin found England sterile soil for his seeds of beauty, how much more hopeless would his task have been in India or China? India and China developed a promising civilization centuries ago, but these civilizations stagnated. They stagnated because, while the methods of economic production remained fixed, the population doubled and quadrupled. The margin over the barest necessities gradually dwindled, until life became one long, bitter struggle to keep hunger from the door.

Why, then, ask our critics, has not the United States outstripped all rivals in the cultural fields? Why has it not produced a Shakespeare, a Beethoven, a Raphael? The answer is found in our history. We have barely emerged from the stage of preparation. The passing of the frontier is still fresh in the memory of us all. We are even now forging our giant industrial system and widening each year the margin between the worker and the bare means of subsistence. The future—we claim the future as our own. I know that Sidney Smith said of us a century ago: "Others claim honor because of things done by a long line of ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity. . . . Others appeal to history; an American appeals to prophecy." But in the years which have passed since Smith made this mocking statement, the prophecies of the Americans of his day have been fully justified. "Who in the four quarters of the globe reads an American book?" he asked, "or looks at an American painting or statue? . . . What new substances have their chem-

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ists discovered? Who eats from American plates? . . . or sleeps on American blankets?" To-day this brings a smile. Yet, I venture to say, the gibes of our present critics may seem equally amusing before the passing of many decades.

Already, while yet in the stage of preparation, American civilization has done its full share for human welfare. In invention our record stands without a parallel. Says J. Ellis Barker: "Americans invented the steamboat, the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, the telephone, the typewriter, the talking-machine, the incandescent lamp, the linotype, and the single-type composing-machine, the motion-picture machine, the airplane, vulcanization of rubber, modern agricultural machinery, modern bootmaking machinery. These American inventions have revolutionized transport and industry, agriculture and commerce, and have vastly increased man's power over nature." In the fields of invention Edison alone is enough to place the United States among the foremost.

In medical research this country has done noble work. An American, William T. G. Morton, gave suffering humanity the boon of anæsthesia. His priority in this great discovery has been disputed, it is true, but all the other claimants were also natives of the United States. Theobald Smith is the founder of one of the most important branches of bacteriology—for it was he who first discovered the part played by insects in conveying infectious diseases. It was Doctor Smith, also, who conquered that scourge of childhood—diphtheria—by his discovery of toxin-antitoxin. Equally important was the work of the American Federal Commission, under Doctor Walter Reed, in demonstrating that a certain species of mosquito is the agent for spreading yellow fever. But it is only within the past few decades that the United States has taken its place as the undisputed leader in medical research. The founding of the Rockefeller Institute has not only brought to this country some of the world's greatest investigators but it has organized and financed preventive work in almost every part of the world. The headquarters of the scientific army which is warring against disease is now in the United States.

It was two Americans, the Wright brothers, who gave the world the airplane. True, during the World War the leadership in aeronautics seemed to have slipped from our grasp, and many an American soldier in the Argonne or on the Meuse, as he gazed above at the German planes hovering over his head, wondered why his own government could not furnish as many planes and as good as the enemy. But to-day the wonderful exploits of Lindbergh, Chamberlain, and Byrd in conquering the Atlantic have aroused universal enthusiasm. On all sides it is acknowledged that American engines are the best in the world, and that American aviators are inferior to none in daring and skill.

In exploration, Americans have done their full share. The names of Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, and Zebulon Pike loom large in history, while Peary has the distinction of being the first to reach the North Pole. In recent days the exploits of Byrd and the dirigible *Norge* in flying over the Pole have added new lustre to American exploration.

In the strictly cultural aspects of her life, America already is entering the stage of accomplishment. In no field is there greater hope than in painting. Charles L. Buchanan, the distinguished

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critic, says: "There are persons who believe that American painting—our landscape-painting in particular—is, in a way, the finest development that this phase of the art has so far shown. . . . We find that the average person is talking about the possibility of a problematic future for American painting, without the slightest notion of the fact that a superb American painting is in our very midst." That Mr. Buchanan is not alone in this view is shown by the recent statement of the great French painter Henri Matisse: "You have made enormous progress during this generation. Before, you had almost nothing. Now you are a nation of painters to be considered alongside the European nations, with their long artistic histories and traditions."

If in literature the fulfilment has not been so prompt as in painting, the promise is equally great. Says the English writer John Boynton Priestly: "I believe that (America) has a greater mass of what we might call the raw material of literary genius than any other contemporary national literature." Another critic gives it as his opinion that within a reasonable time the United States "will produce as glistening a galaxy of geniuses as any other country can boast." Certain it is that in fiction this country leads the world, and that New York has become the theatrical producing centre of the world—the place to go, above all others, to study modern drama.

And what of architecture? Has America produced anything worth while in that important field? Perhaps we have our best answer in an incident which occurred a few years ago in London. An American was visiting some of the architectural gems of the old city —St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Brides, and others. With him was a distinguished Englishman, a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects. As they stood gazing up at the noble dome of St. Paul's, the American remarked: "I suppose Sir Christopher Wren's work has a profound influence on modern British architecture." The Englishman turned to him: "Listen. Do you really want to know the greatest influence in British architecture to-day? Well, it's the United States of America." The measured judgment of Thomas E. Tallmage, the distinguished American architect, is as follows: "Previous to 1893 there was not a single class of building in which we excelled or equalled contemporary work of the mother countries. . . . To-day there is hardly a single class of structure in which an excellent claim cannot be advanced for either our supremacy or our equality."

In the field of political science America has accomplished much. No assemblage in world history can surpass the Constitutional Convention, at Philadelphia, in its combined knowledge of the history and science of government; and many have thought the Constitution the greatest political document ever struck off by the hand of man. And throughout their history the American people, despite an occasional tendency to be led astray by bosses and demagogues, have displayed a capacity for self-government, a saneness in public affairs, which has aroused the admiration of foreign observers.

Nor need Americans blush at their record in the field of pure science. A conservative summary of the situation seems to be that of J. McKeen Cattell, the psychologist: "It is my general impression . . . that the United States is in advance of Great Britain and Germany in the biological and geological sci-

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ences, and in astronomy; behind them in physics, chemistry, and physiology; about on even terms with them in mathematics."

Professor Joseph Mayer, of Tufts College, in the January *Scientific Monthly*, states that in the last hundred years the United States, France, Great Britain, and Germany each has produced more than thirty outstanding scientists, while no other country has produced more than six.

In the eighteenth century, when the forests and the Indians were still unconquered, America produced two eminent scientists — Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson. They were the forerunners of a numerous and distinguished band which followed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One of the greatest was Josiah Willard Gibbs, who has been called the "Newton of chemistry." Among the noteworthy accomplishments of recent years must be included the interferometer experiments of two American physicists, Michelson and Morley; Millikan's measurement of the electron; the work of Rutherford, Pickering, Abbe, Newcomb, and Russell in astronomy; of Newbury, Powell, Gilbert, Dalton, Chamberlain, and Daly in geology; of Morgan, Wilson, Jennings, Wheeler, Osborn, and Loeb in biology. America produced "the world's greatest psychologist" in William James, and since the publication of his "Principles of Psychology," in 1890, has been the centre of activity in this field.

Professor Mayer's estimate of America's future is indeed optimistic. "The star of her scholarly accomplishment rose comparatively late, but it is quite apparently of first magnitude, and every sign points to its becoming the most brilliant spectacle in the firmament before the second quarter of the new century has passed."

As for our educational system, our organized charity, our public health system, there is every reason for pride. Certainly the American surgeons and dentists are the best in the world, American hospitals the most complete and efficient.

It is not the purpose of this article to answer all the criticisms aimed at the United States. Some of these criticisms are inspired by ignorance or jealousy, others are matters of controversy, still others are trivial. Some, beyond question, are sound in character, and point to real defects in our system, real dangers for the future. But let us not lose our proper prospective because of the present volley of abuse. We may agree that unrestricted immigration has produced a very real problem; that undirected reproduction has its dangers; that there is need for curbing crime in our large cities; that there are too many boxlike little cottages spread out over the country; that our fellow citizens are sometimes aggressive and a bit trying when they visit foreign countries.

But let us pity those critics who see nothing beyond these blemishes, when the most amazing spectacle in all history stretches out before their eyes—the chaining of the forces of nature, the freeing of man from the bondage of killing labor, the creation of a huge surplus above the needs of the hour and its diversion to the higher and better things of life, not only to greater comforts and opportunities for the individual, but to education, to research, to literature, to art. After all, we have a right to view with pride a past of splendid accomplishment; to look forward with confidence to a future of unprecedented promise and hope.

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# Educational Fables

BY EDWARD C. DURFEE

II

There was once a Book Dealer who lacked a Sense of Humor. He catalogued the "Spoon River Anthology" among Books of Travel. He advertised the Lives of Lucretia Mott and Lucretia Borgia together at a bargain. He described Tillotson's "Sermons" as "slightly loose," and "The Art of Love" as "Pink calf, slightly soiled." He filled his window with the works of John Erskine and Elinor Glyn (another sweet juxtaposition) and then put many pasters on the glass with the announcement: This is Children's Book Week.

Moral: *Why go beyond the title-page?*

There was once a Valedictorian who announced at his Senior Class Dinner that he was going to be a Bond Salesman, and in the Amazed Silence that followed spoke thus:

"I am aware that in this decision I am running counter to all American College Tradition. I am aware that this rank of Valedictorian carries with it Prospects for the Future that amount almost to Obligations. In the opinion of you and your predecessors who are now Alumni, my career is cut out for me. I should enter either the ministry or the teaching profession. I should begin life in rural obscurity, and should stay there. I should marry a woman who would do nothing to lift me from the rut into which I had fallen—and in twenty-five years' time I should be unable, on account of my straitened finances, to send my eldest boy to my own college. Some of you prosperous ones might offer to help me out, but I should be too proud to accept assistance.

"Such is the tradition, but it is going to be belied in my case. I realize my handicaps; I know that for four years I have been on the wrong track. Instead of Making Friends and Learning Life, I have been Content with the Companionship of my Books and the esteem of my Professors; but it is not too Late to Reform. Here and now I pledge myself never to open a book again, except occasionally a Best Seller, never to peruse any Magazine that is tainted with High Brow, and never, except on the Sporting and Market Pages, to read beyond the Head-lines of any Newspaper.

"I shall amass one fortune and marry another. The allowance of each of our Children shall be more than the an-



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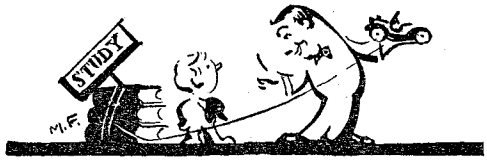
nual income of other Valedictorians. Grateful and would-be-grateful colleges shall bestow countless M.A.'s upon me. Others shall make me a Trustee. Always, from to-night, known as a good mixer, I shall retain that Reputation even after my Exalted Financial Position would justify a somewhat haughty exclusion, and if, in the Night Clubs of which I shall be a discreet and Munificent Patron, my memory should play me false, and I should blunder into a Latin Quotation, my Presence of Mind shall enable me to pass it off as a new Bit of Slang."

Moral: *But, as we all say on Occasion, it is the Exceptions that Prove the Rule.*




There were two Parents who entered their Son in a Famous School. It was Plain to be Seen that they had something on their Minds which they must tell to somebody before they left him there, so the Principal gave them the opportunity.

"We want you to know," said the one who acted as Spokesman (you can have one guess as to which one it was), "that our boy is rather peculiar. In fact, he is not like most boys. We have always found that he can be led, but he cannot be driven." And they departed, happy that this Secret had been revealed.

What the Principal wanted to say, but did not, was Something like This: "I have heard that Profound Remark a thousand Times, and know precisely what it means. Your child has got the better of you in the struggle of wills that begins so incredibly early in every young life, and you have come to accept the idea that Indulgence is the only form of control that you can use with him. Doubtless you have already promised him a Rolls-Royce if he squeezes through his College exams. in three years, and a Speed-Boat if he makes the School Football-Team. God helping me, I shall drive your Offspring hard, and as he looks as if he had some Guts, you will probably never know anything about it."

Moral: *Say what you think, but not always.*

A Modern Educator once approached a Traffic Cop on Duty at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and addressed him as follows: "I regret to see, sir, that you and I, though engaged in somewhat similar occupations, follow very different paths. There was a time when my noble profession—that of teaching — employed your present methods, but the consensus of enlightened opinion has pronounced them out of date; in fact, hopelessly old-fashioned. You and I are both Leaders, or, perhaps, more accurately, Guides and Directors. It is our Privilege to direct Humanity along Right Paths, but we have accomplished Little or Nothing if we have, except as a last Resort, employed that Hateful Thing called Coercion. Is not 'Self-Expression' the most precious of all things? Can anything more certainly tend to Inward Rebellion than the Idea that we do anything because

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we have to? And does not such Rebellion have a fatal effect on a Favorable Mind Set? It is so long since I have given an Order to my Classes that I cannot remember the last one. Let me beg of you to follow my example. Put up a notice saying that Motorists may do as they Please, and that if any one thinks he has done wrong, he is to report it at the Police Station in the Morning."

The Traffic Cop said Nothing in Reply, but summoned a Passing Patrolman, and said: "Say, Mike, this nut just mentioned the Police Station. Take him there."

Moral: *Don't disturb a Traffic Cop's Mind Set.*

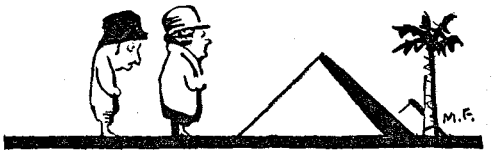
There was a Clergyman in New York City who had two Sons, aged twelve and ten. In an earnest endeavor to train them up in the Way they Should Go, he adopted the plan of having them report, at breakfast, on what Good they had found in Any one since the morning before. One Morning he saw that the younger boy was particularly Keen to report, and therefore called on him first.

"Oh, Father," said the Boy, "I found Good this morning in the Ashman."

"How was that, Jamie?" said the Clergyman.

"I was out on the Street early," went on the Young Observer, "when he was collecting our Ashes, and when he picked the Barrel up, the Bottom fell out, and the Ashes went all over the Pavement. Now I think an ordinary man would have been angry, but he just stood there and Talked to God."

Moral: *To the Pure, Ashmen are Pure.*




There were once two elderly Ladies from Oregon who decided to take a Year Abroad and make it Educational. They landed in September and did Paris first, but postponed the Château Country till the next Spring, when they should have had time to take a course in French Art. They struck Avignon in bad weather, but came down the first morning in rain-coats and galoshes, determined to See the Sights.

As they put it to a Fellow American Tourist: "We know all about Nismes (rhyming it with Prisms) and Arles (rhyming with Charleys), but is there anything to see in Avignon? If there is, we want to go out now, for our Schedule does not permit of another Day here."

They agreed that Florence was a Nice Place.

At Rome they visited Forty-eight Churches, each once, but did not find any of them worth a Second Visit.

They saw Mussolini taking his Morning Ride and were greatly impressed.

In Capri they bought Eighty Postcards.

They liked Egypt and the Holy Land, but found the Hotels Expensive.

Altogether they had a Grand Time, and the Women's Clubs in Oregon heard a lot about it.

Moral: *Travel if you would be a Citizen of the World.*

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There was once a Boy whose Father had plenty of Money and wanted his Son to go to College. Nothing in the boy's Inheritance or Tastes warranted the Belief that he belonged there, or would stay if he went, but that does not make much difference nowadays. So the Youth struggled along for a year in one Expensive School, and then for a year in Another, and did not get anywhere. Then the Father gave up and put the Boy into his Business. He began Learning at the Bottom, and spent a Month in one Department and then a Month in Another, and was soon promoted to the Office. Here he Stuck, and for two years did not seem to Get Anywhere.

So it was agreed that he should try for College again, and for two years more he worked with Tutors, and took examinations, and by the Time he was eighteen he had two credits out of the necessary Fifteen. You see he had found Latin too Difficult years before, and did not make much Headway in French, which had been substituted for that Noble Ancient Tongue, and Mathematics was confusing to him, and History got him Tangled Up, and the English he had learned in the Business and heard at Home did not Bear much Relation to his class work, and Elementary Science does not count for College Credits. But no one felt obliged to tell Father all these Things—not so long as the Money held out!

Now the Boy is back in the Office again, on a Salary of a Hundred a Month, besides Fifty a week that Mother gives him for Spending-Money, and a Special Sport Roadster for which Father pays the Bills. He is a Good Boy, too, Steady and Dependable. No Traffic Cop ever has to Give him a Summons, and he is not Crazy About Girls. But in his Eyes there is a Puzzled Look, which has been growing for about Seven Years.

Moral: *Education is not yet an Exact Science.*

There was once an Aunt who brought her little Orphan Nephew to School. It was a good New England School, one of the kind that Prepares for the Preparatory Schools. She asked, among other things, what the Proper Allowance for the Child would be, and they told her that a Dollar, or a Dollar and a half, a week would be about Right. She smiled, and said: "Oh, very well. Just as you say. But it does not seem very much for a Boy who has One hundred and twenty-five Thousand a Year in his Own Right."

Moral: *One of the Glories of Education is that it is always being called upon to Face new Problems.*

There was once a Professional Baseball-Player who became a Teacher—though rather against his Will. Having a Day Off in Chicago, he went to see

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the other League play. But, unfortunately, he had let his intentions be known, and an Aunt whom he did not want to Disoblige wished a Young Lady Friend of hers on him. He was Game, however, and spent the time of the Preliminary Practice telling her the Names of the different Bases and other such Bits of Information, just as if she wanted to know them. She did not say much, nor ask any Questions, but seemed fairly Intelligent.

Along in the Second Inning a White Sox base-runner started to steal Second, and was thrown out by Half a Mile or so. As he slid into the Waiting Ball, the Girl exclaimed: "Oh, how stupid!"

"Oh, No," said her Instructor, "that wasn't wrong. They call that Trying to Steal a Base, and he takes a Chance that he can get there Ahead of the Ball."

"Yes," said the Girl, "but didn't he see the Catcher signal for a Pitch-out? I did."

Moral: *When about to Teach, first learn whether it is to be Primary or Graduate Work.*

# Sierra Moon-Down

By Helen Poteat Stallings

Cry again, white owl,
You will not waken
This sleeping valley.
The far snow-tipped mountains
Are too old to care.
Sleeps placidly the village court-house,
Holding aloft its golden flagpole,
Challenging the giant moon.

Horses escaped from their corral
Move like dreams across the square,
Dark shadows, with one white shadow,
Moving slowly on heavy, unshod feet.
Cry again, white owl,
Nested safely in the ranch posts
Bluebirds may hear you
And feel their small hearts beat.
The innkeeper's fowls are
Sheltered securely.
Under the dew-wet meadows gray
Gophers are covered deep and warm.

Cry again, white owl,
Your wild cry will not waken
This sleeping valley.

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# How It Was

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TOWNSEND

RICHARD DRAYTON was nearly fifty when his father died. One would have expected him to grieve, since he was a man of normal affections, but no one could have forecast the event as a crisis in his life. Old Henry Drayton, the father, had always been an ineffectual person, although in his latter days he had become an appealing and picturesque figure. There was attached to him the legend—always so hard to believe, and therefore so attractive, about a gentle and well-preserved old man—that he had been very wild in his youth. There was the story, for example, that Drayton's blindness was the result of some parental folly long ago. But the two were obviously on the best of terms. Henry Drayton took an almost pathetic pride in his son's success, while Richard made as much of his father as if he had had reason to be proud of him. All of which made grief natural, but did not explain why Drayton should even think of dropping out of things when the tie was broken. Certainly he had no cause whatever to reproach himself; whereas, if the old story were true, he owed to his father one of the heaviest handicaps that can befall a man.

Richard Drayton had succeeded, in spite of his blindness. He had increased the family fortune enormously—rescuing it, everybody knew, from the wreck it was falling into when he took over the business from his father's feeble hands. He had been busy with public affairs, moreover, long before he accepted public office. When he went to the Senate, he went because his own party at least recognized his wisdom and honesty as well as his capacity for getting things done. If in a way his blindness was a help rather than a hindrance, the advantage was due him. He had struggled against heavy odds, and he had shown that without eyes he was a better man than most of those who can see. During the campaign his opponent said privately long before the election that he should lose his faith in human instincts if he won out. A blind man can have no enemies, but a blind man who is also able can have almost anything else he asks for. Drayton made a good record in Washington, too, as the leaders of the opposite party ruefully admitted. He never asked any favors on account of his infirmity, but he always won a little more esteem for what he did than would have come for the same action to a man who could see. And nobody grudged him his good fame.

It remains to add that in his private life he had been as fortunate—except, always, for his blindness—as in business and politics. At thirty he had married Alicia Gardner, a brave and competent woman, who had devoted herself with equal fervor to his career and



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to their three handsome children. Being an outspoken creature, she used to say that she had married Richard because, without eyes, he was worth any half-dozen other men she had ever met. It was as clear as daylight that they were a happy pair.

With everything to give zest to life Drayton should not have been thrown off his course, one would think, by the death of his father at so ripe an age. He had never before shown any sign of morbidity, and he had seemed ambitious as well as eager for work. Yet three days after the funeral he went to Manlove, the chairman of the State committee, and announced that he shouldn't be a candidate for re-election when his term expired. The primaries were coming on in three months' time.

"What's that?" cried Manlove, who was a bundle of nerves, though he usually kept them under good control.

"I've decided it isn't worth while," Drayton answered. "I've had enough of public life."

"But you've made good, senator," protested Manlove, wriggling in his swivel-chair with astonishment and perplexity. "What's the sense in talking about quitting? You'll have a walk-over this time."

"I'm not giving up because I fear defeat." Drayton had a supernal way with him at times which people might have resented if he had been less competent and if he had not been blind. "I wish to retire from public life, that's all."

Manlove, who had had long experience as a lawyer and political manager, looked both worried and incredulous. Drayton, sitting straight in the leather-backed chair opposite him, was the best party asset in the State at the moment, and had to be handled with discretion even when he behaved absurdly—as he had never done before. Manlove naturally suspected some hidden sense of injury, and began to probe for it.

"Don't you realize that you can't very well get out—not in justice to the rest of us—when you've got the whole party behind you? It isn't often that a man has such strong backing as you've got right now. If anybody has been suggesting the contrary, he's a double-dyed fool."

A faint smile played about Drayton's marred but handsome face. "You're on the wrong track, Manlove. I've been treated with nothing but kindness, and I'm ever so grateful. But I've made up my mind to retire. I'm not indispensable, and I prefer a quiet life."

"You don't like it in Washington?" asked Manlove, showing by his tone that he was completely puzzled. Men didn't give up an office, in his experience, except for cogent reasons.

"Yes, I like Washington very much, but I'm tired of it. You may not realize that a blind man has to work harder to keep track of things than a man who can see. I've worked very hard for thirty years, and I propose to take a rest."

"Of course, you've been a glutton for work," granted Manlove, "but you don't look as if you felt the strain of it. Couldn't you take a vacation—go somewhere—before the campaign begins?"

"I intend to, and while it is on as well. I consider that I've earned a long holiday."

"Yes, yes, you have! But you don't want to drop out when you've got everything going your own way. You—you've got responsibilities, too, senator. You mustn't forget that."

"It's precisely what I'm going to do. I've been shouldering responsibilities all my life, but I'm through with them.

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Except that I shall probably attend to my private affairs from force of habit, I plan to spend a useless and unencumbered old age."

Manlove was bewildered, and he was becoming righteously displeased. "What's happened to you?" he burst out. "We can't argue this thing unless you'll show your hand. Tell me what's on your mind. You know that I've always been your friend."

Drayton got up from his chair and walked with his hesitating blind man's step to the desk behind which Manlove was ensconced. Resting one hand upon it, he extended the other. "We'll shake on that, Manlove. You've been the best of friends, and I'm sorry to disappoint you if you've really been counting on me. But the fact is I've no incentive to go on any longer. Suppose we leave it there."

His tone was so decisive that Manlove couldn't well refuse to shake hands and let him go. The austere attendant without whom Drayton never went anywhere came forward from his station near the door, and Drayton grasped his arm. They were out and away before Manlove had recovered from the shock.

Manlove was by no means satisfied to let it go at that, however. Left alone, he puzzled and puzzled over the matter, but failed completely to hit on any reason for Drayton's sudden anouncement. He thought of old Henry Drayton's death, but he could see no connection. It wasn't as if the father could have left either properties or debts that required attention—nothing of consequence, certainly, since everybody knew that Richard Drayton had been managing the estate since he was thirty. Nor was it reasonable to suppose that the loss of his father had plunged him in grief. He behaved with perfect self-command. What incentive could have disappeared? For the life of him, Manlove could not see.

Neither could the innermost circle of his political friends, to whom he confided the state of affairs after extracting pledges of complete secrecy. It was important that no hint of Drayton's disastrous resolve should get out for the present. Possibly something could be done to make him change his mind, though Manlove was at a loss about the arguments to use. How could you argue with a man who refused to say anything except that he didn't like his office any longer and was going to chuck it? The political friends did not know. They shook their heads and, after the manner of their kind, begged Manlove to "get in touch with the senator at once," as they put it. He was the manager, they intimated, and therefore ought to manage. Personally, it was clear, they had no desire to try to move Drayton if his mind was made up. They had experienced his firmness before, some of them to their confusion. As to what was going on in his mind, they professed indifference. The thing to do was to get him to take back his announcement and consent to go into the primaries like a sensible man.

This was all very well, but it neither helped nor comforted the State chairman. He mulled over his difficulties for three days, and at the end of that time could think of nothing better to do than make a last desperate appeal to Drayton himself. Although there were two or three men not unwilling to accept the nomination, and possibly able to carry the election, Manlove couldn't give up a certainty without a struggle. He got into his car and headed for Drayton's house in the country, pre-

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ferring—for all sorts of reasons—to arrive unannounced.

As he drove up the avenue of elms, his hope forsook him. If Drayton had lost his taste for public life and intended to throw off his responsibilities, he had everything he needed—save the use of his eyes—to make him happy in idleness. It might be foolish to attempt to dissuade him. Yet Manlove was not the kind that gives up in the face of difficulties, and he had besides the incentive of curiosity. He could not imagine what had happened to destroy Drayton's ambition almost overnight, for apparently nothing else had changed. He would see. Perhaps in his own home Drayton would talk more freely than he had been willing to do the other day, and just possibly he might still be open to argument.

Unfortunately for Manlove's plans Drayton was not about. The sympathetic maid who came to the door said that he had gone driving. Wouldn't Mr. Manlove wait? He thought not, since the senator's wanderings in the pony phaeton he affected were admittedly of uncertain length; but he hesitated, for he wished to get the interview over with, and he had motored forty miles.

While he stood irresolute, a car whirled up the drive. Mrs. Drayton stepped out briskly and greeted him. As always, she was cordial, although she looked to Manlove either troubled or far from well. Possibly, he thought, black was unbecoming to her, or possibly she hated to have her husband retire, was worrying about it, and might prove an ally. Although he did not know her at all intimately, he remembered that she had the reputation of having been a useful as well as a devoted wife. So he accepted gratefully her invitation to come in for a cup of tea with her while he waited.

"Richard won't be long now," she said. "He likes to poke about the country with our funny pony. He says he can think better in that basket phaeton than anywhere else. I go with him when I can, but he insists that Mac is quite as good company as I am. You know Mac, don't you? Everybody does who knows my husband. Of course, the joke of it is that Mac never speaks if he can help it."

Quite at ease she led the way to a room overlooking the garden that Manlove had never entered before. This was evidently her own room, and usually closed to political visitors. Manlove felt surer of his ground now. Mrs. Drayton wouldn't bring him in here unless she wished to talk. So far, so good. What he wanted, first of all, was enlightenment. Even if she approved her husband's decision, she might clear up the situation and furnish a basis for argument.

Until she had given him tea, however, she prattled inconsequently, making him laugh with funny tales of the pony phaeton and the saturnine attendant. The pony really belonged to her fifteen-year-old son, it appeared, but had never struck his fancy, which was strange because, like the gloomy attendant, it attracted minor adventures. Manlove said little, but took pains to keep the conversation going. There would be no sense in forcing the note. He was right, as things turned out. After ten minutes of desultory talk, Mrs. Drayton turned to him with a suddenly altered tone.

"My husband called on you the other day, didn't he?"

"Yes. And he gave me a very disagreeable surprise."

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"He told me. You don't think he ought to give up?"

"I certainly don't," Manlove broke out in the impetuous way he had when he let himself go. "I don't say we couldn't elect another man, but I'm sure we couldn't get anybody else half so good. I think he has a duty in the matter."

"Perhaps he has. On the other hand, Mr. Manlove, have you ever considered what his life has been like? Perhaps he has a right to his long holiday." Mrs. Drayton's voice was level and quiet.

Manlove frowned nervously. "Just what do you mean? Of course, I know the senator has been a terror for work. He's accomplished a lot. Do you mean he's in danger of a breakdown?"

"Oh, no. He says he has never been better in his life, and I think it's true. But hasn't he earned a rest?"

"Why, I suppose he has, if you put it that way. What I can't see is why he wants to quit. He always gives the impression of liking to do things, and he's in the position to have even more influence if he goes back to Washington for a second term."

"That's true enough," said Mrs. Drayton, "but he seems not to care about it—not now."

"Do you mind telling me why not? That's precisely what I couldn't find out when we had our talk."

Mrs. Drayton hesitated. "He didn't tell you?"

"No. He said very firmly that he didn't care to run again, and left it there."

"Then perhaps I'd better not talk. He's quite capable of making any explanations that are necessary."

"That's very true!" Manlove laughed, though uneasily. "But don't you see where it leaves me, Mrs. Drayton? I honestly want what's best for him as well as the party, but I can't understand why his father's death—if that is it—should make such a difference with his plans. I have the feeling that if I only knew I might somehow save him from making a big mistake."

Mrs. Drayton turned her head away from her visitor and looked out at the garden. For a little she did not speak, and Manlove's gaze followed hers to the sunlit green of the turf, the blended gaiety of the borders. It was very peaceful here, he thought, and it would be very tempting to a man who really cared nothing for the struggle of active life. At last Mrs. Drayton shifted her eyes back to Manlove.

"Do you happen to know," she asked, "how my husband lost his sight?"

Manlove started. What was the woman driving at? There was some old story, of course, which involved the father scandalously, but he couldn't—it was so faded in his memory—recall just what had happened, if indeed he had ever known the details.

"I'm not sure I've ever been told," he answered with complete honesty. "It was an accident of some sort, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it was an accident." Mrs. Drayton was very grave. "I think perhaps you ought to know—perhaps I ought to tell you. Richard couldn't do that. It may help you to understand his position now."

"Please do," he urged her.

"It was common knowledge at the time, or I couldn't speak of it. There's very little to tell, really. My father-in-law—" She broke off. "It seems cruel to say it, with the dear old man just gone, and it's almost incredible when one thinks how gentle and patient he

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was—but I suppose it is a fact that he was wild with drink at the time. It was very long ago."

"He fired the shot?" said Manlove quietly, partly remembering now and thinking to help her out.

"He was fooling with the gun in a dangerous way, and threatening to kill himself. Richard—a mere college boy then, you understand—tried to take the gun away. Then it happened. I don't know whether it was worse for my husband or for his father."

"Terrible for both of them," Manlove murmured. "I'm very glad you have told me."

"You begin to see?"

"It makes what the senator has accomplished more wonderful. He must have gone straight on as if nothing had happened to him."

Mrs. Drayton smiled. "As a matter of fact, he didn't. He would say that he went all to pieces, though I think he's unjust to himself about it. The shock was horrible in every way, and probably his poor father's grief didn't help at first. You can understand?"

"It would have been worse than death for any father."

"He nearly died of it," declared Mrs. Drayton. "Both of them have told me that. Later, of course, he was all the prouder of what my husband accomplished."

"He must have been—poor man!" exclaimed Manlove.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Drayton, "I've never seen anything more beautiful than their devotion to one another. There has always been pathos in it for me, considering what it was that brought them so close. I'm sure that everything Richard has done, every obstacle he has made light of, has given his father more pleasure than any one else in the world—even me. Infinitely more than he has got out of it all for himself. Success, for him, has been something to make his father happier."

Manlove regarded himself as hard-boiled. Most of his acquaintances, both in and out of politics, would have agreed with the estimate and cited instances to prove the point. Yet he found it hard to speak. He wished he had kept away, for he hated to get so stirred up. What Drayton did was his own affair. Obviously, he took his father's death much harder than appeared from his manner. Pride and native reticence made him hide his grief; but he might very well feel that the chief reason for hard work was gone, since his father could no longer enjoy the results of it.

"I understand," said Manlove at length. "I think he has every right to give up, but I hope all the same that he won't. It would be a pity."

"Yes, it would be a pity." Mrs. Drayton spoke as if she were weighing every word. "I believe he would be happier to keep on, but I can't help seeing that he has earned his holiday. Isn't that true?"

"Yes; oh, yes. I hadn't realized before." Manlove made a wry grimace. "It doesn't make what I've got to do any easier, to tell the truth. I've got to present the claims of the party, and it's going to be hard work."

Just then there were steps in the hall outside the open door.

"Thanks, Mac. I'll do very well now," said Drayton at the threshold. "In here, Alicia?"

Mrs. Drayton was at his side in a moment. "Yes, dear, and I have Mr. Manlove with me."

"Manlove?" A frown gathered on Drayton's face, but it changed almost

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instantly to a welcoming smile. "How are you, Manlove? Hatching something with my wife?"

"Taking counsel, that's all," said Manlove, clasping the hand uncertainly outstretched. "The truth is, Mrs. Drayton is almost too loyal to you. I can see that she agrees with me, but she sides with you."

Drayton chuckled quietly and groped for a chair. "What else did you expect, my dear fellow? You have met her before. Aren't you ready to admit that I have a right to leave the arena if I want to?"

"That isn't the question," returned Manlove. "To my mind it's a question of living up to an opportunity. I'm forcing myself on you like this, senator, because I believe you have a great chance and a real duty."

"And will disarrange your plans if I don't run?"

"That's a consideration, certainly," agreed Manlove without a smile. "But I hope it's only a minor one."

"Of course it is." Drayton dropped his tone of mockery. "I suppose it's inevitable that we have this thing out. Maybe I was too high and mighty the other day. I didn't intend to be rude, but I may have been. I had just made up my mind that I could be free, and I couldn't stand the thought of interference. But I owe you an explanation, at least."

"What I'd like to know," said Manlove slowly, "is why you wish to be free. It's a thing I've no right to say, perhaps, but I can't believe that a public man ought to let his private troubles interfere with his services to the people. Shouldn't you say so of another man?"

Drayton's face grew strained, as if he, too, failed to understand. Then his expression cleared. "No, Manlove, you haven't got it right, though it's very true that I loved my father as much as a son well could. It isn't because I'm hard hit by his death that I'm inclined to give up public life. It's because—it's very hard to explain."

"I think Mr. Manlove knows the old story," suggested Mrs. Drayton gently. "He will understand."

"Yes, yes. Thank you, my dear. Don't you see, Manlove? I've worked my level best, ever since I was a mere boy, simply and solely to keep my dear father from feeling that a mistake of his had cut me off from things. I couldn't do anything else, could I? I've made him think that I liked the work and the worry, when all the while I've wanted leisure to think, and to have the books read to me that I really care about, and in my poor blind way to enjoy life. By nature I'm a lazy fellow, and, as I was saying to you the other day, a blind man has to concentrate his attention terribly if he's going to accomplish anything. But now there's no reason why I should keep up the pretence."

"You mean that you've made your career what it has been for the sake of convincing him that your—your misfortune didn't matter?" Manlove was rephrasing it to himself as the poignancy of the situation sank in.

"Just about that," went on Drayton cheerfully. "Of course I've been interested in the things I've done, but they've never been my chief incentive. I couldn't spoil his life by letting him believe he had spoiled mine. In a way I've enjoyed myself, but I've always taken it for granted that I needn't go on beyond my father's lifetime. Heaven forgive me! I suppose I've looked to his death, half unconsciously, as a time of re-

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A living sacrifice for thirty years—hadn't he the right to indolent peace?—Page 455.

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lease." His voice broke a little as he spoke the words.

Manlove was silent. How could he urge further labor on this blind man who to mitigate a father's just remorse had given up his life to heroic effort? A living sacrifice for thirty years, according to his own admission—hadn't he the right to indolent peace?

Drayton waited a little, as if for assent. When no one spoke, he shifted in his chair and threw up his arms with a gesture of appeal. "I hear no enthusiastic applause," he said in a different tone. "Won't you come to my help, Manlove? I know that my wife disapproves of me, but I hoped you might back me up."

Mrs. Drayton rose quickly and placed herself behind his chair, laying one hand on his shoulder. "My dear Dick, how can you? I'm incapable of disapproving of anything you decide on. But I don't want you to do anything that you'll regret later."

"Applause!" Manlove found his voice at last. "My dear senator, don't you realize that if your story got out, nothing either you or I could do—or the other party, for that matter—would keep people from voting for you? Yet I'm not going to urge you any longer to keep on—I can't. Publicly and privately you've done your part. Only—well, I'd like to vote for you just once more, myself."

Drayton reached up and took his wife's hand; but when he spoke, his words were for Manlove. "It's good of you to say so. I appreciate it. The worst of it is that I'm afraid I shall have to accept your offer. I've been thinking hard on my own account, and I'm not so sure as I was that I can give up my job until I'm beaten at the polls. Driving about with Mac has had a very steadying effect."

"You mean you might consider—?" In his eagerness Manlove did not complete his question, but his face brightened.

"Just that," went on Drayton. "I still stick to it that I have a right to my freedom, but I'm not sure I can take it. You think I mustn't, and so does my wife, whose judgment is also very sound."

"My dear! my dear!" protested Mrs. Drayton vehemently. "You shan't be forced into something you don't like simply because you think it will please me. I shall be perfectly satisfied to have you retire."

Drayton smiled, but did not relax his pressure of her hand. "No, that couldn't well be, though you'd try magnificently to like it. The fact is, we can't wholly control our preferences, though we can steer our behavior. That's what I must do. A man can't, I suppose, give up responsibilities he has assumed unless he has a very good excuse—not lightly, for a preference merely."

Manlove saw that he had won his point, yet he felt far from happy. "Hang it all, senator!" he burst out. "I've half a mind to say that I won't on any account manage a campaign for you. I would, too, if I had only my own inclinations to consider."

"There you are!" exclaimed Drayton. "Nobody is free. I was foolish to think for a moment that I might be. Besides—it's a habit, of course—I probably shouldn't like living even in this blessed spot for eight or nine months a year. I'm very much afraid I'm chained to my accustomed work."

Mrs. Drayton disengaged her hand from his, but patted his shoulder.

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"More than that, my dear, you rather like your chains. So do I, and so, no doubt, does Mr. Manlove. We're middle-aged together, and rebellion is not only useless—it's distasteful to us."

"That's very true," said Manlove gravely, and rose to go.

"No; you're both wrong," Drayton declared, rising in turn. "Revolution is what we can't stand. An occasional rebellion, properly safeguarded against success, keeps alive the fires of youth. The correct ironic ending for all this, you know, would be a whacking victory for my opponent next November."

Manlove crossed his fingers piously.

# Youth's Defiance

By Elizabeth Larocque

We cry, it is not so, it cannot be,
It is not fair that Life should treat us thus;
Others are twisted, broken, but not we,
For surely happiness was meant for us.

And surely dreams come true and Life is sweet,
And moonlight never ceases to be fair,
And there are wings upon our thoughts and feet,
And great adventures wait for us out there.

And surely love is strong and has no end,
And kisses are like fire and like dew,
And we have each a thousand years to spend,
For surely, surely, all our dreams come true.

And surely—but our voices break and cease,
And silence clasps our hearts and turns us pale,
And mocks our happiness, and slays our peace,
And soils our Faith, and leaves it gray and stale.

For moonlight plays us false, and kisses fall
Like fire, but as lightly as the dew;
And Life's a spoken word beyond recall,
And of a thousand dreams but one comes true.

And love is like the flickering of a flame,
And we who once had faith are now too wise,
And we who once looked heavenward toward fame
Have seen our star come hurtling down the skies.

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# Innocence Abroad

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

Sweet girl graduates pursue culture and cute places to eat, delight tourist agents and European merchants, help pay off war debts.

TELL me honestly now—do you know a college woman under thirty whose book-shelf does not display the familiar red back of "A Guide to the Louvre"? Do you know a recent sweet-girl graduate who does not, through first-hand knowledge, itch to correct your faltering pronunciation of Magdalen College, threepenny, *pain au beurre,* St. John Ervine, Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs? Or one who does not look arch at mention of the Folies Bergères and who cannot quote the price of her fringed shawl in lire?

You do? Look at the corners of her mantelpiece. Surely there is a blue-and-white Della Robbia medallion . . .

If Diogenic research among your acquaintances does produce that phenomenon, a college woman who has not yet been abroad, the chances are a hundred to one that she is, unless she is ill, stupid, or afraid of the water, at this moment hoarding her savings for a third-class passage.

To the true college girl the European venture, as soon as possible after commencement, is well-nigh indispensable. It is the accepted thing, the cultured thing. Years ago, on that first day of her freshman year, when she faced the registrar with her health certificate and her father's check for the semester's tuition, the college girl forswore crudity for all time. At that moment she dedicated the future to the conventional, the cultured, and the cultural. During four years of expensive mental hardship she has learned what every astute bachelor of arts must know—namely, how to separate those cultural things she must do from those she can pretend to have done. The trip abroad falls into the first class. It cannot be faked. The travelled manner gives final shine to that conversational front which is, after all, the beginning and end of culture. And, even for tea-table purposes, the travelled manner must be genuine.

It is primarily for cultural reasons, therefore, that Innocence, during the last few years, has gone abroad *en masse.* Adult America has, of course, gone too. Advertising men, members of the Bar Association, butter-and-egg magnates, rent-gougers, and their wives, all feeling slightly ridiculous, have walked the gang-plank with their orchids and bon-voyage baskets; have squinted along the pointing finger of the tourist-party guide at the best-known scenery, museums, and cathedrals; have made the usual comments on French coffee and plumbing, and have returned home. Humorists have run riot at their expense. But the innocents, the college girls, speeding on the last lap of their costly education—these are a separate group, a group too engaging for malicious gibes. Light-hearted, shallow-pated, and often very pretty, they have,



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for the summer, thrown open their minds to the history of civilization. They are a piquant spectacle—as picturesque and as harmless as the pigeons who, like them, swoop down suddenly in front of St. Paul's or San Marco, flutter and fuss, get frightfully underfoot, and then, in a jiffy, are gone.

They may go first-class or third.

Affluent Innocence, travelling first-class, finds the details of its trip indexed and simplified past believing. Long before commencement the travel clubs and agencies are busy among the senior classes in women's colleges, and trips abroad rank with proms, final examinations, and "After college—what?" as a topic of conversation. Folders give scrupulous advice about pocket-money, baggage-transportation, thickness of underwear. "A light raincoat should be provided. Rubber-soled deck-shoes will also prove a comfort. Those wearing glasses would be wise to take an extra pair of lenses." Pursuit of the evasive passport is charted, step by step.

So Innocence is made ready to go—vaccinated, inoculated, and shadowed to the very gang-plank by a fluttering but complacent mama laden with last-minute purchases—a sewing-kit, a dozen extra handkerchiefs — and breathless with vague, last-minute warnings against rumored perils—drinking-water, airplanes, foreign young men, indigestion, *Cimex lectularius,* and colds.

## II

Culture aside, the college girls' desire, first and last, is to see Paris. On this point their hearts beat as one. Hence, conducted tours land, more often than not, at Cherbourg, where our innocents adventurously set foot on foreign soil.

They swoop down upon the railway-carriages, find them just like the ones in the movies, stow their baggage on the racks, and shrill excitedly:

"*'Ne permettez pas les enfants à jouer avec la serrure'*—my dear, imagine that! In French!"

Thrilled, the innocents are absolutely thrilled, as they unflaggingly declare. Thrilled by the tiny French diner, by the waiter, and the menu card; weary, but still thrilled to alight, at dusk, at the Gare St. Lazare. They are hungry and have slight headaches, but what innocent, arriving in Paris for the first time, would not sooner perish than relax?

On the short, jolting ride to their hotel, they peer out of the taxi, nudging each other vigorously—"Vera, look; *blanchisserie, pâtisserie.* See, it says *Avenue de l'Opéra.* There's *Chocolat Ménier,* and *Dubonnet*—what in the world is *Dubonnet?* There's a café, see, with tables right on the sidewalk. And a policeman—what is it they call them? There's the Louvre—of course it is, it has a big sign up in front. There is that thing, you know—the Arc—the Arc—and look, just *look* at the pink lights! Isn't this simply divine? Did you hear what the porter said to me? He asked me *'Combien de bagages?'* and I understood, only I said *'treize'* instead of *'trois,'* you know, and you should have —oh, just look at that perfectly *tiny* taxi!" The *concierge* of their hotel, the water-taps that say *chaud* and *froid,* the *hors d'œuvres* at dinner—everything is thrilling. Will the smiling *garçon* really bring *petit déjeuner* to their bedsides in the morning?

Early next day, piling into chartered automobiles, they fix bright eyes on the guides who show them Paris, gravely reminding one another that they had

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this or that incident in History 205 A, such and such a building in Art 13. They are serious and appreciative. They resolve to come back to Sainte Chapelle when the sun is shining through the multicolored windows, to attend a service at Notre Dame, to spend hours browsing in the book-stalls. In their enthusiasm at seeing Venus de Milo in person, they purchase the red "Guide to the Louvre" and assure one another that this hasty trip to culture's treasure-house is the first of many.

Thus for the first day or two. Then Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Paris?" claims them, with its insidious suggestions of delightful places for lunch or tea as an antidote to sightseeing. Culture struggles briefly, then gives way to cuisine. Between meals there are, of course, trips to Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Belleau Wood, but there is also a great deal of shopping—hats, bags, gloves, handkerchiefs, prints, frocks, lingerie, perfume, and jewelry. The steady trickle of coins through the innocents' excited fingers forms no insignificant part of the ten billions of francs which pour into France each year from foreign tourists. The free moments between the Panthéon de la Guerre, St. Etienne-du-Mont, the Opéra, and the iniquitous Folies are crammed with the search after the "adorable," the "cunning," the "unusual," and the "chic," all up and down the Rue de Rivoli, street of gray arches, beginning, for them, with Rumpelmayer's, which Innocence knows well, and ending with the Louvre, which Innocence has never found time to revisit.

It is a hurried, crowded, excited week in Paris. The innocents hate to leave. Sights, shops, and restaurants have kept them as busy as dyspeptic. They tell one another that they do not feel that they have had time really to know Paris. All plan to come back the next year and spend the winter studying. They pack their purchases and start on to Marseilles, waving gay *au revoir* to the city of their greatest thrills. They will never be happy, they are sure, until they are back in Paris—studying.

## III

Marseilles; then eastward ho, next day, to Nice.

"Nice is wonderful," the innocents write home. "This afternoon we took a drive along the cliffs over the sea and stopped at Monte Carlo. We didn't gamble, of course—just looked on. We heard our first Italian to-day—an old man was singing, and when Vera gave him some money he said: *'Grazia, signoretta.'* Tell Mary not to get a cover for the living-room table; I'll see what I can pick up in Italy. You ought to see the olive-trees on little terraces—the kind you've always read about. . . . It's nice to be seeing the country instead of just 'sights.' We're a little tired of sightseeing."

Tired of sightseeing before they have been two weeks in Europe? The innocents! Ahead of them—sitting on the Seven Hills and drunk with the blood of exhausted tourists—ahead of them is Rome.

Vertimeglia. The Italian border. The innocents are dumped out of the train and hustled into the customs-room. The baggage inspected, they sprinkle their first spoonful of cheese on their soup and tell one another they love being in Italy. One girl produces a handbook of ready-pronounced Italian phrases from which she instructs the others: *"Quanto?" "Tropo."*

But the zest of the arrival in Paris

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has gone, never to be recaptured, and these are subdued innocents who set about the business of adoring Italy. They adore Genoa, where the streets are so narrow that the houses almost meet across them; where lines of bright-colored washing are stretched from one house to another. Innocence reflects that Columbus must have walked up these streets. And the Two Gentlemen—oh, no, that was Verona.

Eleven weary hours from Genoa to Rome. Did the innocents once bubble and prance on entering a new city? They do so no more. Sunset brings first sight of the Roman campagna, of distant hills and pointed trees. Forums, catacombs, baths, vaticans, temples, and arches whiz bewilderingly past the windows of the taxicab, on the ride to the hotel, recalling illustrations in ancient-history text-books and photographs in the college art library. Seated on the window-ledges of their hotel rooms, watching the moon rise over an arched wall built in the third year of Our Lord, and listening to music from a café across the way, our peregrine martyrs think uneagerly of the two months before they can start home. They steel themselves for more sightseeing.

There is need of steeling, verily, for on reaching the Eternal City the best of chaperons goes grim. In five days' time the innocents "do" Rome—to the last Madonna, Holy Family, and Annunciation. It is very warm in Rome. The innocents' clothes are mussed; their hats are battered and sad. They steal away, between ruins, for a spumoni or an orange ice. Almost they admit that they loathe the Forum Romanum; that the Sistine Chapel makes their necks ache; that the Museum of Sculpture seems a personal affront. The final solace—food—is robbed of its allure when one girl meets an old friend of the family in the Pantheon and is warned that the drinking-water is full of typhoid germs and the spaghetti crawling with bugs. The innocents do not like Italians. One innocent reports that, as she was walking home from the Vatican, a man followed her.

Still gallant, but with fast-ebbing strength, the toilers press on to Naples. They drive about the city in the bright sunlight and, when no annunciations or vaticans demand inspection, they brighten immeasurably. Rome, it is agreed, was historic and all that, but it had no real atmosphere or charm, whereas Naples is adorable. Capri and the glass-bottomed boats are adorable. Fringed shawls are bought in Amalfi; fringed shawls are bought in Sorrento. Toward evening of the third day they mount the side of Vesuvius, try to recall who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," sit in a scarlet sunset, and have dinner. They adore the sparkling bay. They adore having a buried city underneath them. They adore having dinner.

Then Florence—cajoling, refreshing, ingratiating. The innocents are in love with Florence, and who is not? With scarcely a murmur they look at the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campanile, and aching feet are forgotten for love of the blue and gold sunshine, the Ponte Vecchio, and the ceaseless sweet bells of Florence.

A few hardy ones climb the tower in the Boboli gardens and look down on the city, snug in its valley, on the proud tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, which has the evening mists beneath its chin. They are led to meditate: will Cousin Bert really like that leather desk-set? . . . Or perhaps there is a drive to Fiesole and along the paths of the Cascini at sundown; a glimpse of blackly sil-

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houetted boats poised on pink water. The fresh air makes them hungry. They would sell their souls, they say, for some real American food.

## IV

What now? Oh, yes, Venice. Gondolas carry the innocents along intricate waterways and over the Grand Canal, and they try hard to be thrilled. But Venice is moonlit, restless with song, and the innocents have left their beaux at home. Venice falls flat.

Milan follows, and Milan is difficult. Innocence has yearned for an end to churches but there is one—which has in it Leonardo's "Last Supper." A print purchased in a shop near the entrance will do to remember it by. . . .

But come, come—this is only half the trip. The march lies to Switzerland —railway-coaches, motors, and steamers. Innocence lays a weary head in Interlaken.

Here is respite. Here are clean hotels, fresh air, and good food. Here is rest. Deep rest. These astounding adventurers awake to find themselves reborn. They fairly bound along the way to Lucerne, where they look good-naturedly at the Lion, take long walks, eat huge teas, and revel in the absence of art.

Revivified, they get painlessly through Heidelberg. The thrilled and excited cries, abandoned somewhere in France, though less spontaneous, are heard once more—"Oh, cute! Adorable! Isn't it here, my dear, that every one gets those sabre-cuts on their cheeks?"

In Amsterdam there are canals and men smoking long pipes in the doorways. The innocents buy cheese and wooden shoes. Those who bought wooden shoes sell them during the evening to those who bought none.

The Hague is a bore. It's where the World Court sits, but what of that? Antwerp is intolerable. Brussels is worse. It's a long trip, a long trip . . .

Then, at last, the white cliffs of Dover. Sassenachs, ahoy! Oh, merrie, merrie England! Only a week now between the innocents and their sailing-date, a week which is spent in London and passes like a confused dream. Looking back over it, they remember chiefly their delight at hearing the English language, at bathtubs, eggs for breakfast, hand-organs playing jazz tunes in front of hotel windows. Pipes for their fathers, for the sake of going into Dunhill's; scarfs for their mothers, for the thrill of shopping at Liberty's. Climax: the cashing of the last traveller's checks into green dollar bills.

Panting from the effort to close obese suitcases, Innocence sets out for Southampton and the boat. Once on board, the misery, the boredom, the aching feet, all the annoyances of the three months are forgotten. Our innocents look back, buoyant with achievement, and are convinced for all time that they adored Paris, worshipped Italy, loved Switzerland and Germany, idolized England. They have been abroad. They have had a wonderful time.

## V

So ends the odyssey of affluence. What, then, of the third-class innocents, sweltering somewhere among the engines and stanchly maintaining that their discomforts are fun?

There is little obvious difference between Innocence wealthy and Innocence poor, except that the former has at least two thousand dollars, and the latter at most five hundred dollars, to spend. Thanks to modern fashions, the inno-

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cents, above decks and below, look almost exactly alike. Thanks to modern education, they bring the same conventional background and the same serious mien to their inspection of the Old World. Their motive, the lust for self-improvement, for closer contact with culture, is the same, but whereas affluent Innocence occasionally loses sight of its motive in the sweet delirium of spending its money, third-class bon-voyagers never do. They have precious little money to spend.

Furthermore, steerage innocents have a better time. Students' Third Cabin, out of Cunard Lines by Cornell University, is, in its way, the triumph of higher education, dating from the summer of 1922, when two Cornell sophomores, one of whom was Burke Dowling Adams, went to Europe in the steerage.

Gasping for breath in garlic-scented corridors and tripping over immigrant babies and rolls of bedding, these two boys agreed that if they had their own crowd, a few ukuleles, and enough burned cork for a minstrel show, the crossing would be no more uncomfortable than life in the average fraternity house. Mr. Adams offered his idea to the steamship companies, one after another, and it was the Cunard Lines which finally, and half-heartedly, gave him the steerage of the diminutive *Saxonia* to fill with students.

When, in a few months' time, he had filled this and the steerage portion of two other boats with students and professors, Cunard officials seized upon him as a smart young man. Adams got the job. Other companies, jolted into wakefulness when immigration restrictions left their steerage quarters almost empty, hired publicity men and joined in pursuit of the poor but ambitious scholar, who found that the heartening droop of foreign rates of exchange made his longed-for trip abroad possible for five hundred dollars or less.

There are, nowadays, a number of boats dedicated exclusively to third-class passengers, but our innocents avoid these if possible. If third-class it must be, then let them be battened down beneath the hatches of one of the swanky liners with magic in its name! Give them the dignity of three funnels, the consciousness of movie stars and royal suites above them.

On these large boats the innocents find in the third-class several hundred other voyagers besides themselves: school-teachers, mothers of nine, uneasy bachelors of middle age, foreigners returning home, dusty young men who admit having worked their way through small, sectarian colleges.

It's livelier down near the stoke-hole than on the first-class deck. The atmosphere is informal—very. The bachelor, in private life a bookkeeper, spending ten years' savings on this delirious one month's holiday and aghast at his own foolhardiness, is asked to make a fourth at bridge. He trumps his partner's ace uneasily and wonders if she would teach him to dance. The obscure German violinist, on a passionate pilgrimage to Bayreuth, singles out the drab girl who has never had a date, leans against the rail beside her, and tells her her eyes are beautiful. His foreign accent sweeps her off her feet—her trip abroad is a success.

It is probably just a month's trip—that is, two weeks for the voyages across and back and two weeks for sightseeing. If so, there are two main objectives—Paris and London.

Emerging from their submarine retreat, the innocents descend hotly upon

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Paris, where they spend five days, leaving the city smoking behind them. In one morning's tour of the city they see —just listen:

Opéra, Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysées, Arc de Triomphe, Bois de Boulogne, Trocadéro, Eiffel Tower, Panthéon de la Guerre, Les Invalides and Napoléon's Tomb, Luxembourg Gallery and Garden, Panthéon, St. Etienne-du-Mont, Cluny, Palais de Justice, Sainte Chapelle, Louvre, Place Vendôme, Place de l'Opéra, Montmartre, Sacré Cœur, Place de la République, Père Lachaise Cemetery, Place de la Nation, Place de la Bastille, Place des Vosges, Hôtel de Ville, St. Gervais, Notre Dame, Palais Royal, etc. Yes, *et cetera*.

In the afternoon of the same day, believe it or not, they polish off Versailles and Malmaison. Next day they scramble into motor-coaches bound for Rheims and the battle-fields. They need no rest, these innocents; they will rest when they get home. Everywhere they find motor-coaches spilling over with friends, classmates, and shipboard acquaintances, all bubbling intensely.

They stay at a small hotel on the Left Bank. For economy's sake they master the bus system, the Métro, and the Nord-Sud, of which the rich innocents have not even guessed the existence. They wash their own stockings and have lunch at restaurants where the *prix fixe* amounts to twenty cents.

Paris has few secrets from these innocents. They have not lingered in the shops after buying handkerchiefs and gloves to take home to their families. Instead, they have explored the Latin Quarter, Montmartre, Montparnasse, and the Bois. They can tell of riding up and down the Seine in boats, of seeing the original site of the Bastille, the markets on Sunday morning, Chartres and Amiens, Victor Hugo's birthplace, and the rooms where Marie Antoinette and Robespierre were imprisoned. Invincible, they have been several times to the Louvre, contributing their precious franc pieces to the three and one-half millions which are that museum's annual gate-receipts. Possibly they have returned to Sainte Chapelle on a sunny day.

Astonishing that they do so much in so short a time, while the wealthy innocents do so little? You forget that they have had much less to eat.

From Paris to Brussels, to Ostend, to Dover—they pillage as they fly. Then London. They must not miss a thing.

Nor do they. Brightly they await the motor-coaches and the lecturer, that they may be out to pluck Britannia's plums. Trafalgar Square, National Gallery, Edith Cavell Memorial, Thames Embankment, The Temple, London Bridge, Billingsgate, Southwark Cathedral, Tower Bridge, Tower of London, Trinity Square, Mansion House, Bank of England, Lombard Street, Cheapside and Old Jewry, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill and Circus, Fleet Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, British Museum, Bedford Square, Regent Park, Wallace Collection, Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Whitehall, War Office, Houses of Parliament, St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Abbey, Tate Gallery, St. James Palace, Marlborough House—one by one the plums drop into the outspread pinafore of Innocence, to be borne away and made into conversational jam.

The second day they jounce to Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Stokes Poges, where the curfew, they accurately reflect, tolled the knell of parting day. Twenty-four hours remain in London for shopping, adventure, atmos-

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phere, and art. Southampton, and the trip is ended.

Or this third-cabin marathon may be extended a few days more, to engirdle Glasgow, Edinburgh, the Lake country, and the Shakespeare country. Third-class innocents may take as many as six weeks and explore Germany and Switzerland in their breathless flight. Heaven help them, they are even known to include Italy and the Rhine, and all for very little more than five hundred dollars!

Wherever they go, whatever they suffer, it is all one. They return home, like the first group, bringing only pleasant memories. Europe was wonderful. They have been abroad.

Even so it fares with the innocents, "sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements."

"Knowledge and improvements," continues that provocative scalawag Sterne, "are to be gotten by sailing and posting for that purpose, but whether useful knowledge and real improvements is all a lottery. . . ."

A lottery? Fie, Mr. Sterne, what innocent will agree with you? Returning first-class or third, the innocents never doubt the success of their adventure. Surely they have got what they were posting after.

Surely. They have acquired first-hand knowledge of the politer capitals of the globe; they have called at the best-known places on culture's visiting-list. They have nodding acquaintance with all the works of art they need to know. Theirs, forever after, is the inestimable privilege of saying lightly—or, better still, allowing their listeners to infer—that they have been abroad.

They may decorate their walls with the proper prints, introduce a French phrase into their conversation, join in a discussion of shipboard etiquette, even venture a solution, based on personal experience, of some tangle in international relations. They may, if they wish, rest here from striving. They have been to college and have had a trip abroad. Culturally, conversationally, they are equipped for American life, of whatever sort.

If they do not wish to rest here; if beneath innocence there is outcropping intelligence, this first trip will have done no harm. They have the courage of having done the thing once—courage, we have Emerson's word for it, consists in having done a thing once—and some day they may return to travel as leisurely, as appreciatively, as profitably, and as pleasantly as possible.

# Noise and Silence

By William Hamilton Hayne

Noise is an anarchist who slaughters calm,
And his explosives wreck all rest and peace;
Silence, his gentle sister, with soft palm,
Comes in his wake, and brings benign surcease.

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# The Wedding-Ring

BY CONAL O'RIORDAN
Author of "Yet Do Not Grieve"

EVEN a honeymoon may fatigue when a man is past forty; and Mr. Adamson, though he had married a charming as well as pretty lady, too young to know better, already dozed away the hour before dinner. His bride being the only daughter of a man passing for well-to-do in Memphis, U. S. A., and rich in Europe, there was money to throw about on their honeymoon, and that commonly meant late hours. Only the forty winks before dinner saved Mr. Adamson from falling asleep soon afterward. To fall asleep immediately after dinner is not a romantic way of passing your honeymoon; and, although Mr. Adamson had never honeymooned, in his wife's sense of the word, before, he had always been romantic. As for Mrs. Adamson, unlike the young women she had met in the American women's hospital at Paris during the war, which caught them in France, she was as romantic as Mr. Adamson's Victorian mother.

The Adamson marriage had been pure romance. A man of letters, with one or two vaguely distinguished books to his credit in the British Museum catalogue, and perhaps none other, Mr. Adamson had profited by the war in finding occupation as liaison officer on the Western front; drawing in pay no very great sum, yet more than he had earned by his pen in his days of best promise. And then, just as this new and successful career was threatened with closure by the double-faced angel of peace, Mr. Adamson's own guardian spirit bewildered a poor, stray German airman, remote from the firing-line, into the wasteful dropping of a too long-hoarded bomb: Cupid's own bomb, which blew Mr. Adamson, with the most interesting fracture in his knee, into the future Mrs. Adamson's arms.

Although it was positively Lenore Danby's duty in the Great War to take Mr. Adamson in her arms, lifting him in and out of bed, that was no reason, in the view of some score if not hundreds of her admirers, known and unknown to her, that she should marry a good-for-nothing-in-particular gentleman perhaps twice her age. Even he, though not wholly ignorant of women, was all but surprised when she answered his carefully thought-out and, in a literary sense, most commendable proposal with a straightforward "Yes." Her parents were not pleased: they were not warmed by her romantic commendation of him; but they allowed her to present him and admitted that he was presentable. And Mr. Adamson's angel guardian did him one more yeoman service by seducing Lenore's English cousin, Lady Angela Cornerstone, into leaving her husband for a coolie. "We may have our doubts whether Bert Adamson is a white man," said Mr. Danby to Mrs. Danby, "but it's sure he isn't a Chink."

When he considered his niece's es-



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capade and heard his brother-in-law, the noble Earl of Havering, describe his emotion, Mr. Danby contemplated almost with pride his son-in-law's severely Caucasian countenance. For Mr. Adamson really did look a perfect English gentleman; and who shall say that he was not what he looked? To Lenore Danby he seemed not only the perfection of Englishry and gentlemanliness but the cream of Old World culture: for example, alone of all the officers she knew who spoke French, he made himself comprehensible to Frenchmen; and also he could talk about books, and listen without impatience while she herself talked about them, even American books. He was, in short, the most wonderful man in Lenore Danby's world. True, that was a world which, until the war threw open the gates for Lenore and her cousin to follow their several bents, was far from wonderful: it would have been easy for a man of even less distinction than Mr. Adamson to cut some sort of figure in it.

And there was no real harm in Adamson: he knew too well on which side his bread was buttered to turn out a bad husband; whatever his weaknesses he suffered not at all from *nostalgie-de-la-boue*. When he married Lenore Danby he did so with the full determination to live happily ever after. He would have been glad to spend his honeymoon drinking the waters of Contrexeville, but Lenore preferred Paris. There she had felt the first pang of love, there she dreamed of knowing its full joy.

To Mr. Adamson it was ridiculously bourgeois to spend your honeymoon at the Grand Hotel, but, since his father-in-law had paid for a suite, he was too well-mannered to say so pointblank; so there they were, and in one of the most comfortable apartments in that, after all, comfortable hotel, Mr. Adamson snored just a little while his wife was dressing for dinner. But he snored in such very gentlemanly fashion, in a low chair in front of the sitting-room fire, that Mrs. Adamson, behind the folding doors in their bedroom, heard nothing of it; and when, as the clock struck seven, she came into the sitting-room, he semiconsciously silenced himself, and for a moment she was not sure in the dusk, seeming pitch-darkness to her after the brilliant lighting by which she had dressed, whether he was there or not. Travelling in the luminous flood from her bedroom, she found her way to his chair and laid a hand on his arm. Then, as he took no notice, she said a little nervously: "It's gone seven, Albert."

To which Albert, starting but very little, replied as one might who had been awake all the time: "Oh, ah . . . has it?"

Said his wife: "It has. Didn't you hear it strike?"

"Strike? Why, yes. To be sure it did," said Mr. Adamson, "you must have heard it yourself; what's the good of asking me?"

His wife's hand slid down the sleeve of his frock coat as she murmured: "You're not cross?"

"Cross!" snorted her husband, "I?" for he conceived himself to be rightly offended at the imputation. And when she suggested that he had been asleep, he rose with some alacrity to say, for he thought it would sound better standing: "I never heard that being cross and being asleep were the same thing."

She knew that he would like her to

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laugh a little here; so she did, and asked: "Do you think we might have a little light?"

More affably he replied, "Certainly, my dear. I'll ring," and he fingered the bell beside him, to be reached without moving.

This time her hand fell again on his arm, too late to restrain him: "Oh, why bother the poor waiter?" And, although he rejoined that it was his business, she continued: "I'll switch it on." But, hazed by the strange room in the darkness, she had to appeal to him. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all," said Mr. Adamson with cold politeness. "Since the matter is urgent," and he touched a button next the bell, illuminating a single sixteen-candle-power bulb over his head.

She laughed outright. "Is that all I'm allowed to have?"

Still politely he answered, "As many as you please," and made a stately progress round the room, switching on all the lights. He had regained the fireplace, yawning, when the waiter answered the bell and stood a moment unnoticed until he suggested: "Monsieur a sonné?"

In excellent French Mr. Adamson signified his gracious pleasure that he should extinguish the light in the bedroom and close the folding doors. When he was gone Mrs. Adamson said indignantly: "An American waiter wouldn't stand being rung up for nothing like that."

To which he replied sardonically: "Have you ever tried?" There fell a silence between them until, more amiably, he went on: "We're in Paris, my dear, and you must believe me when I say that, though I may not know America, I do know Paris."

He was not altogether pleased with her answer: "I want to know Paris, oh, so dearly; I want to know Paris." As he looked at his watch and asked, "Why?" she went on: "Because I want to know everything you know."

Too impulsively he answered, "Stuff!" but sentimentalized his voice to continue: "My dear, I could not bear you to know half the suffering I have borne in Paris."

Her eyes sought his pitifully: "When I was nursing your dear wound?"

He patted her head reassuringly: "Long before that. Apart from you, Paris is not for me a place . . ." he looked sadly aside while he thought of what to say next, "a place of happy memories."

"Why, then," she asked him, "did you bring me to Paris?"

He answered truly: "Because you made me. You must remember, Lenore, that the very day we became engaged you made me promise to bring you to Paris." He added, as though with deep meaning, while wondering what he meant: "I keep my promises."

She was roguish in reply. "Do you, indeed? You promised to bring me to all your old haunts"; whereupon he coughed and reminded her that they had been to the Théâtre Français more than once; and she, patting his cheek, retorted: "Any one could see that you'd been educated by Jesuits."

Mr. Adamson had indeed learned something from that society in his youth, but he now declared with a witty air: "The Jesuits said no one would ever see that I'd been educated at all."

Refusing to be put off, she demanded: "When are we going to the Latin Quarter?"

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"We've been there three times," said Mr. Adamson.

This roused her indignation and she cried: "Oh, Albert, how could you say that? I've not been near the Latin Quarter once. I've seen nothing that wasn't as ordinary as Central Park the whole time we've been here."

Shrugging his shoulders as with regret that she found his old haunts too ordinary for her, he insisted that she had been to the Latin Quarter three times, and, being pressed, instanced a performance of "Phèdre" at the Odéon, a debate on Cambodia at the Palais de Luxembourg, and a conference on the Tuscan Renaissance at the Sorbonne.

She protested that she didn't count theatres or Parliaments or universities, saying: "It's too ridiculous to call a lecture that I couldn't even follow the Latin Quarter." Her tone even turned sharp as she summed up: "I almost suspect you don't mean to bring me to the Latin Quarter after all."

Still Mr. Adamson remained affable, if there was something subacid in his tone, as he said: "If, instead of doubting me, you will kindly explain what you mean by the Latin Quarter, I shall endeavor to show it to you. . . . If you are thinking of the Morgue, I may say that it is not in the Latin Quarter, but in the Ile de la cité." Lest this should not content her, he added: "It is no longer open to the public."

Lenore's pretty face was adorable with indignation as she cried: "I don't want to see dead people: I want to see live people—to see the people you lived amongst when you were the age I am now."

Mr. Adamson's voice was agreeably pathetic: "My dear Lenore, can't you understand that these people are dead for me? The Quartier latin for me is full of ghosts, you might as well ask me to show you la neige d'antan." He regretted having to spoil his effect by adding explanatorily: "Last year's snow."

She insisted: "But all the people you know can't be dead."

Mr. Adamson replied readily that they were not: "There's Paul Donnet the poet, who's dining with us to-night, you'll see plenty of him if you give him the chance."

Mrs. Adamson perhaps illogically replied: "Oh, I don't think we need, do you?" She added half apologetically: "I feel sorry for his wife all the time, he seems such a . . . I don't quite know what sort of man."

Mr. Adamson smiled good-humoredly: "There you are. You ask me to show you my old friends, and then you find fault with them. I suppose you don't even care for her?"

His wife looked at him: "Not very much. Do you?"

Mr. Adamson shrugged his shoulders and went on: "Paul will be in the Academy one of these days."

"He writes such horrible books," she protested, and when he asked her how she knew they were horrible, confessed she was glad she could not read them.

"Well," said Mr. Adamson genially, "I'll not pretend to be sorry." Nor did he quarrel with her when she pleaded that she could not understand how any one could be interested in French literature. Actually he laid down the law in her favor, saying: "Oh, it's largely an affectation. I don't care for it, I'm not sure that I ever did." He repeated that he would never have come to Paris again if it hadn't been for her.

Yet there was determination in her answer: "Anyhow, now we are here,

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I should like to see whatever there is to be seen, however naughty it is, and then go away and forget all about it."

Mildly amused he let fall the phrase: "You talk as if you wanted to sow your wild oats." And she rejoined, as quickly, that women had no wild oats to sow. Whereupon he let slip the further apothegm: "Luckily, or they'd never be done with it."

Suddenly she turned quite serious with the question: "Albert, when they speak of a man sowing his wild oats what do they mean?"

He repeated blankly: "What do they mean?"

"Yes, what do they mean?" she insisted.

Mr. Adamson was bland in reply: "I haven't a notion what they mean now. In my father's time I've heard him say it meant drinking a bottle too much after dinner and wrenching off a door-knocker." Feeling this matter disposed of, he put his hand to his chin and visualized his new case of razors, given him as a wedding-present; for his wife declared he looked younger clean-shaven.

He made an instinctive movement toward the bedroom door, but was held by her eyes lifted to his, and the direct question: "Had you no wild oats to sow?"

He answered, with crushing readiness, that most certainly he had not. And indeed he was so unconscious of any fault in himself that he expressed his astonishment at her asking him such a question.

Thereupon his wife impulsively seized his righteously indignant hands and kissed them. "Oh, thank you, Albert," she cried; "you have taken such a load off my mind." She went on in self-exculpation: "That horrible Madame Donnet said something the other night, or I thought she did, about the time you and he were living together, and for a moment I . . . no, I didn't believe it." Tears actually welled in her eyes as she pulled off the wedding-ring that slipped so easily over her charming finger and presented it to him. "Take this and keep it till to-morrow."

Mr. Adamson, a trifle nonplussed for him, took it mechanically, asking: "What for?"

"To punish me," she answered; "to punish me for not believing in you, let me believe I'm not really married to you."

Mr. Adamson smiled kindly if wearily as he played with the ring: "Isn't that unnecessarily severe, Lenore?"

"No, no," said his wife, "it's only just. A woman should never doubt her husband. Do keep it. . . . It will be terrible, but it will be fun."

"Very well," said Mr. Adamson indulgently; "if it amuses you, I'll keep it. And now I must go and dress."

Yet she kept him talking with the question: "Why should Madame Donnet be so malicious?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mr. Adamson.

Still Lenore went on: "You know she asked me what was my dot . . . wasn't my father very rich? . . . why did she ask those questions?"

Mr. Adamson produced his watch again. "When I said I knew Paris, my dear, I did not say that I knew why Madame Donnet talked nonsense."

Whereupon Mrs. Adamson, again changing her tone, returned: "She pretends to know why you do most things."

As one who does not hear, Mr. Adam-

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son cut her short: "Look at the time! They'll be here in a moment, and I've got to shave." He slipped the ring into his trouser-pocket and stepped swiftly into the bedroom.

Following him to the door, possibly to pursue the conversation, she found it locked and called to him: "What have you done with my ring?"

She listened but got no answer, and called louder over the swish of the razor on the strop: "Albert!"

And Albert called back from within: "All right, wait till I've done shaving."

She was standing irresolute, tapping with her bereft fingers on the bedroom door, when she was conscious of the waiter entering behind her. Throwing a glance over her shoulder, she saw him look round with an embarrassed air, as he said: "Hé, Madame! Monsieur pas ici?"

Jumping to conclusions, she knocked again at the bedroom door and cried: "Albert, these people are come already! What shall I do?"

Mr. Adamson answered nonchalantly: "Have them up. You can entertain them till I'm ready."

In obedience Lenore turned to the waiter and summoned up her best accent to say: "Faites monter, s'il vous plaît."

Said the waiter doubtfully, "Que je la fasse monter?" and Mrs. Adamson, missing the point of what he said, confirmed the order.

But when he was gone panic seized her again, and she pleaded through the door: "I wish you wouldn't leave me alone to entertain these people." Whereupon Mr. Adamson laughed and bade her not worry. Then her eye fell upon the naked finger of her left hand and she all but screamed: "At least give me back my ring."

Quite at his ease Mr. Adamson answered: "Your ring? . . . Where should it be? . . . I don't see it anywhere." Then, after a long pause: "I'll look for it when I've done shaving."

And then in came the waiter, ushering a lady, in a mumble of words among which Mrs. Adamson distinguished only "Madame la Comtesse . . ." She wheeled round from the door to perceive that her visitor was not Madame Donnet. She turned appealingly to the waiter, but he was gone. She considered her visitor, to make sure she was not mistaken, and found herself confronted by a ponderously built woman with an airy manner. Lenore pinched herself into possession of a little French: "Mais, mais, Madame, vous n'êtes pas Madame Donnet, je pense."

The countess stopped her with a benevolent smile and a pat on the shoulder. "Never mind about French, my dear," she said, "plain English'll do for me."

Lenore feebly murmured her thanks, and repeated her point about her visitor not being the lady she had expected.

"No," said the other, "indeed, you're quite right. I'm not Madame Donnet any more than you're Mr. Adamson. I was told by that waiter Mr. Adamson was at home or I shouldn't have troubled to come up." She gazed at her hostess with scrutiny that grew kind as she took in her youthfulness. "Will you be Mrs. Adamson?"

Lenore answered uneasily: "I am Mrs. Adamson. . . . I thought you were some one . . . a lady we expected."

The countess took this news with a dramatic wave of the hand. "And lo and behold, I'm a lady you didn't expect!" As it were to emphasize this point she sat down and went on: "You

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thought I was Madame Paul Donnet, did you?" She threw a glance at Mrs. Adamson. "It was Madame Paul you meant, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Mrs. Adamson, her uneasiness growing at this lady so sure of her knowledge.

"Well, now," said the visitor confidentially, "I'll tell you the difference between Madame Paul Donnet and me: I'm big and she's little. She dyes her hair and I've no need to as yet, thank Heaven. I'm Irish and she's French, or some say German. That's the difference between us."

Mrs. Adamson suggested, as she thought reasonably: "Madame Donnet is a friend of yours?"

To which the countess replied, as she seemed to think no less reasonably: "Oh, I've known Paul these twenty years . . . since he and your husband were living in the rue Soufflot."

Mrs. Adamson's eye lit reproachfully on the folding doors as she tried to say politely: "I didn't catch your name, I'm afraid."

Her visitor thrust a not very small hand into an unusually large vanity bag, and after some search produced a card-case, in which, however, she failed to find a card; yet waving the case as a sign of good faith, and diffusing a strange odor of cocoa about the room, she answered: "Madame la Comtesse de la Tour de Montmartre. . . . The count was killed in the war, but I've kept his name ever since."

"He was killed in the war?" said Mrs. Adamson wonderingly.

"Yes, my dear," the countess insisted, "in the war before last. I was only twenty then."

Mrs. Adamson dropped her air of wonderment to say: "How very sad!"

"You're right, my dear," said the countess, "it was, indeed. I was only twenty, you might say, and the baron . . ."

"The baron?" queried Mrs. Adamson; "don't you mean the count?"

"Of course I do," the lady agreed; "I mean the count. He was rather less if anything."

"Less?" echoed Mrs. Adamson without definite meaning.

"I mean younger than me," said Madame la Comtesse; "it was quite a boy-and-girl affair." Having made this point, she went on: "I remember well the news of his death; I'd just moved to the rue Soufflot." She broke off to inquire why her hostess turned pale.

Mrs. Adamson tried to smile as she repeated questioningly: "The rue Soufflot?"

"I think," said the countess, "it was the rue Soufflot. . . . I couldn't be sure of a thing like that. One of the streets off the Boule Miche . . . and Paul . . ."

"Paul who?" asked Mrs. Adamson.

But the countess only answered: "There, there; why should I pour out my troubles? Do you tell me about yours. How's your husband?" She made a circular gesture. "Where is he that I don't see him?"

Mrs. Adamson, with hardening tone, asked: "Did you particularly wish to see him?"

And her visitor answered, a little in the same key: "Well, yes, I did rather particularly wish to see him."

Which made Mrs. Adamson's voice harder still as she said: "May I ask why?"

The countess laughed rather harshly. "Well, now, that's a real young wife's question, that is, why another lady should want to see her husband. Still, I'm not the one to be offended. Paul told me that Albert . . ."

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Mrs. Adamson cut her short with the question: "Whom do you mean by Albert?"

Her visitor's eyes dulled a moment. "There, now, to be sure I may have mixed him up with some one else." Then, studying her hostess's face, they grew brighter: "Surely the man's name is Albert?"

"What man?" Mrs. Adamson persisted.

Her visitor smiled. "Albert Adamson—isn't that your husband's name?"

Mrs. Adamson made a mighty effort to stand on her new, strained, and precarious dignity. "By what right do you call my husband by his Christian name?"

Her guest, unimpressed, retorted: "If you asked what right he had to have a Christian name there might be some sense in that." Then, seeing the young form wilt before her, she recovered her good nature: "There, there, I see, my dear, that you've a lot to learn, and I'm not the one to teach it to you. I'll be off, not to keep the taxi waiting these hard times."

She rose to go. "Give my compliments to your husband and say I'll write to him. Just say the baroness . . . or the countess, it doesn't matter which; he'll know who it is." At the door she hesitated. "Better still, just tell him that I'll be glad to meet him at the old place." As the young wife made no answer, she came close to her to say emphatically: "You won't forget the message, will you?"

Then Mrs. Adamson turned on her. "I don't know who you are or what you are, but certainly I will not give him that message."

Her visitor, outstaring her, asked patronizingly: "Why not, my dear?"

Whereupon poor young Mrs. Adamson saw red and shook her clenched fists at her. "A message that I don't understand! How dare you?" she cried. Yet something made her cry it under her breath, so that Mr. Adamson might not hear it.

Her visitor did not appear to hear it either, for she merely said: "What's the matter with your hand, my dear? . . . The left hand?" and ere Mrs. Adamson could thrust it behind her back, she seized it eagerly but not unkindly, then burst into a peal of laughter. "Well, I never! No wedding-ring! . . . So you're one of us, after all!"

There they stood, Lenore Adamson speechless with rage and abashment and the baroness-countess triumphantly mirthful. She said at last, sobering and even a little indignant: "And he made a fool of you too!" She shook a reproving finger: "And you putting on side with me who's old enough to be your mother, as he is to be your father, and knew him when you must have been in your basinette, if you know what that is. You ought to be there now, you little ninny, or the kindergarten to teach you sense. To think of you stopping at a hotel like this and cheeking me, to be sure, and not even enough knowledge of society to wear a wedding-ring on your finger." Another peal of laughter was checked to add: "I'll heap coals of fire on your head; I'll lend you one of mine."

But Mrs. Adamson had surrendered long before this last threat, and was crying against her terrible visitor's laughter: "Oh, why did you come here . . . why?"

She felt her glass house shattered about her ears, and bent her head, to find it coming to rest in the most unaccountable manner on the too splendid

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bosom of her assailant, who was talking to her quite soothingly. "There, there, dear. Don't take on so, don't! It breaks my heart to see you. I wouldn't hurt a little silly, innocent fool like you for the world. You brought it on yourself by asking ninny questions and calling him your husband. . . . I suppose you really thought he was your husband? He called you his wife in the sight of Heaven, I dare say—that was a great joke in the rue Soufflot. He took me in with that for a bit. Not for long, I must say that for him."

Mrs. Adamson reared her head an instant to hiss with cold passion: "You mean that he deceived you?"

The baroness-countess shook her head. "Well, no, to be fair to Bert, he did not deceive me. I had been deceived before that. To tell you the truth, I don't think he could deceive anybody. If you're deceived I think it must be partly your own fault, or perhaps it was the war; that covered a multitude of sins, they say, and you were a bit sentimental over him; I can see that."

Mrs. Adamson broke right away from her. "I would rather not discuss my relations with him."

Her visitor nodded with unwearying sympathy. "I quite understand. These things seem delicate until they're over and done with."

Said Mrs. Adamson tragically: "Some relations can never be done with."

The countess-baroness pursed her lips cogitatively: "You mean to make him marry you? Well, between you and me, I dare say you can . . . if you think it wise."

"Wise!" Mrs. Adamson echoed; "wise!"

But the other seemed not to hear, or at all events to understand. She was living in the rue Soufflot. "I could have made him marry me, Paul says, but, bless your heart, in the old days I never thought of that."

Worse bewildered was Mrs. Adamson. "Didn't you . . ." She found it difficult to speak. "Didn't you care for him enough?"

Her visitor obligingly turned introspective. "Oh, yes, I cared for him," and almost with enthusiasm she explained: "I liked that blarneying way of his, . . . I dare say he must have got it still?" She waited for an answer to this question, but, not getting it, went on: "I grew quite fond of him in the end, and you'll be pretty fond of him too, I dare say."

This time the answer came sharply: "I love him."

The visitor almost sobbed with sympathetic indignation: "Ah, he's a bad man, my dear, a bad man. I could box his ears when I hear you talk like that." She pressed Mrs. Adamson's hand. "You're far too good for him, my dear."

This time Mrs. Adamson returned the pressure, murmuring: "You too love him still?"

She was disappointed when her visitor guffawed: "Indeed and I don't, my dear. The only person I love is my old mother in Ireland, who thinks that the baron—it was a baron he was, really, I only made him a count afterward—my poor mother thinks he left me rolling in money and that I'm most undutiful because I only send her forty pounds a year—a thousand francs that used to be, but it seems more like a million now." She broke off. "I don't know whether forty pounds means much to you, but every year it means more to me." She added practically: "Two hundred dollars it would be."

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Mrs. Adamson did not appear to be listening; she only said: "If you don't love him, why did you come here?"

The baroness drew a long breath as she looked at her. "I'll tell you, my dear, since you've got to be told, and tell you without any bones. Paul Donnet told me that Albert, your Albert, if you like to call him so, was here in Paris with an American wife and, so he supposed, a rich wife, and after all I see part of what he said was true, wasn't it?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Adamson; "go on."

"Well, I wanted the money urgently for my poor old mother; she's very devout, you know, and gives it all to the priests and saints and I don't know what, and then writes me a post-card to say she hasn't a decent stitch to go to mass. She's terribly devoted to Saint Aloysius, though I can't bear the sight of him on his picture post-cards."

"I don't understand," moaned Mrs. Adamson.

"No more do I," said the baroness; "but I can't bear to think of my poor mother moping at home blaming me for getting her out of favor with Saint Aloysius, and I thought that the easiest way would be to borrow it from Albert."

"You mean you would borrow money from him?" Mrs. Adamson protested wonderingly.

"I call it borrow, my dear," said her visitor honestly, "but I'm not sure that Albert wouldn't try to pretend it was blackmail. I'm far from liking to go to him." She looked at Mrs. Adamson hopefully. "See here, my dear, between ourselves, could you lend me a little bit of it? Say a thousand francs? That's barely ten pounds now; I'd pay it back some day, or in any case there'd be a roof for you in Paris if you fell on hard times."

The two women looked at each other for a long while. Then at last Mrs. Adamson broke silence. "I don't think I should like to lend you a thousand francs; in fact, I haven't got it." As the other offered to turn away she stopped her with an entreating gesture. "Now don't condemn me at once," and they were looking in each other's eyes again as she went on: "You asked what two hundred dollars means to me. At present—hard times may come to me too—it means very little. I have forty pounds in English notes in this room. May I give them to you?"

The baroness's hand opened and closed, but she only said very thoughtfully: "You want never to see me again."

Mrs. Adamson, mastering her voice as she went to her desk, answered: "I want him never to see you again, that's all." She held out the notes as she crossed the room back to her visitor. The movement was natural and without condescension.

The baroness nodded: "I understand. I'll take your money. It's a bargain." She counted the notes deliberately, though making queer noises in her throat. She seemed to be suffering almost from croup when she spoke again. "My mother will be praying for you in a day or two. . . . Only, she'll call you the baron, of course." Her mouth opened and shut several times idly ere she spoke the next sentence. "Do you know, if I'd been in your shoes, I should have done by you as you are doing by me."

Mrs. Adamson in a low voice answered: "I believe you would."

"Thank you, my dear," said the baroness; "you and I are different from

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one another, and yet we understand. It does you good to meet a woman like you sometimes." She made a movement to the door, the notes safely packed in the bag with its atmosphere of cocoa: "I'll post you that wedding-ring to-night. I hope it won't bring you bad luck."

Mrs. Adamson found herself between the baroness and the door, actually opening it for her to go out, hoping the while that Mr. Adamson would not hear her having hysterics: "Don't trouble to send me a wedding-ring," she whispered; "I have one of my own, but it slipped off just before you came."

At the door the baroness was again a woman of the world. "If you really have one," said she, "be sure always to wear it, night and day, in public or not. It's the only way not to forget. Besides, it'll make him fonder of you if he sees you like wearing his ring, wherever it came from. You'll find men most extraordinary. Well, good-by, my dear." She offered to kiss her.

Mrs. Adamson, after a hesitation too brief to be perceptible to the baroness, met lips with lips. "Good-by," said she.

The baroness patted her cheek almost with the air of administering a benediction: "Good-by, and God bless you."

Mrs. Adamson heard herself echo the words "Good-by, and God bless you"; then the door closed and she came back to the chair by the fire where she had found her husband sitting twenty minutes since. She dropped into it and felt her head drooping forward slowly into her hands.

As the clock struck half past seven Mr. Adamson re-entered from the bedroom, fully dressed and debonair, looking a different man. He came straight toward her, as though she were the only thing in the world that mattered, and pressing his cheek to hers said with passionate gaiety, "My rich and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore"; to which she did not reply; so, looking round, he cried cheerfully: "Hello! Where's everybody? What have you done with the Donnets?" As she did not answer him he sniffed and inquired: "Who's been drinking cocoa?"

To this she answered, "No one," in a voice which turned him irritable.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded; "you're not crying?" Then he flung away from her. "Oh, confound it all, this is absurd." He snapped his fingers. "Oh, aye. I forgot, it's that confounded ring . . . I found it in my pocket . . . I have it here somewhere." After some elegant fumbling he produced it, and with it the sentimental note in his voice: "There, Lenore, I'm not going to keep it till to-morrow, it's too precious, our wedding-ring. I'll not risk losing it; you can take it back again."

It was disgruntling to him that she should be so long answering; at length she did say with a strange meekness that was very pleasing to him: "Put it on my finger."

Gallantly he obeyed, almost singing with his consciousness of true nobility: "There we are. Now you're my"—he paused to dry her eyes with his own handkerchief—"my own little wife again. Now you're forgiven." He shook his finger at her with chivalrous roguery: "You'll never doubt me again, will you?"

He waited most hopefully for the response, but it had not yet come when the waiter behind them was heard to announce: "Monsieur et Madame Paul Donnet."

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# As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In London, in the window where I am writing, I have a magnificent view of the river. Of all riparian decorations, bridges are the best; the arches over the Thames are in themselves beautiful and so crowded with historical associations that they are to me holy places. On a clear dawn, more than a hundred years ago, Wordsworth came over the Westminster Bridge and marvelled at the silence of the town and at the smokeless air. Parliament is now in session, and although I do not go to bed early, I can see by the light on the tower that the House is still vocal. I take a last look at Waterloo Bridge, hoping it will be here when I visit London again. Apart from the profanation of its destruction, the building of its successor will mean an inferno of noise continuously day and night for about three years, with results fatal to hotel bedrooms, clubs, and to some of the most desirable apartments in London.

This week ought to be called Galsworthy Week; anyhow, I thus christen it. "Swan Song," the last novel on the Forsytes, made its appearance Wednesday; and at the Wyndham Theatre, under the management of Mr. Leon M. Lion, there is an admirable revival of the play "Justice." Long reviews of "Swan Song" appear in all the papers, for every one feels that a great work has been completed. *Finis coronat opus.* Yesterday *The Morning Post* devoted its leading article to its economic and social significance:

> As a Conservative newspaper, we venture to hope that the institution of private property will survive the death of Mr. Soames Forsyte, for whom we entertain a profound respect, and more sympathy than his author might care to approve. The anæmia and declension in tenacity of some of the other characters, whom Mr. Galsworthy seems to prefer, please us less, since they mark that over-refinement which presages decay and dissolution. The family is a dynasty which follows the course of most dynasties; it springs from the soil; it begins with the Shepherd Kings; practical men make it great; satiety and idleness come later; fibres are either loosened or drawn too fine, and then come sentimentalism, abnegation, eccentricity, philanthropy, and Liberalism. We do not think that the process is inevitable; but it is frequent, and Mr. Galsworthy follows it, not, indeed, with gusto, but with a certain ironic satisfaction. We hope we do him no injustice if we suspect him sometimes of loading his dice against property; but we admit that he is reasonably fair to our friend Soames. . . . The last generation of the Nineteenth Century, the first generation of the Twentieth Century—or that part of it which lived north of the Park—will be judged by the Forsyte Saga; so we are justified in concerning ourselves with its fairness. Novelists serve as historians for most people. The Eighteenth Century may or may not have been as Fielding represented it; but his picture lives more securely than the pages of Lecky. . . . Nor shall we attempt to oppose our opinions to the magic of Mr. Galsworthy's style. After all, we should prefer the testimony of Mr. Galsworthy to that of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Wells. And we are more fortunate than our contemporaries, who are to live—terrible fate!—in "Main Street" and "Elmer Gantry."

Mr. Galsworthy has, I think, received this week the highest compliment



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that could be paid to a literary artist. The death of Soames Forsyte has attracted more general attention than would have resulted from the death of almost any person in public life. Every one feels that Soames is real and that he stands as the last representative of a great line and an old order;"what's to come is still unsure."

This same week that admirable actor and producer Mr. Leon M. Lion has staged a revival of Mr. Galsworthy's play "Justice," which had its first performance years ago at the Shubert Theatre in New Haven, Conn. I was present on that ever-memorable first night; and as I walked down the aisle after the final curtain an estimable woman asked me if I did not find the play terribly depressing. "No, not depressing," I replied; "this is a great play; it is provocative, it is serious; but like all truly great art, it is not depressing, but exhilarating. Musical comedy I call depressing." Well, this London revival merely strengthens one's belief in the greatness of the play. It was extremely well done; Mr. Lion's interpretation of the character of Falder was magnificent, and the whole performance made a profound impression on the audience.

After the play, as I was talking with Mr. Lion in his dressing-room, a letter was brought in to him with the information that the writer was waiting for an answer. He asked me to read it, and I saw that this play—which arouses intense sympathy with those who are sick and in prison—has an afterpiece which I might have guessed, although I did not. It seems that a man who had served his term in prison was now trying to find a job. Mr. Lion had already lent him some money, and this letter was a request for just double the previous sum. Immediately I asked that if the actor who played the part of Falder received such entreaties, what was the fate of the author? Mr. Lion informed me that Mr. Galsworthy had received no end of begging letters from those who had been in prison, and that they seemed to feel they had a right to make such demands on such a man. His sympathy and generosity are well known; I suppose the success of this drama has cost its author far more in gifts than his receipts in royalties. Such is the fate of a successful writer on a social theme.

In to-day's London *Observer* Mr. St. John Ervine laments that there is no word for the inhabitants of the United States.

> However, the inhabitants of the United States—it is a great nuisance that no adequate name has yet been invented for them: we cannot call them United Staters, and Canadians, not unreasonably, object to their being called Americans, as if there were no other Americans—are entitled to make what laws they please.

I doubt if Canadians really object to our being called Americans. Last week I heard an Englishman addressing an English audience. He was describing his travels, and said that he "landed in Quebec, travelled in Canada for a while and then in America." Our Ambassador here is called the American Ambassador. "American" is a convenient name; it carries no assumptions.

The admirable Percival Wren has completed his "Beau" trilogy so that we now have "Beau Geste," "Beau Sabreur," and finally "Beau Ideal." These are magnificent romances, and come nearer than anything else in our time to the incomparable "Three Musketeers." The superficial resemblance is further strengthened by there being three gallant brothers and an equally splendid American, who corresponds to

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D'Artagnan. The third volume, while perhaps not quite so good as the first, is better than the second; the series ends in a burst of glory, though I am sorry to have it end at all. Apart from the wildly exciting incidents—and the author is a born story-teller—there is a tonic value in the portrayal of such characters. Those who remember the masterpiece of the late James Lane Allen—I refer of course to "The Choir Invisible"—will remember that the tremendous emphasis placed in that narrative on Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" was not on its artistic but on its spiritual side. Mr. Allen evidently believed with all his might that young men and women in America needed the inspiration of courage, courtesy, and unselfishness furnished so abundantly by the King Arthur stories. To take an additional and even more striking illustration, every one who has read "The Three Musketeers"—and who has not?—should certainly read Stevenson's short essay on the character of D'Artagnan. The fact that the gallant Gascon is not immaculate, not a saint, seems to emphasize the noble qualities he actually did possess. Stevenson said that the whole man rang true like a gold coin. There have been both in poetry and in history characters more beautiful than that of D'Artagnan; but suppose you were, in a cruel emergency, hard beset by able and unscrupulous foes, is there any man you can think of that you would be happier to see come to your relief? Absolute loyalty is after all a definite virtue; and there are times when its value makes itself especially felt. In Shakespeare's "King Henry Sixth," when a wabbling king sat on a wabbling throne, and the room was filled with arrogant and insulting enemies and, what was worse, with half-hearted and inefficient friends, the voice of Lord Clifford comes down the long corridors of time with undiminished masculinity.

"King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence."

So I believe that we need in these days of miraculous machinery not merely the change of air afforded by the Beau Geste family, but we need also their reckless courage, their unstinted loyalty, their divine unselfishness. Hundreds of thousands of comfortable Americans will be for years to come stirred by the battle-cry:

*Stout Fella!*

As a postscript, let me suggest that after one has read Mr. Erskine's extremely clever "Galahad" and paid full tribute to its wit and humor, one would do well to read "The Choir Invisible."

I have not yet met in England any one who has a good word to say for Margot Asquith's new novel, "Octavia." Nevertheless it is a good story well told. Although nothing would induce me to mount a horse, I enjoy tales of hunting. I will take any fence or ditch you like, so long as I take it only on the printed page. This book is filled with stirring descriptions of the Unspeakable in pursuit of the Uneatable; but the best things in the novel are in the conversations. Excellent talk it is, and from a large variety of characters. I do not like Octavia, for it is impossible to like any one who is completely self-centred; but she is an attractive girl in many respects, and it is easy to see why so many men fall in love with her, which is more than can be said of many heroines of fiction.

Emanie Sachs, whose novel "Talk" caused a good deal of that in Bowling

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Green, Ky., where she is not only forgiven but sincerely admired, has written a very good novel of Jewish life in New York under the title "Red Damask." The events, conversations, and persons in this story all seem true. One feels that one has lived with these people and shared their experiences. Perhaps the best character is the grandfather, who is a triumph. Emanie Sachs sees life without glamour and without bitterness; she is remarkable for her lack of prejudice. By the way, I asked her father where she got her first name, as it was new to me; he said his own name was Emanuel, and he coined a feminine form for her; it was prophetic of her originality.

I cannot fully share the general admiration for "The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, a novel written by an American in French, and well translated by somebody else. André Maurois speaks of it prefatorily as if it were a work of genius; I find it written in the manner of "Madame Bovary" minus the genius. It is intelligent, well-wrought, industrious, without a spark of inspiration. But those who enjoy a study of incipient insanity becoming acute, ought to enjoy this. Those who think "Main Street" depressing ought certainly to read "The Closed Garden," for compared with this small town in France Minnesota is Paradise enow.

I have myself, I think, less nationalistic bias than most people I meet. I asked a lady at dinner the other evening if she were English, and while she was not in the least ungracious in her reply, she informed me that she was very proud of the fact that she was not English at all; she was Irish; she would not be English for anything in the world. Upon which the lady on my other side informed me that although *she* was English, she had often (in certain moments) wished she were of some other nationality. I asked her to specify, and she said: "Well, either French or American." I like very much the answer given to a questioner by Henry Bernstein, the famous French playwright. Some one asked him if he were ashamed of being a Jew—he must have known him quite well. "No, I am not ashamed of being a Jew. I am not proud of it, either. I am neither ashamed nor proud of anything with which I had nothing to do." That seems to me a civilized reply to an uncivilized question. I love America, of course; I am content to be an American; but since it is certain that if I had been born in Germany I should be equally glad of being a German, why all this shoulder-chipping nationalistic assertiveness? One of the innumerable evils of nationalistic pride is that it so often prevents one from learning anything, from acquiring new ideas and new points of view. Americans travel extensively in Europe; the results of such travel should be seen in the enlargement of the mind, in a greater receptivity. This is surely the case with most Americans whom one meets abroad. But there are others.

I went into a London tobacco-shop and inquired what kinds of pipe-tobacco were on sale there. The reply was "All kinds." An American voice behind me shouted: "You lie! There are more kinds of tobacco in America than in all the shops in England." On a train I met a fellow countryman who told me that this was his first trip abroad and it would be his last. There was nothing in all Europe which could hold a candle to things in his native State alone. It seems he was a specialist in cattle and had spent his time in Europe visiting

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the slaughter-houses, and was returning with the firm conviction that Europe wasn't "in it" with America. Such persons are now rare; they should be rarer.

I have never been in Japan. I do not hate the Japanese. I am not afraid of the Japanese. I do not patronize the Japanese. I never call them "Japs" or regard them condescendingly as a "wonderful little people." One of the finest men I ever knew was a Japanese graduate student at Yale named Shibata; he is now a teacher in a university in Japan and is, I believe, a Buddhist. He is in every respect a high-minded, modest, unassuming, noble, unselfish gentleman. Well, I have been reading a short new book on Japan that is chiefly remarkable for its absolute objectivity. I cannot discover in it any bias; the man describes with singular absence of passion exactly what he saw. The volume is called "Japanese All," and is written by Doctor J. Ingram Bryan, who lived in Japan for years. He tells us what he saw in the streets, on the tramways, in the hotels; he tells us of the theatres, of the police, of the social habits and customs of the country. A good book.

Miss Irma Kraft has written an excellent manual of the contemporary theatre in all countries called "Plays, Players, and Playhouses." It is a brief survey of the present state of the drama in all parts of the world. She has happily combined a vast amount of information with a lively style.

Our well-beloved American novelist Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has written a charming love-story in "Two Flights Up." There is an original twist in the plot, and the house and the street are made so real that I know I have passed that way more than once.

A fine collection of tales of murder awaits the reader in "Fifteen Cells," by Stuart Martin. The book might honestly have been called *Fifteen Thrills*. "Juggernaut," by Alice Campbell, is a crime-novel of unusual force and ingenuity. The villain, a physician, is an incarnate devil.

Three famous American actors died almost simultaneously — Holbrook Blinn, Robert Mantell, Leo Ditrichstein. The last two had finished their careers; but Mr. Blinn was in his prime. I first saw him years ago in an interesting American play called "The Boss." He developed steadily and became an artist of unusual charm and suavity. Mr. Mantell performed a great and lasting service to America in his productions of Shakespeare. He was never a great actor and suffered under many natural deficiencies. But suppose every one improved what talents he had as Mr. Mantell improved his—what a world this would be! He gave me the only opportunities I ever had for hearing in English "King John" and "King Lear." He made both plays steadily interesting, which is more than can be said for many Shakespearian performances; and his Lear had thrilling moments. Mr. Ditrichstein was for many years a matinée idol, which was a very bad thing for him. He had a magnetic personality, and appeared in many popular rôles. It may have been his unwillingness to be seen in an unattractive part that made him ruin artistically one of the finest comedies of the twentieth century, "Das Konzert," by Hermann Bahr. When I say "ruin" I am not talking with reference to the box-office; Mr. Ditrichstein's version had a prodigious success, and perhaps the receipts sufficiently pleased the German author, so that he did not care what was done with his

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play. But it was a pity to take that splendid comedy and change it into a vehicle to exhibit a star, so that much of its significance was lost. I saw the New York version and twice in Germany I heard the original. The last time I heard it in Munich I found that the person in the adjoining seat was the distinguished Mrs. Beach, one of our few really important American musical composers. We had good talk between the acts.

Speaking of good talk, it has been my happy lot to meet many expert conversationalists; never have I met a better one than "A. E.," George W. Russell, of Dublin. He made two journeys to America this year; one to give a course of public lectures in various parts of the country, one to take the degree of Doctor of Letters at Yale. I have always had an immense respect for his character and personality; he is the first citizen of Ireland, and the best thing that could happen to that country would be to make him absolute dictator for life. Although he is the opposite of a political trimmer, he wins and retains the affection and respect of men of all parties and classes. As every one knows, he is remarkable not only for his versatility but for his distinguished excellence in the various ways of showing it. He is a poet, painter, politician, farmer, journalist; he has a positive genius for friendship, and I could hear him talk till his voice gave out, which would never happen. Nothing is more exhausting than to listen to a steady stream of unimportant gabble. I do not doubt that many men and women have been talked to death. The amazing thing about A. E. is that although the stream of talk never ceases, *every word is interesting*. I mean just exactly that. He came to my house at eleven in the morning and began talking. He contrived somehow to eat a good lunch without ceasing to talk. He continued talking till five minutes to five, when we all went to his lecture, where he talked magnificently on the platform for an hour. We returned to my house, he talking on the way. We sat down. Dinner gave him no rest, for he performed in an even more impressive manner the miracle he had worked at lunch. He then talked continuously till ten o'clock. He had therefore talked without ceasing from 11 A. M. till 10 P. M., and what is more remarkable, I had listened every moment with enchantment. What a man!

In Hugh Walpole's novel "Wintersmoon" I am forced to meditate on what I call the *luxury of grief*. The young hero of this excellent novel seems to me a selfish prig; and his unlovely qualities he shows most abundantly after the death of his infant son. Immensely rich people have of course every bodily convenience, every personal luxury; but have you sufficiently considered that they are also able to indulge themselves in the luxury of grief in a way fortunately impossible to the average human being? The infant son dies, as I knew he would; he was too good to carry on; he smelt of mortality from the start. Now God forbid that I should make light of or treat lightly the death of a child. But it is something that happens frequently and parents bear it as best they can. The ordinary father and mother are in fact forced to do so; they have to go on with the day's work. Even though they know they have the deep, sincere, loving sympathy of their friends, they know too, being somewhat aware of their place in the universe, that they have no right to make themselves impossible to these friends,

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who undoubtedly have troubles of their own. But take an illustration like Mr. Walpole's here. His hero is rich, independent, the head of a great house. He gives himself up totally and exclusively to the luxury of grief. No one dares enter the room where he is except on tiptoe; for months no one dares smile, laugh, take any interest in what goes on in the world. Every other member of the family, including the mother of the child, all the servants, all acquaintances, must accommodate themselves to the silent grief of this man, as if he were King Louis XIV, and they were all servile courtiers. Finally, after many weeks, his own mother has the amazing temerity to suggest faintly that there is such a thing as religion, and that there may be some possible consolation. Ah, she has committed the unpardonable sin. She has intruded on his grief. "Mother, you must leave the house." She is banished. What that young man needed was an honest, fearless friend to tell him plainly what a cad he was. Grief can be even more selfish than joy.

I could not help comparing his histrionic absorption in sorrow—for he was really dramatizing himself—with a farmer's widow I knew in Michigan, who is now happily released from her woe. She had worked hard all her life, as only a farmer's wife can work; she had also brought up four sons and a daughter, all of whom became married. Her husband died in early middle age; her only daughter died in childbirth; three of her sons died. The only one remaining lived with his wife and children in another place. She was left alone. She never made any complaint, and would have been surprised had she felt that she was entitled to any especial consideration from her neighbors. But her actual state of mind was revealed in a casual remark she made which still seems to me more tragic than any lamentation. I called on her one day and commented on a terrific thunder-storm which had interrupted the silence of the night. She said quietly: "Years ago when my husband was alive I was in terror if a thunder-storm happened in the night; now that I am alone I don't mind a bit. I have no fear at all."

Turgenev, although he was a wealthy aristocrat, understood perfectly the sufferings of the poor. In one of his "Poems in Prose" he describes a poor widow who has just lost her only son. A rich woman comes in to see her, and is shocked to find her eating soup. It is of course all she has to eat; it is her regular dinner-time; and as she eats, her tears fall steadily into the dish. The wealthy and comfortable visitor says: "How can you eat when you have lost your son?" "But you don't understand," says the heart-broken solitary, "this is cabbage soup and it is hot," and she went on eating and crying.

I compliment the New York *World* on securing St. John Ervine for the coming season as visiting drama critic. This is news of the first importance. Mr. Ervine is a dramatist, a novelist, a critic; he is also an Irishman who never hesitates to speak his mind. He should bring many new readers to *The World* and interest all the old ones. It is also a matter of rejoicing to me that *The World* is going to try the experiment of waiting a full twenty-four hours before printing the criticisms of new plays; so that the critic will have time to give the matter consideration, and leisure to write his considered opinions at some length. I was discussing this matter a day or two ago in London with Mr.

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Charles Morgan, the able and brilliant critic of the London *Times*. He told me that his predecessor, Mr. A. B. Walkley, had given that matter some attention, and had decided that after all he would rather not wait. This was his reason. If all the new plays were important, waiting a day would be better; unhappily, the vast majority were trivial; and it was better to write immediately while the impression—light at best—was fresh, than to wait and perhaps lose it altogether. Well, I had not thought of that; but I believe it elevates the dignity both of the drama and of criticism to give the critic time to feel that he is a critic and not a reporter.

Typographical errors are often pleasant to contemplate. Last June, when I gave a commencement address down South, I was informed it would be given in the grove. I was pleased to see in the local paper that my commencement oration would be delivered in the *grave*. This must have excited all those who really believe in "messages" from the other world.

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# Goya

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

When an exhibition of Spanish painting was held at the Metropolitan Museum early in the present year it was interesting to observe the penetrating appeal that Goya made to the public. He had, along with El Greco and Velasquez, the status of an old master, but he seemed to speak, more persuasively than either of them, in a language understood by all. More recently a traveller returned from Spain confirmed with a vengeance this latter-day sympathy for the eighteenth-century painter. He had been poring over the great collection of works assembled in Madrid in commemoration of the centenary of Goya's death, and, with a large gesture, he gave me the measure of what he felt on the subject. "Two hundred years from now," he said, "I believe Goya will be recognized as a bigger man than Velasquez." It is a tall order, taller than I can compass, but as a declaration of faith it touches my imagination, for it points to the secret of this artist's genius—his overwhelming vitality, that imposes itself upon us as with the strength of a force of nature. He is one of the most intensely affirmative figures in the history of painting, almost artlessly dynamic, flinging his cards upon the table with a kind of reckless candor, an artist to his finger tips, but an artist steeped in things purely human. A portrait by him is unmistakably truth itself. His gallery is a gallery of men and women, a gallery of living souls. If he has stimulated painters from Delacroix to Fortuny, it has been because he knew how to paint, but his influence upon such types—upon a Manet, say, or a Sargent—has been due in part to the same thing that has so moved the layman, to an energy embracing other mysteries than those of technic. He is an exemplar of character and brushwork made one.

Also he is an illustration of the powerful singularity with which Spain dowers her artistic sons. Even when they are adopted, as in the case of El Greco, their individuality is beyond cavil. We talk, comprehensively, of the Spanish school as a school, but the outstanding members of it are nothing if not isolated phenomena. With El Greco you begin by reckoning with certain factors, like Tintoretto, in his formative period, but when he gets into his stride at Toledo it is as though the mystic in him and the craftsman were inextricably united and he emerged at once eternally Spanish and eternally personal. Velasquez is nominally the pupil of Herrera and Pacheco, but the master of "Las Hilanderas" remains unique, inexplicable, a worker of technical miracles whose rise is itself a miracle. Goya has this Spanish detachment from everything that customarily accounts for a painter's evolution. He is not thrown up by a national movement, developed by a teacher. He happens. This despite his susceptibility to the greatest of his predecessors. Of course he pondered the masters who had gone



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before him. Beruete, one of the most luminous of his critics, shrewdly ascribes a deep significance to Goya's employment by the King, in 1788, to bring together the paintings housed in a dozen of the royal palaces throughout the country. This affair brought him face to face not only with the Italian and Flemish treasures now in the Prado, but, particularly, with the works of Velasquez. These last so impressed him that he paused to make etchings of more than one of them. Beruete cannot speak too appreciatively of this episode. "The works of Velasquez," he says, "after a century of neglect, found their rebirth in the mind of another Spanish genius, capable of grasping their merit, and the only man of his time who was worthy to continue their tradition." Yes, but Goya was to continue that tradition absolutely in his own way.

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He was of Aragonese origin, having been born, on March 30, 1746, in the tiny village of Fuendetodos, only a short distance from Saragossa. The details of his ancestry and early upbringing are hard to come at, for in the voluminous literature that has grown around his name the biographers are notable for their differing views on this or that point. On the whole it is to be concluded that while there was good blood in the family, it was on the peasant or small-farmer level when Goya came into the world. Whether or not it is true that he owed his start as an artist to the intervention of a priest, who saw him drawing a pig on a barn wall, it is certain that he began in modest conditions. Yet it is suggestive of some aid in the background, at the hands of a generous patron if not from his father, that he began very soon. It is said that he was an art student by the time he was twelve. His master, in Saragossa, was one José Luzan, a mediocre painter long since forgotten but a thoroughgoing teacher by whom Goya was well disciplined in the rudiments. It must have been Luzan who helped to bring out his natural aptitude as a draftsman. But very little is known about his pupilage and, indeed, the memoirs have a good deal more to say about his character and habits in youth and young manhood. He had extraordinary vigor and a quick temper into the bargain. There are stories of his plunging into the street fights common in the Saragossa of his day and even, in consequence, of his having to flee to Madrid to evade the clutches of the Inquisition. In the capital he continued his artistic studies, probably at the new Academy of San Fernando, and after a few years he is discovered at Rome, in contact with Raphael Mengs, of all men in the world, an oracle of classical convention whose antique wisdom must have puzzled the young Spanish realist even while it intrigued him. He looked at pictures and amused himself, dipping into violence, as was his wont. There is record of his entering a competition opened by the Academy of Parma, the subject—incongruously enough, for him—"Hannibal Looking upon the Plains of Italy from the Heights of the Alps." His talent must have by then got under way. He won the second prize. On his return to Spain he was fairly ready to range himself, an accepted practitioner, thick with Francisco Bayeu, the court painter, whose sister he ultimately married, and presently given employment in the decoration of the cathedral at Saragossa.

From this engagement he went on

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to Madrid and in due course was commissioned to make the tapestry cartoons which visitors to the Prado will recall as amongst his liveliest and most agreeable productions. The rest of his life is a stream of headlong activities—incessant painting, sometimes of masterpieces and sometimes of pot boilers; excursions into etching which gave us, among other things, the fascinating satirical obscurities of the great series of "Los Caprichos"; social adventures without end and love affairs almost as numerous; sword play, the bull ring, and a slowly but assiduously cultivated alliance with the Bourbon dynasty. There is scandal in his chronicle, and he is, in fact, for all the religious paintings that he put forth, a true child of the quite irreligious phase of the eighteenth century. He had his share of illness, first and last, and deafness, too, fell upon him, but he was a sturdy creature and lived on to a green old age. He was 82 when he died at Bordeaux on April 16, 1828.

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Though he painted some scores of devotional pictures it is not to their spiritual qualities that he owes his fame. When he produced his altar piece for the cathedral at Seville, "Saint Justa and Saint Rufina," legend has it that he chose two ladies of more than dubious character for his models, and whether this be true or not it is obvious that the picture is rooted in observation of living types of Spanish womanhood, not in any visionary conception. Life, in short, was his watchword. It was in portraiture and *genre* that he excelled, which is to say in those regions which permitted him to see and touch his subjects. The grim, even *macabre,* symbolism of the plates that make "Los Caprichos" indicate that he had imagination. But the biting attack of those mysterious designs, in which he castigated the errors of his time, is to be felt rather than understood, at least by our world to-day, and there is something suggestive in this very unwillingness of some of Goya's most impassioned work to yield up its key. Perhaps, with all due respect for his passion, the key would unlock no very great philosophical profundities. Speculation here only drives us back upon the central fact of his genius, his fidelity to the thing seen. Again I must note, in passing, that originality of his. Velasquez was a master of the thing seen but in the alembic of his art it is simplified, synthesized. The fact is translated into the purity and serenity of art. In Goya it is flung raw and bleeding upon the canvas, with no æsthetic *parti pris* to soften its impact upon our eyes. When Gericault, one of the great liberators of modern French art, painted his momentous "Raft of the Medusa," a tincture of composition as the academy understood it still persisted in his dramatic naturalism. Goya's breach with convention was far more drastic. It is a curious testimony to his inborn Aragonese independence that though he became a member of the Academy of San Fernando and rose to be its president, the picture by him that used to belong to that institution, "The Madhouse," is so little academic that it has the awful vividness, the shuddering impressiveness, of unqualified actuality. I remember the impression which Goya made upon me when I first saw him in the rich array of his works hanging in the Prado. It was that of an ebullient pictorial annotator upon the

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Portrait of an Actress.

From the painting by Goya.

Goya.

From the portrait by Lopez in the Prado.

A Bull Fight.

From the painting by Goya.

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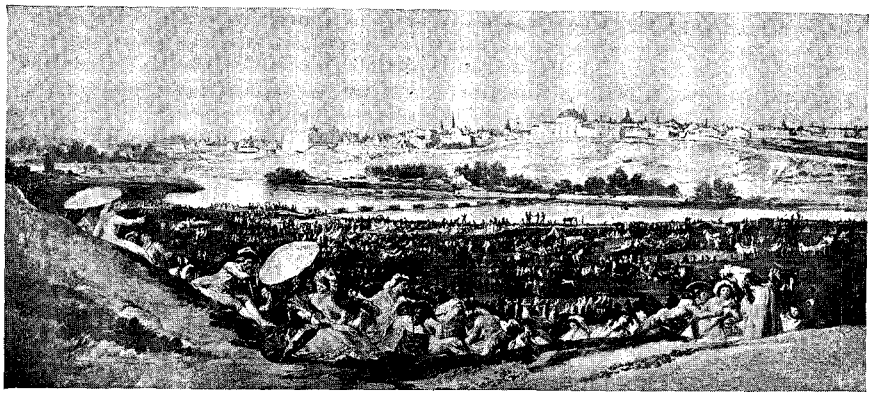

La Romeria de San Isidro.
From the painting by Goya in the Prado.

The Madhouse.
From the painting by Goya in the Prado.

The Fates.
From the painting by Goya in the Prado.

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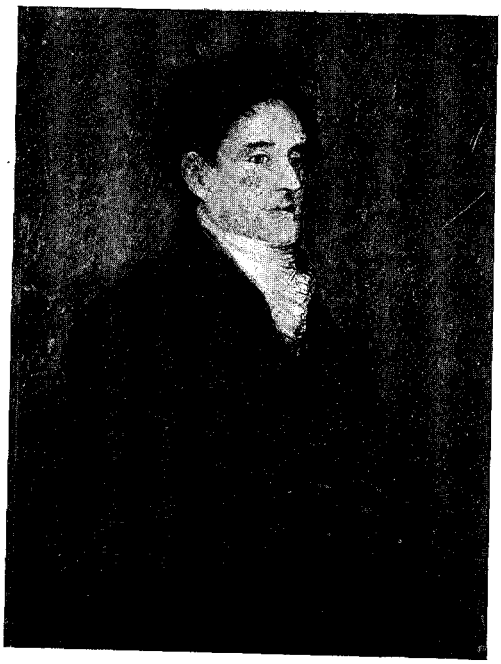

Don Joaquin Ferrer.
From the painting by Goya.

Wellington.
From the drawing by Goya in the British Museum.

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The Duchess of Alba.
From the painting by Goya in the Hispanic Museum.

The Marquesa de la Solana.
From the painting by Goya.

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Don Juan and the Commander.

From the painting by Goya.

The Forge.

From the painting by Goya in the Frick Collection.

Carnival Scene.

From the tapestry cartoon by Goya in the Prado.

Love and Death.

From the drawing by Goya in the Prado.

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Spain in which he lived and moved and had his being. Not only national types but national life, its color and its movement, looked out from the walls. He seized this warm, human stuff with a ruthless eye, interpreting it with a touch as racy as Hogarth's and—with its peculiar degree of directness—more in harmony with our modern point of view.

He knew how to pull a design together so as to make it picturesquely effective. When he arranged one of his groups for tapestry he framed it with the right decorative judgment. A picture of his is usually well knit. In "The Forge" he sets his three burly figures in a perfect and almost monumental balance. How skilfully he disposes not only the figures but the light and shade in "The Statue of the Commander!" Yet while he is lavish of drama, and, indeed, cannot paint a picture without giving it a certain emotional point, he is never melodramatic, never departs from the propriety of nature. When he celebrates historic themes, as in his two pictures dedicated to the bloody Second of May, 1808, in Madrid—the fight with the Mamelukes and the execution scene—you feel that he has not allowed fervor or pity to lure him into a trace of deviation from the truth as he felt it to have happened. The Parcæ as some artists paint them are more or less graciously embodied fates. Goya sensed the terror in them and he made them terrible, the bleak, ugly, fearsome masters of mankind. He was *dix-huitieme,* no doubt, and well aware of French ideas, but where Watteau, Boucher, and the rest were all for mundane grace and charm Goya unflinchingly holds the mirror up to nature and, as often as not, is evocative of the things of pain rather than the things of pleasure.

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The same merciless mood accompanies him on his adventures as a portrait painter. Criticism discriminates amongst the three hundred portraits that he left. Beruete assigns to his late thirties the true expansion of his art in this field. Up to 1783, the Spanish writer asserts, he had not made "a single striking portrait, nor one in which appeared those individual qualities which he was to show later." But once his talent was unfolded it proceeded to operate under the auspices of that same temperament which we have seen animating him from the beginning—hot, eager, forthright, cynical, searching, with a kind of sardonic gusto in it. Like Velasquez, he was much about the court, but if there was a difference between their masters there was also a decisive difference between the two men themselves. I do not share my prophetic friend's belief that this difference will declare itself two hundred years hence in Goya's favor. There is a calm perfection about Velasquez, a beautiful poise, which seems to insure his supremacy. But in one respect Goya undoubtedly challenges him, in the piercing eloquence of his psychology. It is as though this initiate in life knew all men and women, to their depths, and was prepared to take incredible liberties. There comes back to mind the old story of the doctors who were enabled correctly to diagnose the nervous ailment of a patient only after they had seen her portrait painted by Sargent. The American might have taken his cue from Goya. King or courtier, poet or bull fighter, duchess or actress, he grasps

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each in his or her quiddity, placing the image upon canvas with that stamp of spiritual truth upon it which makes a portrait of enduring and universal rather than of merely temporary, private interest. Furthermore, while his period gave him a hard-bitten society to portray, abounding in the worldliest of wordly traits, he had it in him to paint over and over again, with the utmost sensitiveness, the delicate characteristics of childhood. And he does these things with a magnificent brush.

I have glanced at the cult that painters have had for him, from Delacroix down. It takes account of a manual power that did not immediately find itself and that was, to be sure, unevenly exerted. At its best it discloses the originality and authority of genius. "I can only see masses in light," he was wont to say, "and masses in shadow, planes which advance, or planes which recede, reliefs or backgrounds. . . . Nature is the only master in drawing." In that big, free way he saw the object and so rendered it, a sure, swinging workman. Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt were his own sole masters, he said. He was of the race of the great technicians, the men from whom there flowed our modern tradition. He had, too, their supreme sincerity. He could, on occasion, be as graceful as any of the Frenchmen to whom I alluded just now, as witness, for example, his "Marquesa de la Solana" or the "Duchess of Alba" at the Hispanic Museum. But he never dreamt of sacrificing the simple, palpitant fact to any factitious hypothesis of grace. In the length and breadth of his portraiture you find nothing to suggest the formalism in design so representative of the period in England and in France. He may pose his sitter a little stiffly sometimes, but in general he makes you feel that he has taken that sitter as he found him. When he gets to work on the face, on the eyes and mouth, invoking the nuances of character, you forget all about "pattern" and think only of the personality to the fore. You think only of human nature—and of brilliant craftsmanship, of the restraint and polish with which a contour is defined, of color now silvery and now flashing, of a brush that is both deft and weighty. He is indeed a painter's painter, with his dexterity and his directness. With his insight, too, he is a painter for all mankind. Compare "Las Meninas" and "The Family of Charles IV." The masterpiece of Velasquez, as a piece of pure painting, is incomparable, a touchstone for all technicians. But Goya's family group at least approaches it in virtuosity, and as a human document it cuts even deeper.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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# Borgia

(Continued from page 432 of this number.)

hocks. Around four, wouldn't you and Lawrence like some tennis? Tea will be at five."

From the garden, by the hollyhocks, Marfa heard Anthony Beach's high staccato above her on the terrace:

"What they each need is a live and hearty and dangerous husband."

She heard Mrs. Beach's amused laughter, and then her mocking voice:

"And isn't that what I need too, Anthony?" And again: "The gigantic vanity of men—to think that all that a woman lacks is a husband!" And later: "And, Anthony, only think! All married men are so sure that their wives have exactly what they need. . . ."

"Well!" came his small, penetrating, terrierlike tone, "and haven't you what you need?"

"Anthony!" she cried, with more laughter, "Anthony . . . I haven't needed anything from anybody for years and years. I'm myself, my darling. Were the cigarettes right? They weren't!" The rich variations of her compunction floated down into the garden.

Marfa thought: "At four o'clock. Nothing could happen to-day. I'll put on my green muslin."

As she put on the green muslin, she thought of Paul Barker. "How horrible that I should put on the very one. . . . But I don't look well in tennis things. And I'll be leaving in the morning."

She came down on the terrace and found Miss Brand looking asleep in a deck-chair in the pergola. Lawrence was there, with an incense-stick. With it he signalled to Marfa, smiling, as if he expected her to understand. "She's not asleep," Marfa thought, and as if she had heard her, Miss Brand spoke without opening her eyes, and asked the time. "Wasn't there to be some tennis?" she asked, and when he did not reply: "Don't you want to go now?"

As Marfa looked from her distance, but sharply aware of them, it seemed to her as if something that was ordinarily invisible abruptly put forth its powers: as if the enormous energy of the sun, or the hidden beat of its manifestation as light, or the violent pressure and weight of the air seized on the scene and accented it, made it its own. She waited, expecting that some fine substance might crack with a sound and the pieces fly over the terrace. It was as if Maude Brand were the bad witch, making the pleasant scene intolerable. Still without opening her eyes, as Marfa joined them and Lawrence rose, Miss Brand said: "Miss Manchester, do you know how lucky you are to play tennis—play anything at all?" "Not as badly as I play," Marfa said. Miss Brand put out her hand and Lawrence helped her to her feet. She stood for a moment erect, pale, swaying a little. "I would give anything to have a game with you," she said. When Lawrence suggested pleasantly, "Come and try it," she flashed him a glance of black displeasure, put her hand to her side, and arched her brows. "Will you sit in the garden?" he suggested. "I'll go to my room," she said severely. She moved to the door without looking at Marfa, who wondered, "Why be so solemn about it?" and rebounded her balls on the terrace with an air of pleasure.

The way to the courts lay through the garden. As they passed the intensely green grass before the hollyhocks he broke the silence in which Marfa and he had walked down from the terrace, and said, "Let me stretch out here on the grass for a minute—do you mind?" and threw himself face downward at the foot of the hollyhocks.

He looked so tall. It was so that Paul Barker had looked in his coffin. And little Ben, when they had laid him on the river-bank, how tall, how tall he had seemed.

The hum of the garden was like the hum of some giant weaving. Color ascended, green, blue, rose, yellow, violet—a current of color, sweeping up from the ground, but instead of pouring free through the air, it fashioned itself into bells, cups, and little suns, and the green into slim shapes that turned and quivered. The little lake lay beaten upon by gentle onslaughts of wind and light, and all the color of the air slid over it in vanishing patterns. The lapping water, the flowing air, the invisible tides of warmth and light, these, she thought, were simple; the suns and the forces



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went on simply; she alone was complex. She and this man and his sister and Anthony Beach and all the people in and about her home, they were complex. Well, the suns and the forces were ordered. She and these others were not ordered—save Cousin Vina. How did one get organized, like the suns and the forces. . . .

Lawrence Brand sat up, and she looked into his face, serene, unshadowed, bright. All of a sudden she was saying:

"Do you feel sure about things? Everything?"

She hardly had time to think that if he looked puzzled she should dislike him.

"I used to," he said. "I used to know just how everything ought to be."

"Not now?"

"Now I don't know anything, excepting that I'm of no use on earth."

His veined brown hands and arms hugged his knees; his brown eyes were marked with rays of burnt umber, the lids came to little crests which gave him always an upward look; his thick hair, brown too, pressed upward as if it were doing its utmost; his lips were sharply cut and colored; and there were his alert attention, his swift answers, his laughter. She made the inventory and summed up that which was not in his look but in his air: "You must be, because you look so terribly tired." But he answered, with his way of replying before her sentence was finished: "Tired with wondering what I'm for!" Though her obvious answer was unspoken, he replied to it all the same: "If I even did well enough by Maude—but I don't. I irritate her. She'd be better with some one else, though she doesn't think so." He pulled up some grass and said: "My father left us enough to live on decently—and expected me to look after her." Then he looked at her in a manner of surprise, as if she had spoken. "Of course the modern way would be a nurse and a house," said Marfa, and added: "I expect that sounds brutal to you." "Not to me, of course," he answered; "but she suffers so frightfully—physically, I mean—that I can't bear to leave her. She's never free from suffering, really." Marfa suggested: "Is nobody thinking about *you?*" "Are you?" he asked. "Then thanks tremendously. And tell me something: do you honestly think I'd be such a lot better off in business, scrambling to make money and get the best of the other fellow? Or in law, getting the wrong people put in jail, or keeping people out when they ought to be there, or fussing over their wretched squabbles?" She said: "Well, there are other things . . ." "Most men don't find them—I never did. I should have gone along with the rest—sold stuff, made money, or done business in red ink. Are the college chaps any better off? Nobody's of much use. But I've never got reconciled to being of no more use than all of them are." Marfa stared at him. "But what about getting the most out of one's life?" she asked. He shrugged and grinned, and looked at her appraisingly. "Are they—all the others—doing that?" he wanted to know. "Are you?" he demanded. She said: "Oh, I . . ." and added: "I'm not in that. I'm not counted. I've been left out of it. Do you think," she asked him gravely, "that I can be the devil?" He accepted this transfer of attention from himself to her, said, "You're a pretty little devil, if you are," and, unable after all to sustain the transfer, rose and proposed: "Let's play."

The court was a vessel brimming with milky light, with shapes of shadow lapping at the edges like dark tongues. The air had a certain odor—fruity, fresh, almost snowy. The green went round them with a sense of motion, and the unclouded sky had emerged from its distance and seemed ready to spread itself down, to show what was beyond. He played an admirable game, as if his unappeased desire for excellence had expressed itself so. In her effort to hold her own, Marfa felt confused and insistent, against the large color and the long silence of the day. He beat her so shockingly that she said, as they walked back to the house for tea: "Perhaps you are the one person in the world to whom I shall not bring ill luck."

"You've made me unchivalrous already," he reminded her; and then said slowly: "But it's bully luck to have met you at all, you know. Don't, for the Lord's sake, go home—or go anywhere," he begged.

"I'm going to-morrow," she told him.

Tea, after all, was indoors, was spread in the wide hall, because the light had hurt Maude Brand's eyes. The hall was dim and

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high, and as the two entered, the figures about the table seemed remote—a man and two women seen through the small end of a field-glass, very far, very clear, and made of some other substance, harder and brighter than flesh. Maude in heavy white, since she was always chilly; Mrs. Beach in thin white, since she was always warm; Anthony Beach, in white flannel trousers; and all three so serious, going painstakingly through their ceremony. The gravity of their considerations, "Two lumps? Lemon? Hot water?" seemed abruptly laughable, as to two arriving from the stars.

"Had you a good game?" Maude asked. She spoke without expression in voice or face. It was as if the blank and blind side of a bowl had given utterance, an utterance without inflection, emitted from unexpected lips, thin and almost motionless, below painted eyes, pale and somnolent. Lawrence, whom she had addressed, said, "Great, thanks," the vitality of his words hardly accenting the intense vitality of his presence, all pulsing, like the body of a glowworm, with life, burning brightly. Mrs. Beach's "Were the courts in condition?" was like a motif of music, sounding in its appointed place, pure and accurate and expectable. And her husband's plaintive "This new man doesn't seem to have the knack, somehow," was spread over the talk like a thin brown ash, useless and without nourishment to any conversation. There came to Marfa a faint impression that all these words, these presences, these beings were no more than so many motions, no more than so many sounds in the quiet hollow of the room, itself barely disturbed by the invasion. But this was too much for her, she could not think it through, and she retired into the bright security of praising the muffins.

Anthony Beach suddenly asserted himself —manifestly feeling a sudden need to be positive and dominant, saying: "What a day! A day to make a man feel like running a race!" He threw back his shoulders, braced his legs, flourished his spoon and—sipped his tea. His wife said rapidly, and without looking at him: "How virile of you, Anthony." Maude Brand, her eyes turned a bit away toward the baseboard of the room, which she most often addressed, spoke with an air of pain and wonder: "How would you like never to feel as if you wanted to move from your chair or your bed? I suppose really that's the way with me." Her words went over the group like a fog, quenching everybody.

Marfa sat miserably in her high-backed chair, the flush of her exercise gone from her face, her eyes dulled, some protective web, which she usually wore, now all torn and ravelled. When Mrs. Beach asked her to have sugar, she accepted with the fervor of some escape, and took three lumps, as if in sheer refuge. Then she leaned forward remorsefully and said loudly: "Oh, Miss Brand, that must be terrible!" Miss Brand turned, focussed upon her, and said dryly: "It is." At this Lawrence resolutely set himself to talk, manifestly somewhat at random, about a French fishing-village whose name he said that he could not remember. When, in the midst of this, a diversion was caused by the arrival of more hot water and more muffins, he turned, looked at Marfa sitting beside him, and said low: "Don't go home to-morrow." But she answered: "I must, I must!" He went on softly: "Then it's because you want to get away from us—and I don't know that I blame you for that . . ." He went on like this softly.

Mrs. Beach had turned to a portfolio to look for an etching of a village in Brittany which she remembered. There was a moment of silence.

Then Miss Brand's voice broke over the group, as if a dead thing had abruptly received some charge and could make the motions of life. She turned suddenly full upon Marfa. "Miss Manchester," she said, "Mrs. Beach tells me that you are most interesting. Do tell me about your work." Marfa felt as if some terrific spot of light had been cast upon her from a point intolerably near. "I have no work," she said, trembling. "No work!" cried Miss Brand; "then you must find it very difficult to make yourself interesting. How do you manage?" At the surprise of the onslaught, Marfa was shaken as by a blow, as by a series of blows. "Don't you see," she said faintly, "that I am not interesting." Miss Brand put down her cup, set her elbows on the arms of her chair, joined her hands loosely, and bent upon Marfa the terrible batteries of her attention. It was as if a

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lioness, idle and absent in its cage, had abruptly focussed all its secret animal strength upon a face beyond the bars. "Oh, but you must be interesting!" she cried. "You are bound to be. You are so small and lovely—so feminine. Men must adore you. Don't men adore you?" If there had been in her tone a hint of disdain or amusement, Marfa might have combated it; but there was only this powerful rancor, manifested not in voice or expression but in mute detonations that could not be met or measured. Marfa remained silent, tried to meet those merciless eyes, wavered, and dropped her own. The questions went on, charged with that fierce vitality: "Come now—do you sing? Do you play? Do you dance divinely? Or is it some art which cannot be practised before such as I?" She threw herself back in her chair and regarded Marfa with half-closed eyes. "What is the secret of your charm?" she asked, her look immovably upon Marfa's face. Marfa's dry lips managed a phrase, "I am a woman without charm"; on which Maude Brand cried: "The most dangerous sort! All the Circes are without charm! It is worse than I feared! What do you do—that is so enticing?"

Lawrence, who had seemed root-bound, now sprang up, moved toward his sister, said sternly: "Let's go and read a while." She appeared not to know that he was there, that he had spoken. Now in her own voice there began to sound a broken tremolo, barely detectable, shaking the tone as strong wind upon taut wire. "Come!" she cried, "how ever do you manage it?"

Here Anthony Beach set down his cup obliviously, obliviously remarked that this Chinese tea looked deceptively weak, and joined his wife, saying as he did so: "My dear, you always seem to be looking for something." To which she replied absently: "Can it be that I have lost you, Anthony?"

"That next chapter—it was one of the best . . ." Lawrence strove to say.

"You have been in no haste to go on with it," Maude Brand said to him, her eyes not turned from Marfa. "And now I am interested. I am running something down. All my life I have wondered about the charm of women—how do they hold men? Women who couldn't hold me for an hour seem to interest men unconscionably. Why is it? I never could see. Now I mean to make this charming, charming creature help me out. You will help me out, won't you, my dear?" she cried, still with that bent brow, that gaze from eyes that did not waver.

Marfa got to her feet, feeling ill, feeling poisoned, as by some intolerable miasma released about her. She glanced up at Lawrence, and the distress on his face gave her power to reply. "You are talking quite flattering nonsense," she forced herself to say coolly, and moved to join the Beaches. But Miss Brand's hot hand shot out and clasped her wrist. "Come," she cried again, "I'm a poor sick creature, without power and without glory. Give me lessons in womanly charm!" She broke into low laughter, which seemed to shake her, as she might have been shaken by uncontrollable anger. "Give me lessons in fascination!" she cried. "It will be quite safe with me—I shall never use it. But how it would amuse me to know what women do. . . ." Her laughter ceased suddenly, her hand still clung to Marfa's wrist, but she leaned back and sat motionless, her breathing strained and intensified. Marfa could feel how her slight body was shaken, as by the release of some current, a current bearing away her strength, so that her hand fell nerveless, and she sat with closed eyes.

As if that powerful release of energy were pushing at her, Marfa moved away, reached the table where the Beaches were examining etchings.

"I think," said Mrs. Beach, "that it may have been this of Saint Malo. Sweet little place, Saint Malo. I remember once . . ."

Her gentle, accurate tones went on about Saint Malo, and about what she remembered. It was as if the precision of her could not be disturbed, could not even be aware of the terrible invisible violences of another, in her presence.

"That's the place," Anthony Beach burst out, "where I had the perfect *turbot!*" But he was merely oblivious, at the other end of some undetectable scale of possible reaction.

Maude Brand rose. "I am ill," she said, with difficulty; "I feel as if I were dying."

Lawrence, Mrs. Beach, Anthony brought her water, brought her brandy, led her to her room. She moved away like a sleep-walker, like one without the energy of any form of life. Marfa stood trembling, still beaten upon

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by those monstrous currents which had been generated and let loose before her. She thought: "She poisoned herself—she poisoned me. It was as dense and fearful as a gas. She is killing him. . . ." She thought: "I don't see how I can leave him."

The first chimes sounded for dinner. Marfa went down the stairway, listened on the landing, listened in the hall. She thought: "If I were to go into the drawing-room and find her there alone, I should die of terror." She felt like an animal moving from covert to covert. "An animal," she thought, "afraid of a charge of words, as once they were afraid of wilder strength than their own." At the door of the drawing-room she paused.

Lawrence was there alone. He hurried toward her. He was not pale, he did not look distressed, but he seemed drained of vitality, of breath. "How can we apologize to you?" he said, very low. She liked him for that plural, she murmured something, and he went on: "She is very ill—she is not accountable. . . ." In a moment she was trying to comfort him in his sharp embarrassment. "I expect now you'll be getting away from here as soon as possible," he said sadly. "God knows, I can't blame you." She said nothing. "Is it early to-morrow?" he asked. "Shall I not see you after to-night?" She stood looking up at him, the bright carved lips, the brows irregularly drawn, the eyes with their pointed lids and sharp lights. She thought that he seemed to be looking at her from a net. She said: "I wish that you were leaving too." But at that he smiled ironically, and mocked her: "If only I were going to some board of trade now—to buy or sell, and yell like a Comanche—and play a man's part!" She asked: "No—but what would you like to be doing?" "I'd like best," he said gravely, "to be talking with you. But not always in snatches. Are you leaving to-morrow?" He wandered down the room, looked at a print, struck a chord on the piano, turned and looked at her, saying: "Well, I suppose I'm never to see you again. That's all right. I don't need anybody or anything. No one does." She remained standing at the far end of the room. The low lights left them hardly visible to each other. They were like two on opposite sides of a curtain of light and color, on opposite sides of a physical chasm, calling to one another. She said nothing and he called roughly, "Good-by—good-by!" then came toward her, and said: "Will you do this one thing for me? Will you stay over to-morrow? I can't explain—but being with you is the first rest I've had in—in nine years. Will you stay over to-morrow?" Suddenly she spoke as if a weight had been lifted. "I expect I'll bring you something hideous," she told him, "but —yes. I'll stay." "Oh, thanks . . ." he said fervently, under his breath. He stood quietly looking at her, at her hair and her face. She thought: "He's so wretched with that woman around, that anything helps." "Thanks no end," he was saying. "I can't tell you . . ."

A high-pitched voice cried rapidly, "Then tell *me*—oh, pray do!" and Maude Brand came into the room.

Lawrence said: "You weren't coming down, you were going to bed—your headache . . ." She cried: "Yes, but my boredom! I wanted company—such good company!" She was looking ill but really lovely, in green, thin and shining, like the scales of a transparent fish. Her graying hair was bound with brilliants, the lines of her frankly bony neck were set off by a chain of jewels. Her thin shoulders, thin arms, flat breast, and frail body seemed to tremble with a restless light which escaped from her only in her heavy-lidded eyes. She passed by Lawrence and came directly to Marfa and said, with mocking distinctness: "How are you this evening, you small thing?" Marfa stood rigid, saying she did not know what.

Mr. and Mrs. Beach came in together. "Anthony sends his pearl buttons to the laundry regularly," said Mrs. Beach, "and we never fail to be late for every dinner, in consequence. Shall we go out?"

"Then why doesn't it occur to her to give me another set?" Anthony Beach inquired.

She said: "Anthony, if I think of you all the time, how can I be diverted to your waistcoat buttons?"

Miss Brand's look went back to Marfa's face.

"May I please," she said, in her high, swift voice, "sit by Miss Manchester?"

"I knew you two would like each other," said Mrs. Beach obliviously. Also Anthony Beach, absorbed in the external, facing toward the excellent dinner which he foresaw, saw nothing else.

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The dinner was to Marfa a nightmare. The attention, the extravagant courtesy, the bright motionless look laid upon her, were not less than devilish. It was so that some unearthly imp might press his look upon a victim, shadowing, by a mental torture, physical tortures to come. "I think so. Don't *you* think so, Miss Manchester?"—with that abrupt turning of the batteries upon Marfa, body leaning sidewise toward her, face outthrust, eyes relentlessly waiting, and all that breathless hanging upon Marfa's reply: "I'm not sure—do let us hear what Miss Manchester has to say." And again: "Wait, wait—I'm sure Miss Manchester has an opinion on this." Marfa gathered all her power and tried to be quiet, to be unaware of this contrivance to discomfort her. She spoke gently and reasonably, replied sincerely. But the more rational she was, the more the woman insisted. Lawrence, wretched and helpless, Anthony Beach, deeply preoccupied, noticed nothing, but introduced both golf and the market, only to have them die. At last Mrs. Beach, from out her harmony, was aware that something preposterous was occurring, and looked with faintly troubled eyes at Maude Brand, who had just cried: "Oh, Miss Manchester—I *long* to know your ideas on spiritual things. What do you think of the virgin birth?" Marfa said gravely, "How original of you to be interested," and sat trembling, while Lawrence rushed into more breathless and random talk, talk during which his sister listened with downcast eyes, with an air of waiting, and then went back to it: "No, but really, what *do* you think . . ." Mrs. Beach now said in distress to Lawrence, "She is not well . . ." and Maude cried: "Oh, very, very well to-night, Mrs. Beach! I expect to set out early in the morning to see our new house. And this house that we think of buying—Miss Manchester, we must surely have your opinion on that! You're not leaving to-morrow?" Marfa met her eyes steadily, even smiled, and said: "No, not to-morrow. I'm going with you to see the new house."

At the end of dinner, exhausted as by some violent physical experience, Maude Brand went to her room.

In her own room Marfa wept. She thought: "I even bring out the worst in her. Some one else could soothe and make her herself—I excite her, make her quite devilish. It's the ghastly way that I do everything. . . ." She thought: "I mean to be right—and Maude Brand is ill and bitter, and yet I do the same kind of harm that she does." She looked into the dark and thought: "Harm? What is harm? We're all grovelling along together. Isn't that all. . . ." And later: ". . . war and pestilence needed to keep down the population. Then people like me must be co-operators with war and pestilence. Breed and kill, breed and cause death—but I don't breed! I'm death, and no more. . . ."

She sat at her dark window. There was a heavy ripple and tearing of thunder, as if some unthinkable fabric were for a moment shaken free, like a banner, in a giant wind, and then were split and tossed away, with wild footsteps running after. She looked and listened and felt a rod thrusting through all, silent, motionless, unshaken, too powerful to doubt, too frail to touch. . . .

The morning was blue and broken with clouds, froth-white, as if the rushing currents of air had thrown up snowy foam from their viewless waves. The car made its way like a thing escaped from ten thousand years of life as dead metal, and motionless tree, and now at last set free in flight. In its speed was the spirit of the old adventures of galleon and sail. In the long slow wash of the centuries there had returned a rhythmic stress upon picturesque accomplishment, so that flight over road and through high space were the logical inheritors of the flight of the corsair and the god.

Between Mrs. Beach and Lawrence sat Marfa, thankful for the weary quiet of Maude Brand, leaning relaxed and abstracted beside Anthony Beach, who drove. Now Anthony came alive, perhaps felt his heirship to corsair and god, and, with an air of light and leisure, co-operated rather than presided at the wheel. Mrs. Beach sat dreaming and tranced, her eyes manifestly seeing in space some lovelier geometry than lived in form. Lawrence had sunk beside Marfa with a joyous "Thank God," and she was aware of him form and spirit, and reaches of being to which his eyes merely alluded.

Not two months, she thought, since she and her family had motored away with Marcus Bartholomew, had swerved aside to visit Garvin. Not two months since with Uncle Marshall and Aunt Phœbe and Ben and

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Louise, they had motored to The Dells. Hardly three months since Paul Barker had been driving her about Old Town. On the deep blue of the sky she saw Marcus Bartholomew, on the deck of a vessel, beside her father—on a camel in a dark pass, on a wabbly boat on an inland sea—dead and tall, like Paul and Ben and Lawrence—oh, not Lawrence! He was here—yet. "I haven't killed him yet," she thought, "and I've only crippled Max Garvin. . . ." She hid her face in her hands. Lawrence said, "Oh, I say!" and slipped his arm about her; and Mrs. Beach sat, tranced and dreaming, presumably following the patterns of a farther geometry. All the way to Fairhaven, Maude Brand scarcely spoke.

Fairhaven. Its lake harbored no more than a small white launch and a blue canoe. It lay twenty miles from the Beachs', and looked in the noon light like a place of colored clays, carefully modelled and laid upon the valley. There was a story—a bankrupt, a forced sale, a dispersal, and now the long house, so innocently unaware, lay alone, empty of motion. It did not yet look deserted, not even expectant; it wore still its air of confident household, certain of its right to be owned and occupied. The house was like a widow of thirty, not too regretful, not yet anxious, and warmed by a quite lovely complaisance.

Lawrence fitted the key and they entered the hall. It did not meet them, like a "furnished" passage, but presented an aspect of conscious aloofness, as does a portrait. This place seemed no more attentive to Lawrence, seeing in it a possible home, than to Maude, who at once scorned it, or to Mrs. Beach, who met it with a look as blank as its own, or to Anthony, wondering if the fireplaces would draw, or to Marfa, entering with the open gaze of one recollectedly facing something never before seen—that new and burnished experience.

The square living-room, empty, expressionless; the dining-room, where voices seemed hardly to have ceased; the kitchen, carrying yet its air of former activity. Marfa said suddenly that it was a brutal thing for one family after another to live in the same house—"setting echoes and impressions on one another, mixing all the pictures." At this Maude Brand turned upon her a stricken face and said: "That's the kind of thing that I might have thought of—once. Not any more." Marfa flushed, affirmed that it wasn't much to think of, and heard Anthony Beach saying: "I didn't quite catch that." At this, Maude smiled at her, quite gaily—they smiled together, and Marfa felt warmed and reassured, and Lawrence, seeing, grinned comfortably. The sun smote warmly on some tiles, the breeze might be heard rippling without, and a kingfisher rasped joyously along the water. It was a moment of bright color, of bright sound, a moment revealing no more than the bright form of casual human relationship; but it moved over the three like some unexpected light. Anthony Beach was examining the drafts, and Cousin Vina was saying that the rooms would open up well for entertaining. Marfa thought: "They are always casual and happy and matter of course. It is only Lawrence and her—and I—who are tragic. Is it only because we are young?" Perhaps Cousin Vina and Cousin Anthony had been tragic and had forgotten it. Perhaps they were tragic now and didn't notice it. They might have the same turmoils, only they didn't take it so hard. . . . She speculated on what might be their tragedies, thought of debt, disagreement, weariness of each other, love of some one else, and dismissed all these cases as shadowy beside her own.

The rooms of the upper floors turned on their visitors blind and startled faces. On the dead air of these rooms were printed voices and dreams. On a shelf lay a woman's glove. "No," Lawrence murmured, "it isn't decent to live in a house where others have lived." But now Marfa had changed her mind, and told him that he was intellectually exclusive, and should be willing to lay his gloves where other gloves had been. He fell behind the others and said: "Good God, if I were looking at this house with you. If it were to be our home. . . ."

As they emerged on the grass terrace above the toy lake, abruptly the silence which had wrapped Maude Brand was broken by her laughter. She must have heard his words, for she turned on Marfa and cried: "Well? Do *you* like the house? Should *you* like living here?" Marfa looked at her and replied, "Extremely," and Maude said with slow significance: "When we are living here, you must come one day and see us." Mrs. Beach looked

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at them, vaguely troubled, and her husband cried heartily that there was good soil in the garden.

For no reason they now dispersed, Maude walking alone and rapidly toward some flaming zinnia beds, Marfa to the lake, the others as pleased them, save Lawrence, held by Anthony in talk about fertilizer. From the edge of the lake Marfa stared at the house, white and innocent in its glossy trees. She looked until it wavered and brightened at the edges, flowed into the green and gleamed like marble in the sun. She rested her eyes in the green and looked back at the house to find faint rose and violet clouding over it. The zinnias were flaming shores of color rising on either side of the gray current of the walks, flooding smoothly toward the lake. The smooth white walls of the house, the smooth green sheet of the lawn, the smooth blue water, and the tide of color and gray walks gave her a shock of pleasure. When she saw Lawrence freed from Anthony and hurrying toward her, she smiled at him brightly and said: "You know, it's heaven, really. This heavenly place, these pleasant people walking about What are we frightened of? What are we disagreeable about? What are you sad about?" He replied: "Well, I am happy." They walked along the edge of the lake. The little waves curled on the soft sand gently, like kittens at play. The shadows seemed cut from another substance, of a sharp hard brightness. To look on the bright water and then to look back on the bright mounded green gave clarity beyond the power of the eye to sustain. Countless forms and colors seemed to lie just beyond the eye, which however did not strive but rested content on the red canoe, the white launch; and the sky, of the blue of the virgin's robe.

"I've played at life," Lawrence had said. "Don't be solemn—we all play at life," she assured him. "No, but I ought to have something to offer to a woman—a good grocery business, or something." "Women don't want groceries." "Yes, but they do. They think they don't—but when they see other women's husbands' grocery—or garage—or profession, they want one too. Wouldn't you?" She said: "I've never thought of any of that." The words that flowed between them were motions, no more, carrying on a commerce of ideas with which neither was much concerned. The words made a causeway over which ran loneliness and young despair and young boredom. These two vortices announced themselves to each other through the blind medium of words, uttered at random, carrying nothing of the force behind the utterance. Not of love. Chiefly of a desire for refuge. The search—more primitive than love—the search for a place of refuge from wild beasts.

Two talking by a lake. They sat on an old rustic bench and stared round, and stared at each other. Refuges for each other, in the current of they knew not what. Maude Brand came walking toward them. She stepped carefully, as a cat steps, lifting her white-shod feet. The Beaches, murmuring comfortably, were examining the rock-garden. Maude Brand had left them and came walking toward the two talking comfortably on the old rustic bench. They did not hear her. They saw only each other and the flowing green and blue of leaves and lake. Lawrence, brown, compact, with his lifted pointed eyelids, was saying: "You don't know what it is—you and this place—and the thought of living here with you. I find I've always been mad about you. . . ."

He looked up and saw his sister. She was standing quite close to them, looking down at them over her left arm; her long eyes appeared slanted and half closed in the sun. And perhaps because of his longing to have his life conditioned like that of others, he pretended that it was so, and merely looked up at her lazily, reached out his hand, and said:

"Hello, sis. How would you like to have Miss Manchester for a sister—eh?"

With some shred of a *savoir-faire* which had never left her, save in dealing with those nearest to her, she miraculously met this:

"Jolly!" she said lightly. "Oh, very. But yet would it be so jolly?—for Miss Manchester, of course I mean."

But the acid in her was stronger than any *savoir-faire*. "How ever did you come to think of that?" she now asked.

"Nearly any one would have thought of it," he returned coolly.

"Oh? Even Miss Manchester herself?"

"I'm hoping so," he said simply.

She looked at Marfa. "He does well to consult me," she said. "For whomever he

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marries will have to have me about all day. Doesn't that terrify you?"

Marfa looked up at her mutely. She was desperately trying to remember herself as she had been with others, as she had been at home, able to say what she would like to say. She thought of herself with Marcus Bartholomew, and she so scornful, so competent with scorn and with words. She remembered herself before her mother, so superior, so sure. And Luna! Why could she not wither this woman as she was accustomed to devastate poor Luna? But Marfa sat there mutely, even forcing her lips to a faint smile.

"She knows you'd be a sport," Lawrence insisted to Maude without much conviction. "However, she's not even considering me, I'm afraid," he added.

Maude turned her stiff white length so that she seemed in the sunshine to blaze down upon Marfa like a goddess. "Don't mind him," she said. "I should warn you: he talks like that to every woman we meet."

Not the words but their vindictiveness suddenly shattered Marfa, as if there had fallen upon her a mighty mass of physical substance.

"I have been simple enough to take him seriously," she said coldly. "I am going to marry him—if he is serious."

Maude Brand looked down at them, expressionless, silent. Marfa's look fluttered down from her face, which seemed to flatten, as if some enveloping and rounding haze were torn away. The face became terrible, as if it had terror of its own, like lava.

"Then I'm the first to wish you happiness, God bless you!" she said. The words fell like some casual and frightfully wonted curse. She turned and walked along the shore of the lake, away from them, away from the house and the gardens.

"You didn't mean it," said Lawrence just above his breath.

"Of course I didn't mean it. You haven't even asked me."

"I do ask you."

"We met each other yesterday."

"Don't be absurd!"

Vortices, announcing themselves to each other in the search more primitive than love, the search for a place of refuge from wild beasts.

He broke into a bald recital of that which he had never before uttered:

"She was never right. As a child she had rages that left her ill for days. It wasn't her fault—it was my father's fault. He wasn't—in his family he wasn't a man of good-will. He took offense—looked for slights—resented everything. He had meant to be a senator, he was a promoter and a miner to his death—so he always insisted on his own importance. Even money made no difference—he could make money, but that didn't help. His eyes were pointed and he had no eyebrows, and his face had veins all over it when he spoke out sharply. All this he took out on my mother. In society he was agreeable, and foolish with women—always paying compliments and saying 'Ladies, ladies!' My mother told me that before Maude was born he would come into the house and not speak to her. When she complained, he would show her a terrible attention—defer to her in a loud voice, show a false heartiness, a false tenderness, put a frightful emphasis on everything that he said to her, force her to talk. My mother told this to Maude too—it may have been this that marked her, or it may have been the fact of my father himself. Was it not strange—a man like that, and yet as honest as he was about the mines. . . . At dinner, last night, I could see my father's face, all veins, there in Maude's face. . . . As a girl at school, no one could be friends with her—she made every one miserable.

"Then Allen came. Allen Oxley. I remember when he met her. She became an angel. In his presence all her beauty and her fineness lived—no one could have been more exquisite. They were engaged—like that! She was happy, she was perfect. We were all happy, even my father became himself and was gentle—and my mother was like a star. We had seven weeks of knowing what life could be like when people know how to live.

"But one day—it was a matter of the wedding-gown. A girl from the shop in town had brought it all the way out and they were trying it in the back parlor—it was a great ugly old house. My mother was there. I was on the veranda when Allen came up. I went with him into the front parlor. And we heard Maude. She was screaming at the girl, about the dress.

"Allen threw open the door—no one could have stopped him. My sister stood there, in her wedding-gown and veil, screaming at the frightened girl. He stood watching her. I

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think when she looked in his face, she knew that it was the end.

"From that day she has never tried any more. The terrible rages have left her—she doesn't seem to have energy for them. But there is this cold devilishness. . . . Sometimes I think if Allen had married her, he could have kept the angel in her alive. She has killed it—she carries about in her the strangled body of her angel. . . ."

He was dry-eyed, but he was drawing strange sobbing breaths. Her hands were fiercely on his.

"But you—you . . ." she said, "that is your life. . . ."

He said: "You see, I can't ask any one to share it. And I can't leave her . . . I can't do that. . . ."

Marfa cried: "Of course you can leave her! It's wicked to ruin your life. . . ."

He muttered: "You don't understand. I'm not perfect! I devil her, as I did just now about marrying you. . . ."

"Then you don't want to marry me?"

He took her in his arms, and now, for the first time, seeing all that he had suffered, and since perhaps she was not to have him, she felt for him a rush of tenderness.

Some time later Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Beach emerged from the gardens and came toward the lake. Innumerable clouds, waved and white, lay cupped in the smooth water, now of the pallid blue of noon. The images of elms were delicately stitched about the shore. Bright peace was on the sunny green, and the faint sombreness of the shadows was no more than the faint obscurity of a thought, or a cessation of motion upon glossy ripples, half invisible. The vast pulse beating, recurrent sunshine and shadow smiting upon mineral, vegetable, animal, upon body and mind of the human being, upon event, mood, and upon all manifestation of life.

Without his glasses, Anthony Beach looked as if some one had expressed him in another language.

"Vina," he said, "do you like this place better than our own?"

She regarded him with an air of stupefaction and replied: "It wouldn't occur to me to want it."

"You don't seem to want anything, my dear," he said, with annoyance.

She looked at him, with her clouded smile, her eyes puzzled, and perhaps trying to find their way back to some remembered unrest.

"Can it be," he cried, "that you don't even want me?"

After a moment she said: "Sometimes I think there must be another way to be conscious than by owning things—and people. Only not you, Anthony," she enigmatically added.

She went forward leisurely, her green gown, her ash-blond hair, her slow motions toned to the garden and to the day.

"Damn," said Anthony, and followed her.

"Where's Maude?" Mrs. Beach asked Lawrence and Marfa.

As they rose they made ambiguous gestures toward the bend in the shore along which she had walked when she left them. Anthony said that they must be getting to So-and-so for lunch. His wife's eyes were on the farther shore, on the many greens pierced by light points, motionless in the coolness and the warmth of the perfect day. Only the poplar leaves and the locust leaves stirred a little, a drunken bee hurled his body against Marfa's blue gown, and a kingfisher stammered in his incessant search for food. Across a far bridge the roll of wheels came softly, and the water slapped and fondled at the sides of the white launch and the red canoe. "She went that way," Lawrence said, and looked, and they all walked along the shore, looking.

At the bend they saw her, sitting on a bench in the bright sunlight. They walked toward her slowly, and discussed the ownership of the little launch, the danger of canoes, and the picturesqueness of sail-boats. They went walking toward Maude, these four, and felt gay and at ease in the pleasant sunlight, felt light-hearted and gentle and without any violent preoccupation. And Maude Brand did not turn or look toward them.

They came quite close to her, and she had not turned. Then something in the aspect of her shoulder, her head, her hands, fixed their look sharply upon her. It was Lawrence who cried out and sprang toward her.

Her head had fallen sidewise, her hands lay in strange lines of relaxation. Her hat had tipped forward, her lips were parted.

It was wild and terrible to see the inanimate where they had looked for the animate —a shattering breach of trust in the order of

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things. She looked as if disintegration were already upon her. She must have been dead for quite half an hour, for her hands and her face were already cold. Innumerable clouds, waved and white, lay cupped in the smooth water, still of the pallid blue of the noon.

Silence and suspension in the house, now that the telegrams were sent, and the men from town were busy, there in the guest-room. The aspect of the house was altered. All its currents flowed differently. The comfortable objects of use existed no longer in their own right, but as tributary to the one controlling circumstance. The change was not only in the mind of those in the house; assuredly the change was in the objects themselves. These withdrew, were diminished, were lowered in some rate of being. And death was seen to be not the negative, but the powerful positive, the dominant in that house.

Through the terrible difference of the journey home following that glossy car in which Maude Brand rode alone, and the arrival before frightened faces, Marfa moved as one webbed and netted. Through that dense haze, shadowed as by some looming bulk, she saw Anthony Beach's agitation, an emotion expressible only in vast indignation; saw Cousin Vina's calm overlaid with tears and sobbing, slow tears, broken breaths—no shattering of her serenity but, instead, its slow bleeding. Beyond all she saw Lawrence, tense, wrapt, his pointed look fixed on some far place, his hands torturing each other. And if only he had said something, made some sound besides that thick breath, a groan without power to sustain itself, dying in his chest below closed lips.

As in some fearful sustained music, there came a pause, when she felt the power to escape, and she hurried out by a side entrance and down to the garden. The phlox and the ageratum stood, blurred and artificial; the green looked gray; the sun might have been shining or might have been veiled. With the impulse for hiding, for burial, Marfa sat by some shrubbery and laid her face on the stone bench. Then the thought that she had been holding below the rim of consciousness shot up and glowed before her like a column of flame.

Against the sparkle of the lake, she saw again the tortured face of Maude Brand, the javelins that thrust from her, the nerves which bled in her voice, the strange faceless figure whose look had long become the look of the dead. She saw herself, impersonal, a figure of bloom and tranquillity, smiling up at the poor palpitant thing, and striking at her with words that she did not mean. Now she saw that mutilated being, breathing its own miasma, moving blindly along the border of the lake, torn by the word that it had heard and had believed. The slight margin of being which had remained unpoisoned by its own decay had begun to emit its toxin of hate for the one creature whom she loved. In spite of her appearance of indifference, it had been her thought of Lawrence alone which had created in his sister the thin trickle of sweetness that had kept her alive. Now abruptly this changed to bitterness, and the organism could bear no more. . . . What if she was distraught, had made herself absurd? Here had been cause to quiet her with some beauty, and instead, she had been beaten to death, in sheer wantonness, by a word. . . .

A column of flame. Flame, figured with faces mocking at Marfa's certainty that this ruin, more fearful than all the others, lay before her as her own work. She had looked up by the lake, had smiled, had said one sentence which she did not mean, and that sick creature had fallen, had sat on a bench in the sun, with her head sidewise, her arms strangely disposed, her lips apart.

"I do murder, and nothing but murder," Marfa said aloud, and beat on the stone with her closed hands.

Anthony Beach and Lawrence came from the house, Lawrence silent, Anthony demanding why the damned doctors had taken so long, and doubting their ability to tell what had killed her. When Lawrence saw Marfa, he said brutally to Anthony: "Excuse me, will you, sir? I must speak to her. . . ." The little man stared and murmured and trotted back toward the house.

Lawrence drew Marfa to her feet, sat beside her on the bench, held and cherished her.

She drew away from him; she cried: "If only I had gone yesterday—I knew! I knew!"

He did not understand her, muttered, "Thank God, you were here," and when she cried loudly, "But I killed her!" he stared at her, as if she were mad.

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"I said the words that ended everything for her . . ." said Marfa, with a manner of exhaustion. "It was only I . . ."

"Good God," said Lawrence. "Do you think that moment was anything? It was the months and years when I should have been trying to heal her. . . ."

He seemed hardly to take account of her case, and she set herself to tell him, went over and over it, finding it impossible to be articulate, trying to cry out like one tranced and saying nothing that reached him. "What is the use of pretending there's nothing in all this? I've watched this—I know. I bring misfortune, death to everybody. Don't comfort me. Help me. There must be a way to get out. . . ." Then she cried: "Oh, I'm thinking of myself even now. . . ." For an instant he was there before her, clear and brilliant, tense face, tortured hands, himself, living his life, meeting life and death, a being separate and tremendous, cut away from everything. For an instant she saw him so, as sharply as she sensed herself; then he merged again with the flow of all that was external to her, and she went on about herself: "I'm made of something that draws disaster. . . ." He said low: "Sometimes I've thought that Maude made her own misery—even her illness. That if she had been decent to people she would have been different. Every time she spoke, she seemed to poison herself. I've seen her talk with people whom I knew that she hated or envied—and afterward she would be exhausted, like a runner . . . would find it difficult to breathe or to move—I think she poisoned herself. . . ." Marfa said low: "Maybe I do that to others. . . . But why? I'm not evil, I don't hate anybody—I didn't hate Paul Barker or little Ben. . . ." He said: "Don't, don't," and held her, but she drew away from him and cried: "Maybe it's because I'm nothing! I'm nothing, and the evil rushes in, and I give it off to people. . . ." And at this she broke into a passion of sobbing and cried: "I don't want to be like that. I want to bring everything good and nothing bad. But I bring everything bad and nothing good—what is there for anybody like that?" He held her, murmured to her, and her words did not enter him.

The house door closed and Anthony Beach came out again, and with him one of the doctors. They came down the path in the dusk, two creatures, the one small and anxious, the other huge, attentive, sunk in routine. The doctor was presented to Marfa and began to speak to Lawrence: technical words, involved and running into one another, as one utters words too long familiar to receive their due, or as a great singer forms words liquidly, as if some vast shape were being builded from words, the words being nothing, the shape being all. But now from this haze of sounds one word was thrust out and blazed up before them. "Malignant," the doctor said, "malignant."

With that word occupying the air, they walked toward the house, spoke for a while with the other doctors; saw them go—three shapes holding power to twitch aside the curtain of the flesh and reveal its secret of cell but not of spirit. Or was it of spirit? Malignant. . . .

"That was what she was sometimes—malignant," Lawrence muttered. "Good God, perhaps it's true. . . ."

Mrs. Beach came into the room and something of her serenity spread through the air, faint and frosty, like a tranquil evening in September. They all drew together about a light fire. They said nothing, save Anthony, who tried to cheer them up by telling an amusing story, at whose conclusion his wife laid her hand on his with a gesture that was very like compassion. And this he must have felt, for he found fault with the fire.

In her room, across the passage from the room where Maude Brand lay, Marfa moved in the darkness from window to window. In its fearful suddenness, the event seemed naked, having its implications revealed like ghastly members. A word could kill, a word had killed. That in her which made her speak the word had killed. This was absurd! What in her could have killed any one or brought down all other misfortune. . . . She held her ear to her life and found her life empty. "I'm like anybody else," she kept defending, and tried to think of catastrophe induced by others. But one never knew about them. One knew only about oneself. One slew and stabbed, one wrecked and abandoned, one destroyed, and all in secret. One went with clean hands and innocent face, and no one knew. So everybody tried to comfort one, and the comfort might be accepted and believed, and life would go on as before. But if one wanted

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to meet this, to cleanse the stables . . . Here she lost the thread of all of it and went on standing by the window and repeating: to cleanse the stables. But then into the rectangle of lamplight from a lower window a little animal loped, and she became absorbed in trying to determine whether it was a cat or a rabbit.

In the night she woke to a shivering horror, without any formula of thought. The sense of Lawrence stole over her, warm and like a home, but she drove it away: "I must let him go! I shall harm him more than she did. . . ."

She began to recall the tenor of her life, not now with regard to tragedy, but with regard to the trivial, the unconsidered. Small vortices, with herself as centre:

The day upon which she had visited her father's sister, Aunt Esmeralda, a widow living in Chicago. Aunt Esmeralda, who seldom allowed herself a treat, took them all for a long ride on the cable-car, counting the fare from her little steel purse and inquiring anxiously about transfers. This aunt was a woman who constantly looked down her past and brought up little incidents, still bleeding: "That was the day he started South. I never saw him again." "She held my hand as she lay dying, but she didn't know me. Thought I was Minnie, that she couldn't bear. It was hard." "We went down cellar and there he lay, breathing heavy." In a life now without emotion, Aunt Esmeralda participated thus violently in her own past, or reviled her neighbors until she trembled. At the end of an afternoon of this, shrieked above the clangor of the cable-cars, she had turned to Marfa and inquired, as they sipped their tea in the kitchen: "Did you enjoy your ride?" And Marfa had answered: "Oh, it doesn't make me sick to ride on the street-car any more." Against the darkness she saw now her aunt's face, her flabby muscles drawn down with her disappointment, after all the cable-fares.

And once her father had brought her a silver bracelet, when she wanted one of gold. She remembered, as he watched her unwrap the parcel, how his lips parted pleasantly in expectation of her delight, and the fashion in which his hand kept jerking upward from the wrist. But as the bracelet appeared, she had merely looked and kept on looking, not lifting her eyes, then slipped the bracelet on her arm without a word. Moments after she was torn by the patience with which he had looked away, as if it were all right; and she had said lamely, "When I'm happy I never can say anything, father," but had known that he was not deceived.

And once her mother had said, "How would you like to have a reception? I could borrow Mrs. Graf's dishes with the autumn leaves . . ." and she had replied loftily: "Mother! Young girls don't have receptions. They have teas." Now she saw again the fashion in which her mother had accepted this, looking a little away, as if she ought to have known. And once she had said, "Mother, sip your tea from your spoon only *once,* and after that drink it from the cup"; and her mother had said: "I'll remember." And then the "piece." One which her mother had learned to play to surprise her, and had played with careful accuracy, without announcement, on an evening when they had all sat together. But the air interrupted a letter that Marfa was writing, and she had said, "Mother, would you mind not playing any more"; on which her mother, not hearing, absorbed in her own performance, and proud of it (since her fingers were a little stiff from rheumatism), said with pleased expectation: "Did you say 'Play it again'?" A dainty tragedy.

A train of such things—said and unsaid, or set at naught; and bright looks unregarded. She remembered that every one had such agonies, and that one either recalled and agonized, or forgot. She felt shamed and sentimental and then thought: "But even if it were not I. Are there not people so toned into things that nothing happens like that? People who don't draw such things to themselves any more than they draw tragedy. . . ." She was standing again by the open window in the chilly air, and she beat her hands softly together. But she felt a little proud, too, that she should be so sensitive that such trifling things could pierce her.

She stayed through the third day, and laid an expensive wreath on Maude's coffin at the station. She sat with Lawrence for an hour that morning, and thought: "Already he speaks differently, has become his own man." He was absorbed with the business thrust upon him, was not so deeply absorbed in her, and she had not yet liked him so much. Mr.

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and Mrs. Beach were to leave with him, Marfa herself was going home. He whispered: "The first minute I can, I'm coming to Old Town. Marfa, do you know that you're engaged to me?" She would not burden him now with her omens, and, besides, she wanted the comfort of his kiss. At this kiss Anthony Beach said "Well," just audibly, and Mrs. Beach looked tranquil.

But when the train took them, and Marfa had turned back to the station to await her own, she looked about on the people and thought: "Just by being where they are, I could bring any one of them death or unhappiness." There was a small woman in black with many buttons made like black raspberries. This woman had a seeking look, but not for anything material. She went peering about among the passengers, narrowing her shortsighted eyes, yet she seemed not to expect to find that for which she sought, but went on looking, by some compulsion. Abruptly Marfa imagined that large commonplace face thrown out of drawing by grief. "If she came to live at our house," Marfa thought, "I'd be certain to give her a salad that would make her ill, or to trip her down some steps." She smiled at herself and nevertheless went on devising such things: the young girl with the eyes of one born at prayer; the old man who counted noiselessly and groaned audibly; the man and woman, both thin and both lame, who smiled at each other like two children at school and talked much and agreed, as if their companionship were from choice and their lameness incidental and forgotten—what would come over the lives of these if once they were to be touched by her? She walked among them, thinking of these things; and then remembered with annoyance: "Marcus Bartholomew would call this my form of romance."

She reached home that evening, and was received into the arms of her mother and Luna, who expressed their love in fussiness, in asking many questions, and in pathetically hastening to cover anything which they said and too late remembered might annoy her. But she looked at them and thought: "Even they are not safe. In the end I shall bring them both to disaster." Through the night she tried to face her situation and prayed: "God, if there are such people—without harmony — who bring destruction wherever they go, is there anything for them but hell here and nothingness after . . .?" For answer, there was the mocking face of Marcus Bartholomew on the darkness. She thought: "Perhaps I'm in love with him, and that's why I've turned to Lawrence. Perhaps all that love can be, for me, is to make traps to draw people in to be destroyed." She thought of herself with loathing, as one having no place with beings of earth, but instead an independent spirit, ravening among the forms. But Marcus Bartholomew had said: "You want distinction and, by Gad, you mean to have it, even if you identify yourself with the devil to get it." Yet there were the terrible facts of disaster and death which had actually followed her feet, her word, her whim. "Perhaps I *am* the devil. . . ."

Clear and pure, like the sound of music rising from dead wood and catgut, there soared and pierced her thought a thin awareness of herself. Not the one who lay there in misery, nervously remembering and fearing; not the one who had chosen this or that, inconsequent in mental functioning; not the mere pale bulk of muscle and bone woven together to make the form of her. None of these, but rather an awareness of one who rose and hung free, briefly looking down on the creature. As sharp as a cleavage of life from death, she saw below her the substance of her form and knew herself to be not that. Was it in this form that there had been built, down God knew how many lives, some heritage of power to attract and dispense evil? What if she herself, hanging separate, intent and pure, were to knead at those cells as one kneads at substance. . . . She plunged into the mold of muscle, nerve, and brain curled beneath the covers, and lay laughing softly. Was she so romantic that she must split her own nature, so that one part might amaze the other? "Your form of romance," also, it might be. Yet there had been that one flash of freedom, of feeling herself some familiar and unfamiliar I. . . .

It was gone, and she fell asleep dreading her next day's visit to Max Garvin.

(To be concluded in November.)

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A. B. Frost.

A. B. Frost died June 22 at his home in Pasadena at the age of seventy-seven. He was born in Philadelphia in 1851. Typically American, self-taught in art, his humorous drawings and hunting pictures made him famous. His career covered four important decades, his work ending only with his life. Much of his best-known work appeared in this magazine. His last published drawings, illustrating "A Bow to Progress," by Thomas Boyd, were in the October, 1927, number. Frost was at the peak of his power when the *Gibson girl was becoming famous. We have asked her creator to write his recollections of Mr. Frost.*

—See "A. B. Frost—A Personal Tribute," page 539.

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